

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY

APRIL, 1905

THE COST OF WAR

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I

SLOWLY, yet inevitably, the conviction is growing that war is an excessively expensive method of adjusting disputes between nations. As a noble sport and a means of preserving those manly virtues in which we all delight, there is, doubtless, much to be said in its favor; but, under modern conditions, its cost is so enormous that we are more and more inclined to cast about for some substitute. Wars, indeed, and rumors of war are still with us; and the twentieth century has opened in a manner not wholly reassuring to the advocate of peace. Yet even as fierce combat rages, nations are negotiating treaties by which its recurrence shall be made less probable; and it is no longer deemed an unprofitable and ignoble thing to make a sober reckoning of the evils which war entails. The day may be far distant when swords shall be beaten into ploughshares and battleships converted into the merchantable steel of commerce; but the time has already arrived when it is possible to secure a respectful hearing for the cause of international arbitration, and a plea for peace is received with something more than simple curiosity or impatient dissent.

This encouraging tendency of public opinion can but derive fresh impetus from every effort to secure serious consideration of the manifold costs of war, — some of them moral, others political, others social, and still others economic. The moral evils are serious enough to give one pause, even if they were all. War calls into play, to be sure, some of the noblest virtues, but

it inevitably arouses also the most ignoble passions. Our Civil War called forth the volunteer of 1861, the flower of our youth, and the bounty jumper of 1863; it produced the Sanitary Commission, and the swindling army contractors who fattened upon the sufferings of the soldiers or supplied them with worthless rifles; it gave us the taxpayer who bent his neck uncomplainingly to an unprecedented burden of taxes, and the rascals, within and without the civil service, who devised frauds upon the revenues. Like fire, pestilence, or any other calamity, war calls forth the hero who offers his life in the service of his fellows, and the ghoul who despoils the bodies of the dead. Yet, worse than aught else is the fact that war inevitably plunges unnumbered millions of non-combatants into a seething cauldron of mutual hate. Fierce and absorbing hatred, more harmful to the subject than the object, is probably the chief of the furies which war is certain to unloose, — at least when it is undertaken in order to decide a dispute between nations. If it could only be conducted for sport's sake or for the moral training which it affords, the case might be otherwise, and war might be purged of some of its unlovely features. Then, finally, there are the notorious evils that are sure to develop whenever large numbers of men are removed from the restraining influence of home life, and herded in camps or barracks. War may be a school for all the virtues; but barrack life is a seminary, and a standing army a national clearing house, of hideous vice. This ugly fact needs to be duly considered by all who

are inclined to believe in the educational influence of military training.

Next there are the political evils, almost as weighty as the moral. Probably no government in modern times has been able to carry on a serious contest that has not been attended with extravagance and dishonesty; at any rate, the United States has never been able to do so. From the time that the soldiers suffered needlessly at Valley Forge on account of inefficient supply service and dishonest contractors, down to the purchase of army transports and "embalmed" beef in 1898, profusion and speculation have invariably attended our military operations. This evil, moreover, usually outlasts a war, because loose and irregular methods of conducting public business are not speedily reformed. After the Civil War, Washington was still infested by swindling contractors who found not a few choice pickings; and the slimy trail of the corruptionist led up to the doors of Congress and some of the executive departments. Whether or not that decade was the most corrupt in our history, it is certain that its annals contain many a page which no honest American can read with pride. Senator Hoar drew a truthful picture of the time when he said, in his argument at the Belknap impeachment trial: "My own public life has been a very brief and insignificant one, extending little beyond the duration of a single term of Senatorial office; but in that brief period I have seen five judges of a high court of the United States driven from office by threats of impeachment for corruption or maladministration. I have heard the taunt, from friendliest lips, that when the United States presented herself in the East to take part with the civilized world in generous competition in the arts of life, the only product of her institutions in which she surpassed all others beyond question was her corruption. I have seen in the State in the Union foremost in power and wealth four judges of her courts impeached for corruption, and the political administration of her chief city become a disgrace and a by-word through-

out the world. I have seen the chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs in the House, now a distinguished member of this court, rise in his place and demand the expulsion of four of his associates for making sale of their official privilege of selecting the youth to be educated at our great military school. When the greatest railroad of the world, binding together the continent and uniting the two great seas which wash our shores, was finished, I have seen our national triumph and exultation turned to bitterness and shame by the unanimous reports of three committees of Congress . . . that every step of that mighty enterprise had been taken in fraud. . . . I have heard that suspicion haunts the footsteps of the trusted companions of the President."

The general social evils of warfare should not be overlooked, even though we are hastening to reach the economic costs, with which this essay is especially concerned. As long as war is the predominant interest of any society, military achievements and the martial virtues are prized more highly than others, and the pursuits of peace necessarily suffer. During the Middle Ages skull-splitting absorbed the best talent and energy of Europe, save such as was drawn into the service of the Church, to the inevitable prejudice of industry, art, and science, — except in so far as these could minister to the caprices or pleasures of the ruling classes. And in many a country to-day the spirit of militarism erects a superior caste which demands and receives the homage due superior beings. If physical courage inevitably implied the possession of moral, if war lords and their retainers were self-supporting, and if the arts of peace were not worthy of the best talent which a country affords, the results of militarism would be less serious; but, as things are, the outcome is highly unfortunate. A lamentable inversion of social ideals is not the least of the evils which militarism entails.

Last, but not least, come the economic costs of war. There is, in the first place,

the destruction of property during actual military operations, and the loss occasioned by the interruption of industry and trade. These things we mention in no sordid, commercial spirit; and we would not even suggest that they should be weighed against the joys of skull-splitting when pursued for its own sake. But they make war an enormously expensive tribunal for the settlement of disputes about boundary lines, commercial relations, and similar *casus belli*. When one thinks of the wiping out of flourishing towns, the once fertile countryside turned into desert, the "cleaning up" of subject provinces like Burmah or Samar, the utter havoc wrought with sea-borne commerce, and the toilers thrown out of employment by the closing of the accustomed avenues of trade, it all seems to be unprofitable business, even though, once in a while, it may be jolly good sport and a necessary form of moral training.

Still more serious is the destruction of valuable lives. By the time that a person is old enough to be good food for gunpowder, he represents a substantial outlay which the community has made for his nurture and education, and is only beginning to render an adequate return for this investment. Then, too, if he is able to meet the requirements of the recruiting officer, it may be assumed that he has something more than the average physical strength and vitality; while, if he volunteers for what he deems a patriotic duty, it may be taken for granted that he represents something more than the average capacity for serving his fellow man. Now it is not a light thing thus to gather together the flower of a nation's youth and offer it up to the Moloch of war; on the contrary, it is most consummate folly, if there is any honorable way under heaven by which it may be avoided. It means the loss of most valuable economic energy, and creates a process of social selection by which the less fit survive. In cases where armies are recruited chiefly or wholly from the offscourings of the population, the situation is different; but with the

so-called "national army system" of the nineteenth century, things are so ordered as to raise this element of cost to a maximum. Historians never fail to record the loss which France suffered when 300,000 Huguenots were driven out of the kingdom, but they seldom give adequate attention to the cost of the glorious wars waged by the Grand Monarque and the mighty Corsican. And yet, from the Rhine to Moscow, from the Alps to Calabria, from the Pyrenees to Gibraltar, a century and a half of magnificent combat sowed the soil of Europe thick with the skulls of Frenchmen, while distant India and Egypt claimed a share of the offering, and many provinces of France engulfed their quotas of brave soldiers. England, too, as Kipling reminds us, has salted down her empire with the bones of her sons, depositing much of the preservative in the sea beyond the reach of spade or ploughshare. Upon human bones, in fact, all empires are builded; and these things must be taken into the account when one tries to estimate the gain and merchandise thereof.

And then there is the expense of maintaining armies and fleets in time of peace, and of setting them in operation in time of war. This involves, of course, the withdrawal of men from industrial pursuits, and the levy of taxes sufficient to supply them with weapons, provision, and equipment. To the support of military armaments all governments now devote a large portion of their revenues; and we have in the statistics of such expenditures, past and present, a very accurate measure of the direct financial burden which war imposes.

Most of the costs of warfare are of such an intangible character as to defy measurement, or, if they ever assume material form, baffle statistical inquiry. Some idea of the moral evils of militarism can be gathered from the statistics of illegitimate births in garrison towns, and from the records of certain diseases treated in army hospitals; but this information relates to a single count in the indictment, and the

figures fall far short of doing justice even to that. We have, too, passable statistics of the men killed and wounded in recent wars, but these do not enable us to estimate, save in the very roughest manner, even the economic loss which the casualties entailed. Then we can ascertain with tolerable precision the number of men actually under arms in time of peace; and know that, at the present moment, the Christian nations of Europe maintain some 3,500,000 soldiers and 300,000 sailors or marines, when their military and naval establishments are upon a peace footing; yet we are lost in a wilderness of uncertainty the moment that we attempt to appraise the value of the labor thus withdrawn from productive industry. In fact, the financial burdens borne by the taxpayers of civilized lands afford the sole opportunity of measuring with reasonable accuracy some of the costs of war, and for this reason it will be worth our while to study carefully the story which the blue books and year books have to tell. It is true, of course, that even finance statistics have their limitations; but it so happens that most of the facts with which we are now concerned are recorded with tolerable clearness and precision.

II

Europe has been occupied so long and so extensively with the game of war that her experience is more instructive than our own, and must first engage attention. For the purposes of the present essay it will suffice to study the military expenditures of three leading nations, Great Britain, Germany, and France.

In the Middle Ages the feudal army, composed of the king's immediate vassals, with their retainers down through the various grades of the social hierarchy, was supposed to render a stated amount of military service as one of the conditions upon which its members held their lands. This arrangement supplied a force which could be raised without much direct expense to the king, although the burden of

actual service and the cost of providing their own equipment might weigh heavily upon the individual members. Its inefficiency in battle, and its tendency to become more dangerous to the sovereign than to his enemies, led to the occasional employment of bands of mercenaries, or to attempts, only moderately successful, to establish national militias based upon the theory of universal military service. In France a small standing army was created in 1439, and a permanent tax, the *taille*, was established in order to provide for its maintenance. In time the superiority of such a disciplined force over the troublesome feudal horde or the occasional *levée en masse* led to the general introduction of standing armies, which proved not only effective in war, but the surest reliance of a monarch who aimed at absolute rule. By the close of the seventeenth century the change had been generally effected, and in the eighteenth Europe fairly groaned under the burdens which militarism entailed.

Before the day of the standing army the sovereign was supposed to "live of his own," that is, to support himself upon the income from his domains and various fiscal prerogatives; national taxation — in theory, and generally in practice — was an extraordinary financial expedient which was employed mainly in times of peculiar need or urgency. But as in France the establishment of a perpetual *taille* accompanied the creation of a standing army, so in Brandenburg the Great Elector, "after long and tedious negotiations with the estates," replaced the occasional grants for the support of his troops by fixed contributions for his permanent army. And elsewhere the same inevitable development occurred; the country which would dance must pay the piper, and the payment was nothing less than regular and severe taxation. Meanwhile the cost of warfare had steadily increased because the introduction of gunpowder necessitated the employment of more expensive weapons, — especially cannon, of which each monarch must have a large train.

Gunpowder, therefore, and standing armies, transformed the theory and practice of national finance as thoroughly as they changed the theory and practice of war.

The next important contribution to the art of warfare was the invention of national debts. Monarchs had long been in the habit of borrowing upon their personal credit or the specific pledge of lands and other possessions, whenever they needed unusual amounts of money for military or other purposes; and in the sixteenth century rich bankers are found financing upon a large scale the warring potentates of that age in which the game of international politics began to be so engrossing. But the scope of such transactions was comparatively restricted, since royal lands, and even crown jewels or robes of state, did not furnish an inexhaustible fund for hypothecation; while the mere personal credit of a prince was not a uniformly satisfactory security. The situation was altered, however, when the credit of the nation was staked as the security for loans, and it became possible to borrow upon the pledge of public taxes, both present and prospective. In England, and virtually, if not nominally, in France, this transformation was complete by the close of the seventeenth century, and it increased enormously the ability of these countries to burn gunpowder in the eighteenth. To many people of that day public loans seemed to be a veritable "mine of gold," a sort of "realized alchemy."

The facts of the case, however, were more shrewdly diagnosed by Adam Smith, in the fifth book of the *Wealth of Nations*. He says: "The ordinary expense of the greater part of modern governments in time of peace being equal or nearly equal to their ordinary revenue, when war comes, they are both unwilling and unable to increase their revenue in proportion to the increase of their expense. They are unwilling, for fear of offending the people, who, by so great and so sudden an increase of taxes, would

soon be disgusted with the war; and they are unable, from not well knowing what taxes would be sufficient to produce the revenue wanted. The facility of borrowing delivers them from the embarrassment which this fear and inability would otherwise occasion. By means of borrowing they are enabled, with a very moderate increase of taxes, to raise, from year to year, money sufficient for carrying on the war, and by the practice of perpetual funding, they are enabled, with the smallest possible increase of taxes, to raise annually the largest possible sums of money."

With such a simple and agreeable solution for the financial problems of war, it was possible to indulge in a continuous orgy of fighting and spending. In 1689 the debt of England was no more than £1,054,000; but, by 1713, the wars of the Palatinate and the Spanish Succession had raised it to £53,680,000. Only a slight reduction was effected during the next twenty-six years of comparative peace, and then trouble with Spain and the War of the Austrian Succession increased the burden to £78,000,000. This, however, was only a beginning. The Seven Years' War raised the English debt to £139,500,000, and but £10,000,000 of this had been paid when the American War for Independence carried the total up to £238,000,000. Ten years of peace reduced it to £228,000,000, and then came many years of warfare with France. In 1816 the funded and the floating debts stood at the noble figure of £876,000,000, while the annual interest charge was £32,450,000. At the accession of William and Mary it had cost considerably less than £2,000,000 to defray the whole of the national expenses; in 1816 Great Britain must raise sixteen times that sum merely to pay the interest upon a debt contracted during the course of seven wars. True, the fighting had been glorious, but the piper must now be paid by generations that had not danced to his music.

Meanwhile France had not been idle. Her rulers had piled up a considerable

debt in the seventeenth century, despite the various "revisions," or forced reductions, which they had compelled their creditors to accept. By 1721 the capital value of the French debt, contracted chiefly for military purposes, was estimated at 1,700,000,000 livres, entailing an annual charge of 48,000,000 livres.¹ At the end of the Seven Years' War, the capital value of the debt had risen to 2,360,000,000 livres, with an annual charge of 93,000,000 livres. When Louis XV died, in 1774, his people were supporting an interest charge of 120,000,000 livres; and, shortly afterward, the American War and the disordered state of the French finances raised to the sum of 208,000,000 livres the annual outlay for the service of the debt. Necker's famous budget of 1789 is fairly effulgent with military splendor. Exclusive of the cost of collecting the revenues, the annual outlay of the kingdom was about 490,460,000 livres. Of this sum, no less than 243,000,000 livres was required for interest on the consolidated debt and annual payments on the terminable and floating indebtedness, most of which had been incurred in the pursuit of glory. Then 141,440,000 livres was needed for the support of the army and navy, so that the total expenses chargeable to war were not far short of 384,440,000 livres, which was nearly eighty per cent of the aggregate net outlay. Of the remainder, available for civil purposes, 62,800,000 livres was devoted to pensions and the support of the royal family, and 19,640,000 livres to the administration of justice, foreign affairs, and the treasury; thus leaving the munificent sum of 23,570,000 livres for internal affairs, public works, education, and religion. That had been a splendid century for France, but it had been undeniably expensive. The financial cataclysms of the Revolution sponged most of the public debt off the slate, and Napoleon was able to make tributary and conquered countries support

much of the burden of his campaigns; so that in 1814 the French debt was far less heavy than that of Great Britain, carrying an annual charge of about 63,300,000 livres.²

In 1748, when Montesquieu published his celebrated *Esprit des Loix*, the war game was proceeding merrily, but some of its consequences, for France at least, were already becoming apparent. One of his chapters deals with the increase of military armaments.³ "A new disease," he said, "has spread throughout Europe; it has seized on our sovereigns and makes them maintain an inordinate number of troops. It is intensified, and of necessity becomes infectious, for as soon as one state increases its forces the others at once increase theirs, so that nothing is gained by it except general ruin. Each monarch keeps on foot as many armies as if his people were in danger of extermination; and this struggle of all against all is called peace!" With trifling changes, this passage might have been written in 1905.

For forty years after the battle of Waterloo, Europe enjoyed comparative peace; indeed, a period for rest and recuperation was sorely needed. If Great Britain's debt had gone on increasing at the pace which had been maintained ever since 1689, it is hard to see how the country could have averted ultimately such bankruptcy as overtook France in 1789. The French people, also, had need of peace; and Prussia, too, was ready to rest after her struggle for liberation. Armies and navies were maintained, of course, but there was no such augmentation of forces as the eighteenth century had seen and as the last half of the nineteenth was to witness. Interest seemed to flag even in the improvement of implements of destruction, and the bronze fieldpieces of 1850 differed but slightly from those which the Prus-

¹ During the eighteenth century the value of the livre tournois varied, ranging from seventeen to nineteen cents.

² About \$12,600,000, as compared with an annual charge of some \$160,000,000 upon the English debt.

³ Book xiii, ch. 17.

sians had carried home from what they are pleased to call the field of *Belle Alliance*.

Under such conditions Great Britain was able to reduce her indebtedness by some £75,000,000, while the growth of wealth and numbers made its burden less oppressive. The Crimean War added £34,000,000 to the capital; but this was extinguished during the next decade, and subsequently further reductions were effected.¹ France, however, was not so fortunate. Between 1815 and 1830 the annual charge of her debt had risen from 63,000,000 to 202,380,000 francs, chiefly as the result of legacies from the First Empire. Then, during the next twenty years, in a period of peace, the annual charges advanced to 242,770,000 francs; yet in 1850 France was lightly burdened when compared with her hereditary enemy.

The *coup d'état* of 1851 started France off once more upon a career of glory. The Crimean and Italian wars, the ill-starred expedition to Mexico, and the posturings of the Emperor, all cost money, and increased largely the public debt. The sport was excellent while it lasted, but the *débâcle* of 1870 brought it to an abrupt close; to the Third Republic the Empire of Louis Napoleon bequeathed an annual charge of 403,000,000 francs, a mass of unsettled accounts, and a beleaguered capital. It was 1877 before all the bills came in, and at that time, after the national household had been restored to comparative order, the annual charge for the service of the debt had risen to 723,000,000 francs, nearly the whole of which was chargeable to the wars of the First and Second Empires. This magnificent showing was indeed the very apotheosis of military glory.

From 1689 to 1870 it is possible to read

¹ Great Britain's debt was gradually reduced until the year 1899, when the annual charge fell to £23,000,000. The war in South Africa then added some £160,000,000 to the capital of the debt, and increased the annual charge to £27,000,000.

the history of European militarism in the statistics of the French and English debts. For the subsequent record, however, it is necessary to turn to the annual budgets of England, France, and Germany, since the story is of an armed peace, the expense of which has been defrayed chiefly, although not wholly, from the proceeds of taxation. The principal factors which have shaped the course of events have been the rise of the German Empire, the reorganization of the military establishment of France, and the dogged determination of Great Britain to maintain her supremacy upon the sea. Every move which any power makes is promptly met by the others; and, as in Montesquieu's time, "as soon as one state increases its forces the others at once increase theirs, so that nothing is gained by it except general ruin."

The chief financial results of thirty years of armed peace can be readily exhibited in a single table which shows the total expenditures of each country, upon its army and navy, in fairly representative years. The figures which follow are stated in millions of dollars:²—

Year.	Great Britain.	Germany.	France.
1873	120.0	83.4	111.7
1883	135.0	101.7	166.0
1893	166.3	166.7	173.9
1903 ³	344.7	217.5	200.2

Not the least significant feature of this table is the fact that in Great Britain and Germany the rate of increase in the outlay for armaments was more rapid in the last half of the period than in the first; while, at the present moment, it is impossible to see that any relief is in sight. Moreover, the increase has been much

² The pound is here valued at \$5, the franc at 20 cents, and the mark at 25 cents.

³ For Great Britain the last figures are the estimates for 1904, because the army expenditure for 1903 was abnormally large, and it is desired to show only conditions upon a peace footing.

greater than the growth of population. If our figures are reduced to a per capita basis, it appears that in Great Britain the outlay has advanced from 14.9 to 32.2 shillings for every person in the kingdom; that in Germany the increase has been from 8 to 14.9 marks; and that in France the expenditure has risen from 15.5 to 25.7 francs. And this, in our day as in Montesquieu's, "is called peace."

Of course, these statistics do not show the whole financial burden which militarism imposes upon the people of the three countries; in order to ascertain that, it is necessary to include the debt charges occasioned by war and by the outlays for military pensions. In Great Britain, substantially the whole of the present national debt is the result of war; in Germany, not less than eighty per cent of the obligations incurred since 1871 is chargeable to military outlays; and in France, not less than eighty per cent of the perpetual and floating debt is probably due to the same cause. On this basis, the annual expenditure of Great Britain for this item is £27,000,000, that of Germany is 80,000,000 marks, and that of France is some 750,000,000 francs. For military pensions France now expends 136,300,000 francs, which form a part of the so-called *dette viagère*; Germany now spends about 126,500,000 marks; while the British pension list is included in the estimate for the army and navy. If we add these amounts to the present cost of maintaining soldiers and fleets, it appears that French taxpayers contribute 1,887,000,000 francs in order to meet charges occasioned by war; while the English pay £95,000,000, and the Germans 1,076,000,000 marks. Reduced to a per capita basis, and stated in dollars, the figures are: Great Britain, \$11.20; France, \$9.69; Germany, \$4.61.¹ On

the supposition that about two persons out of every five are employed in gainful occupations, these sums should be multiplied by two and one half in order to estimate the burden which each breadwinner has to carry. It should be remembered, also, that, in all countries, national expenditures are defrayed very largely out of the proceeds of indirect taxation which bears with undue weight upon the masses of the people.

These, then, are the financial results of militarism in Europe: perpetual and heavy taxation, established for the support of standing armies which were long the main reliance of absolute monarchs; enormous public debts, representing gunpowder burned fifty, one hundred, two hundred years ago; and, in our own time, a rapid increase of military outlay, of which the end cannot yet be discerned. From these dry facts of finance we can follow unerringly much of the history of the last three or four centuries; in them we see the obverse side of the stirring events recorded by the drum-and-trumpet historian. In picturesqueness and stirring interest the financial record cannot compare with the story of Marlborough's victories or the campaigns of Napoleon, but from it he who has a little patience and a fair understanding may gain lessons of no mean importance.

As one rises from the study of the subject he is half disposed to accept Ruskin's analysis of the nature of a national debt. In modern Europe, Ruskin said, a civilized nation "consists essentially of (a) a mass of half-taught, discontented, and mostly penniless populace calling itself the people; of (b) a thing which calls itself a government, — meaning an apparatus for collecting and spending money; (c) a small number of capitalists. . . . Now when this civilized mob wants to

¹ The difference in favor of Germany is due chiefly to the lighter pressure of her military debt, of which the annual charge is estimated at \$20,000,000, as compared with \$150,000,000 for France, and \$135,000,000 for Great Britain. As compared with France, more-

over, the figures showing per capita outlay of Germany are reduced by the rapid growth of population in the latter country. This fact, however, creates economic conditions which make each dollar of the tax burden more seriously felt.

spend money for any profitless or mischievous purposes, — fireworks, illuminations, battles, driving about from place to place, or what not, — being itself peniless, it sets its money-collecting machine to borrow the sum needful for these amusements from the civilized capitalist. The civilized capitalist lends the money on condition that, through the money-collecting machine, he may tax the civilized mob thenceforward forever. . . . That is the nature of a National Debt." An overdrawn picture, gentle reader, if you will so have it; but, withal, one you will do well to recall when next you propose to decide a dispute by the aid of gunpowder bought with borrowed money which your children's children will hardly repay.

III

The experience of Europe teaches that national debts would hardly be known, and taxation might be so moderate as to surpass belief, if it were not for war and the burdens which it entails. Our own financial history leads to the same conclusion.

The facts may be determined with the greatest ease and certainty by an examination of federal expenditures from the establishment of our government down to the present day. We shall exclude from the accounts so much of the cost of operating the Post Office Department as is defrayed out of the postal revenues, since this is no burden upon taxpayers; and include only the postal deficit, which is made up by the federal treasury. We shall omit, also, payments upon the principal of the national debt, since these are made out of such surplus revenues as may remain after defraying the cost of maintaining the government, and are no part of the running expenses. From 1792, the first year for which the accounts are separately stated, down to 1904, the cost of supporting the national government is shown by the following table, in which all except the per capita expenditures are stated in millions of dollars:—

Year.	Ordinary Expenditures.	Interest Charges.	Total Expenditures.	Per Capita Expenditures.
1792	5.9	2.4	8.3	—
1800	7.4	3.4	10.8	\$2.04
1810	5.3	3.2	8.5	1.17
1820	13.1	5.2	18.3	1.90
1830	13.2	1.9	15.1	1.18
1840	24.1	0.2	24.3	1.42
1850	37.1	3.8	40.9	1.76
1860	60.1	3.1	63.2	2.01
1870	164.4	129.2	293.6	7.61
1880	169.1	95.7	264.8	5.28
1886	191.9	50.6	242.5	4.22
1890	261.6	36.1	297.7	4.75
1900	447.5	40.2	487.7	6.39
1904	557.8	24.6	582.4	7.12

From 1792 to 1810 it will be seen that the annual interest charge upon the debt, incurred chiefly in the War for Independence, accounted for thirty or forty per cent of the total outlay. The remainder was devoted in considerable part to the support of the army or navy and to military pensions; so that, for instance, in 1800, interest charges, pensions, and military or naval expenditures amounted to \$9,470,000, while the entire outlay for civil purposes was but \$1,330,000. On a per capita basis, the civil expenditures for that year were \$0.25, and the outlay chargeable to war was \$1.79; for 1810 the figures were, respectively, \$0.18 and \$0.99.

The War of 1812 increased the public debt from \$45,200,000 to \$127,300,000, so that, despite a considerable reduction effected between 1816 and 1820, the interest charge in the latter year was much higher than it had been in 1810. Moreover, the war raised the general scale of other expenditures; so that the ordinary outlay in 1820 was nearly 150 per cent larger than it had been a decade earlier, and the per capita cost of government advanced to \$1.90. In every case in our history, the result has been the same; war always leads to a permanent increase of expenditures, because, for one reason or another, the finances never return to ante-bellum conditions.

The next two decades witnessed an unprecedented feat, the complete extinction of the national debt. This was made possible by abundant revenues, a dozen years of economical expenditure, and the decrease in the annual interest charges. In 1835 the last installment of the debt was paid off, and the treasury was confronted by the prospect of a large surplus. The result was a considerable increase of general expenditure, so that the total per capita outlay advanced from \$1.18 in 1830 to \$1.42 in the year 1840. At the latter date the per capita cost of civil government was \$0.49, while the expense for the army, navy, and pensions was \$0.93.

During the next decade, expenditures increased but slightly until the outbreak of the Mexican War in 1846. This event added some forty-eight millions to the small debt incurred in order to meet deficits after the panic of 1837, and committed the country to an increased permanent expenditure. The ordinary outlay had been \$26,418,000 in the year before the war; in 1850 it stood at \$37,165,000, and thereafter advanced instead of receding to the former level. From 1851 to 1857 overflowing revenues encouraged larger appropriations; and, even with the slight economies effected after the panic of the latter year, the total per capita outlay was \$2.01 in 1860, an advance of some forty per cent in twenty years, of which about one half was due to the war. Even at that figure, however, the per capita cost of running the government was slightly less than it had been in 1800; so that for sixty years the total federal expenditures had not grown as rapidly as population. Upon the whole, affairs had been administered with general economy, even though the territory over which government was exercised had vastly increased. In 1860 the civil expenditure was approximately \$1.03 per capita, while the outlay chargeable to war was \$0.97.

The Civil War wrought in our finances a transformation as complete as that which it worked in the character of the

federal government, and by 1870 the American taxpayer was living in what was virtually a new world. The enormous debt incurred for the preservation of the Union now entailed an annual interest charge of \$129,200,000, which was more than twice the entire national outlay in 1860. Prior to the war the expenditure for the army and navy had been \$27,980,000, while in 1870 it stood at \$79,430,000; and, in the meantime, the pension roll had grown from \$1,100,000 to \$28,340,000. As a result, the total expenses chargeable to war had risen from \$30,670,000 to \$237,000,000. This represented a per capita burden of \$6.15; whereas all civil expenditures, which now amounted to \$56,640,000, called for but \$1.46 per capita. The country was now spending \$7.61,¹ whereas, a decade before, it had required but \$2.01, for every person within its borders. In all financial history it is doubtful if another revolution of such magnitude was ever accomplished within the brief space of a four years' war. Prior to the struggle a moderate customs tariff had defrayed the entire charge of the national government in ordinary times; "thenceforward forever" the taxpayer must submit to higher duties on imports and to an extensive system of internal taxes.

For a time after 1870 the country was sated with the joys and glories of war. It was content to restore the finances to some semblance of order, place the currency once more upon a specie basis, reduce the national debt, and drive numbers of rascals out of public life. Within sixteen years the annual interest charge declined from \$129,200,000 to \$50,600,000, and the outlay upon the army and navy fell from \$79,430,000 to \$44,140,000. Pension expenditures, to be sure, increased meanwhile from \$28,340,000 to \$63,404,000; but the saving upon the other two items was enough to offset this and to reduce the aggregate expenditure

¹ If the figures for 1870 are corrected in order to allow for the depreciation of the greenbacks, the per capita outlay becomes \$6.80.

chargeable to war from \$237,000,000 to \$158,100,000. As a result, although there was a moderate increase in civil expenses, the total outlay had fallen to \$242,500,000 by the year 1886, and the per capita cost of government was \$4.22, the lowest point ever reached after the outbreak of the war.

From 1886 to 1904 the aggregate federal expenditure advanced from \$242,500,000 to \$582,400,000, and the per capita outlay from \$4.22 to \$7.12. The causes for this upward movement can be readily shown by a table which exhibits the amounts of various classes of expenditure for the years 1886, 1897, and 1904, the figures being stated in millions of dollars:

Year.	Army.	Navy.	Pensions.	Interest.	Civil Expenditures.	Total.
1886	30.2	13.9	63.4	50.6	84.4	242.5
1897	35.3	34.5	141.1	37.8	117.1	365.8
1904	92.5	102.9	142.6	24.6	219.8	582.4

It is evident that the increased outlay between 1886 and 1897 was due to larger expenditures for pensions, the navy, and for civil purposes, the last item, however, showing a comparatively moderate rate of growth. The slight advance in the cost of the army was more than offset by the decline in interest charges. Then from 1897 to 1904 the pension outlay remained practically stationary, and a further decrease occurred in interest payments. But the cost of the army and navy advanced from \$69,800,000 to \$195,400,000, as the direct result of new national policies; while civil expenditures, swollen as they always have been after a war, rose from \$117,100,000 to \$219,800,000.¹ It is evident that, while the outlay was growing with considerable rapidity prior to 1898,

¹ In 1904 the figures are increased by the \$50,000,000 paid on account of the Panama Canal; for 1905 they will probably be less. But the canal will involve us in heavy expenditures for many years to come.

the Spanish War has precipitated an avalanche of new expenditures which are very far from having reached their end.

At the present moment, when the per capita cost of government is \$7.12, we are spending about \$4.43 for interest, pensions, and armaments, while \$2.69 covers all outlays for civil purposes. Less than thirty-eight per cent of the annual expenditure, therefore, is now needed for the charge of civil administration, and something more than sixty-two per cent is required for objects connected with war. With us, as with all other peoples, the national government is, upon its financial side, mainly a huge machine for collecting money to meet the direct and indirect results of settling disputes by the appeal to arms. Is it not worth our while, therefore, to encourage by all means at our command the practice of resorting to some less expensive tribunal?

Until very recently it has been the boast of Americans that their country was free from the burden which militarism has imposed upon the people of less favored lands. As late as 1897, when Great Britain, Germany, and France were spending, respectively, \$200,000,000, \$191,000,000, and \$185,000,000 upon their armies and fleets, the United States was content with an outlay of \$69,800,000. But to-day we have little reason to congratulate ourselves upon the advantages of our situation. Great Britain, to be sure, is now spending \$344,000,000 for the support of military armaments; while Germany expends \$217,000,000, and France \$200,000,000. But our own outlay for soldiers and fleets has risen to \$195,000,000, and is more likely to increase than decrease for some time to come; we have almost overtaken France and Germany, and, by the time our navy is large enough to police two hemispheres, may be in a fair way to rival Great Britain. For all the purposes of the taxgatherer, at least, we seem to have become a militant power; and it is altogether proper that sober papers of state should now bristle with homilies upon grand strategy.

and with modest allusions to the "iron in our blood."

In the seven years ending June 30, 1904, the United States spent \$1,307,000,000 for military purposes, an annual average of \$186,785,000, as compared with an outlay of \$69,800,000 in 1897. This period included, of course, "extraordinary" expenses for the operations of the Spanish War and innumerable "pacifications" of the Philippine Islands; but the annual outlay in 1904 was \$195,400,000, nearly nine millions more than the average for the period, and the tendency of these expenditures is ever onward and upward. In 1899, when the money was flying most merrily, the army and navy cost \$277,700,000. The following year the outlay fell to \$172,010,000, and we were told that great reductions were to follow which would allow things to return to a "normal" condition; as a matter of fact, the cost increased by twenty-three millions during the next four years, so that an expenditure of about \$200,000,000 has now become "normal." This result should surprise no one who is familiar with the history of military armaments; it follows from the very nature of the case.

Although national expenditures advanced so rapidly after 1897, the prosperous condition of business made the revenues large, even when the "war taxes" were repealed, and enabled the treasury to meet its growing obligations without difficulty until last year. In 1903 there was a handsome surplus of \$54,297,000, but in 1904 a slight decrease of revenue and a large increase of outlay produced a deficit of \$42,000,000. During the fiscal year 1905 the deficit continues, and it is now tolerably clear that our existing revenue system is inadequate for the support of the national household in its present imperial state. Congress, of course, is now thinking of economizing in the appropriations for 1906, but finds itself committed to so many splendid undertakings that it is hard to decide where the pruning-knife shall be applied. There has been

extravagance in so many directions that it may be possible, for a time, to reduce expenditures somewhat below the level of 1904 and 1905; but, so long as existing policies are unchanged, we shall be saving at the spigot and wasting at the bung.

The main facts with which we must reckon are the growth of military expenditures and the certainty of further increase. The army is now too small for the work of policing North and South America, together with Asia and the islands of the sea. The navy is large enough for its former duty of protecting our own shores, but is wholly inadequate for the task it is now expected to perform. We must have fleets to defend our Atlantic and Pacific coasts, must guard the Panama Canal, and must maintain upon the Asiatic station as many vessels as any other power keeps there. Then we must have large numbers of cruisers moving hither, thither, and yon, in order to be present at every explosion, revolutionary or volcanic. These things may be expensive, but they are a part of the burden of empire; then, too, they amuse the children, of all ages and sizes.

In fact, the talk of economy which now comes from Washington is merely a sign of inexperience in our new tasks. No imperial power can economize, or should think of doing so. When the budget of the German Empire shows a deficit, as it usually does in these days, the only remedies suggested are more loans or new taxes; when the British estimates disclose a balance on the wrong side, the only question which "imperial - minded" men consider is how to increase the revenue; and in France they do things in the same large and liberal way. We must learn to play the war game as others play it; and must not be guilty of such *gaucherie* as talking about economy, which is a homely luxury in which only unheroic republics can afford to indulge. Since 1897 we have changed our mode of living, and must now be ready to defray the bills as they come in. This is the one lesson taught

by the history of militarism ever since the invention of gunpowder and public debts.

The situation was admirably reviewed by Mr. McCall a few months ago in the columns of the *Atlantic*, and it is impossible to gainsay his conclusion that "our revenue is insufficient to support us with our colonial appendages." We shall soon be compelled, as he pointed out, "to change our relations with the Philippines or readjust our system of taxation;" and there is much merit in his suggestion that the first resource should be the reimposition of stamp taxes, such as were levied in 1862 and 1898. There could be no better way of educating our people in the duties and responsibilities of empire than to require them to affix sizable stamps to every document which they use, provided that care is taken in selecting the design. As I have elsewhere ventured to suggest, on a field of gold the new revenue

stamps should bear a battleship *rampant sable* above a taxpayer *couchant azure*; beneath, a Filipino's head caboshed *gules*; over all, a *baton* (Big Stick) *sinister vert*. If this should not be elaborate enough, a border might be provided, charged with a syndicate of capitalists *sanguine* gorged with wreaths of dollars *argent*. This, it is believed, would complete a chaste and appropriate design. It would tell each taxpayer where we are spending our money, and what it is expended for, while conveying some idea of the prosperity which our rule has brought to the Philippines. Its advantages over such outworn symbols as the Goddess of Liberty or the head of George Washington should be obvious. Moreover, it is not impossible that such a method of supporting military armaments would lead us gradually to a better appreciation of the costs which warfare entails.

THE ETERNAL LIFE

BY HUGO MÜNSTERBERG

COME, dear friend, sit down here by the open fire. It was cold and penetrating out there at the burial; — come, warm your hands, and let us talk of the companion we have lost. How often he sat with me here through the long winter evenings, and brightened my dusky library with his genial humor and good cheer! We shall not hear his voice again. I cannot express how deeply I am stricken by this loss, — I know only that I shall never again sit here without grieving that our friend's life, with all its sweetness and inner beauty, was so short. Do you remember that summer morning when you met him here for the first time? Who thought that the November day of final parting would come so soon? Will you not sit down and talk with me? Why do you hesitate?

Ah, I understand, — I see it all in your

clouded eyes and brow. Your eyes say that though we are in perfect accord on every practical question, yet our ways part here. You do hope to see our friend again in the time to come. When the minister beside the open grave promised a happy meeting yonder, I saw you bend your head as if the preacher spoke the language of your heart. I thought I had mistaken you; now I see that I was right and that my words must have wounded you. I know you must recoil as if from an atheist who, without creed or belief of his own, seeks to destroy your faith in immortality. You look on me as a man of science who cares for naught that he cannot see and touch and weigh and measure — to whom eternal life is an empty tale. Is it not strange what close friends two men can be who yet are strangers in their deepest thoughts?

But come — I cannot let you go now until you have heard my defense. I am neither skeptic nor atheist, and I believe in eternal life. — Before this wood fire has burned out, you shall know me better. We shall not convince each other, but we owe a better mutual understanding to the memory of our friend. It is not surprising that you mistook me for one of those who, in the pride of modern science, have only ridicule, or, at best, indifference, for every thought of a beyond. All about us, indeed, we see the men with a scientific view of the world and the men with a religious view of the world in two sharply separated camps. The scientist may attend church, but his religion is an empty function; it does not penetrate his life. And the churchman may gain all knowledge, and yet the scientific view of the world does not shape his universe. It seems as if science and religion could no longer be harmonized. And yet, my friend, I feel that they belong together: the deepest truth of science and the most profound religion are compatible.

It is true I am a man of science. Here in this library it hardly needs to be declared. The microscopes at the desk tell the tale, and every book on the shelves affirms it. It is my passion and my delight to throw my little energy into the search for the laws which control this universe of matter and the life of the mind. The laws of the physical and of the psychical world impress me daily more and more by their wonderful clearness and their majestic power. Science does not mean to me the answer to questions of curiosity; it is to me not a mass of disconnected information, but the certainty that there is no change in this universe, no motion of an atom, and no sensation in a consciousness, which does not come and go absolutely in accordance with natural laws, — the certainty that nothing can exist outside of the gigantic mechanism of causes and effects. Necessity moves the stars in the sky, and necessity moves the emotions in my mind. No miracle can break these laws, can push a single molecule from its

path, or create a sensation in a mind, when the body does not work, when the brain no longer functions.

I see by the compression of your lips, my friend, and the impatient play of your fingers that I am confessing just what you suspected. Does not — I read the question in your face — does not all this entail the admission that there is no God and no immortality, that the physical universe is the whole of reality, and that in the millions of years to come no mind will ever awake when once the body is the prey of worms? But I did not say that this was my last word; you heard my first word only. Too many stop here, because they take the challenge for the fight, but you and I must go on.

Science! How easily is its great mission misunderstood! How often scored by its opponents for claims which it does not make, how often by its own friends pushed forward to a ground where it must fail altogether and disastrously! To honor science means to respect its limitations: science is not and cannot be, and ought never to try to be, an expression of ultimate reality. When science seeks to be a philosophy, it not only oversteps its rights, but weakens at the same time its own position. Every one who feels a lack of inspiration in this mass of dead material substances begins then to look out for small exceptions in the realm of nature, and rejoices in every case whereof science is still unable to explain the physical or mental facts; he hopes to find supernatural signs of a better reality in the gaps of the causal world. The belief in our freedom and responsibility and God's almightiness seems then to depend upon the shortcomings of the scientist, and must go in fear of every new scientific discovery. But science is then the first to suffer in this conflict, as the needs of the heart prove stronger than all the doctrines of the schools, and all the proud theories fall asunder when life demands its own. And yet, believe me, this conflict can never arise if the meaning and purpose of science is rightly interpreted.

Science is an instrument constructed by human will in the service of human purposes. It is a valuable, reliable, and indispensable instrument; but it is, like any instrument, an artificial construction which has meaning only in view of its purpose. In doing our life's work, in fulfilling our duties, we have to act, and our actions deal with the things that surround us. It is a chaos, that world of things, in which we cannot act if we do not bring order into it. I must know what the thing in my hand will do if I handle it; how it will change. If I bring it in contact with other things, will it move, or burn, or melt; will it change color or make a noise; will it hurt me, or will it feed me; will it blossom, or will it explode? What we have to expect from the object, we call the effect; and that which we have in hand then becomes the cause. In this way the scientist connects the things of this chaotic world in an orderly system of causes and effects which follow one another; and, as he can do his work only if he takes for granted that the end can be reached, he considers the world of objects as a system in which everything must be understood as the effect of causes. The scientist thus cannot reach his goal save in shaping and moulding and transforming the whole world in thought till everything can be understood as a part of such a chain of causes and effects. It sounds surprising, and yet this postulated system is the only universe which the scientist studies.

This universe is no longer the original experience; the things of the world had to be changed over and over again till the human intellect could form a connected system out of the chaos. For the burning wood I see here, the chemist substitutes chemical molecules; for the chair my hand touches, the physicist posits trillions of atoms; for the movement of this spark in the fireplace, he calculates innumerable components; for its red light, he uses ether waves that are dark; and for the sound of my voice, air waves that are silent. Everywhere the scientist sub-

stitutes something else for the real experience, and yet he finds that only by such substitution can he determine beforehand what will happen; only by such transformations of reality can he construct a system of causes and effects, and thus foresee the changes of the things. Whatever serves this purpose of causal connections we call scientific truth, and every progress in the history of science has been a new success in changing the world of things over into a chain of effects and causes, which have reality merely in the abstraction of the scientist.

I know, my friend, that to-day you are not in the mood to follow such dry disquisitions, and yet if you take these few difficult steps with me, you will stand at once at a point where you see the whole field before you. Two consequences you can no longer avoid. Firstly, the truth of science does not express the reality we live in. Of course, it serves our real life, otherwise it were an empty fancy; and it is worked up from real experience, otherwise it were a dream. But it remains an artificial construction whose right and value do not go beyond the purpose for which it was fabricated. What a hopeless distortion, to magnify it into a philosophy and religion, and to ask science for the ultimate meaning of reality!

But more than that. You understand, secondly, that no science of the universe can say anything about ourselves, who make the sciences. Of course, if the scientist starts to transform the world of things into a system of enchained causes and effects, he must be consistent, and finally apply the same tools of thought to his own personality. He must then consider himself as a body which works like a machine, and all his inner life as happenings in a special part of the machine, in the brain. All the ideas and imaginations, feelings and emotions, go on then in the brain just as it rains and snows in the outer world, and our own will is then the necessary product of its foregoing causes. Such consistency is admirable in its realm, but it must not make us for-

get that its realm is determined by our own decision, yes, that it is our own free will which decides for a certain purpose to conceive ourselves as bound, our will as a causal process. There is thus no conflict between the claim of science that we are mental mechanisms bound by law and the claim of our self-consciousness that we are free personalities. In reality we are free, and in our freedom we have an interest in thinking of ourselves as mechanisms. In reality we are that which we know ourselves to be in our practical life, — subjects which take free attitudes, and not simply objects.

I see a bright response in your eyes, my friend, — am I right in supposing that your quick intelligence sees how everything else must follow from this central point? Do you grasp already the vital truth that our life is lived in time only so far as we see ourselves as such causal objects, but that it is beyond time in the reality of our immediate life? The personality which shapes the objects in its thought creates not only the conception of causality, but in that same act the form of time which is to embrace all causal processes of the world. Past, present, and future mean simply attitudes of the personality toward its objects. We call present the objects which we attend to, and future the objects which we are expecting as effects of the present ones, and past the objects which we conceive as causes of the present ones. But the personality which thus creates by its attitudes the idea of time as form of its objects is not itself banished into the prison of time. To ask what time the real personality itself fills is not more reasonable than to ask whether the will is round or square, how many pounds it weighs, and what its color may be. The real personality, the subject of will and thought, is not an object in time, as it is itself the condition of time. Its whole reality lies in its attitudes and in its acts; it cannot be perceived like a thing, but must be understood in its meaning and aims; it cannot be explained by causality, but must be inter-

preted and appreciated; it cannot be measured, but must be valued; it is not in the world of things which we find, but in a world of actions and judgments which are performed. The meaning of our real personality is thus not to be a phenomenon for ourselves or others, but to be a will whose acts are valid for ourselves and demand the acknowledgment of others. Our personality reaches another directly —

But no, — I fear your approving countenance means that you think I want to defend a mystical belief in telepathy or spiritualism. This time you misunderstand me utterly. Do you not see, my friend, that the mystic who craves for telepathic and similar wonders seeks the essence of our life still in the world of things in space and time? He hopes to overcome the limitations of that world of things by breaking the chain of causality, by making exceptions here and there, by linking together in a mysterious way objects which are far from one another in time and space. He does not see that we have projected our experiences into time and space just because we sought to bring order and law and causality into the chaos, and that we undo our own work if we destroy the order which we created and allow mystery in place of strict causality. In the world of space and time there cannot be any exceptions to the laws of cause and effect, and a mystic event is simply an event which has not yet found its proper explanation.

When I said that we as personalities reach each other immediately, I did not mean that my thought as function of my brain — that is, as a process in the world of phenomena — jumps mysteriously over to your brain. I meant rather that if you and I are talking here absorbed in serious thought, we do not come in question for each other as scientifically constructed bodies in which some mental states succeed one another in time, but merely as real personalities which try to understand one another. Our mutual interest forms a direct will-connection, and that

has nothing to do with the causal connection which certainly exists between us if we care to consider ourselves as objects in the sphere of space and time. In that case, of course, our thoughts and our feelings are just passing phenomena which come in time one after the other; but in reality they are judgments, attitudes, volitions, which bind one another by their meaning, without relation to time and succession. Whether I think of myself and of my aim to awake your interest for the creed of philosophy, or whether I think of you and your aim to follow the paths of religious emotions, or whether I think of our common grief and our common memory of our friend, — in every case, my experience is made up of acts which are bound together by the unity of purpose. The one act refers to the other, the one means the other, the one involves the other. If we are here in serious discussion, we do not play the explaining psychologist who asks what thought came by causal laws after what other thought, how many seconds the emotion lasted, how many minutes the development of the ideas, — no, you and I ask ourselves what your attitude toward life, what my view means, and how we agree and disagree; how those intentions hang together in their ends, and how far one act binds us to accept the other. They follow from each other as the equations of the mathematician follow from each other: how needless to ask in what time-order they are related! Has our talk here, has our whole life, any meaning if we seek its reality in such time-succession?

Do we not mean by time an order in which the reality of one member excludes the reality of all the other members? Only one time-instant is real, and the reality of the present excludes the reality of everything which precedes; the past must have become unreal when the present is real, and the existence of the present must have become unreal when the future will be real. Of course, the scientist needs this self-devouring time, for, as I said, time is to him the form of causality, and

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causality indeed demands that the effect shall become real through the disappearance of the causes. As we scientists must think of the world of objects as a causal chain, we must conceive it as a world in time in which new and ever new existing objects follow one another just to disappear in the next instant into the past; that is, into irrevocable unreality. If we take ourselves and our friends as causal objects, then indeed nothing but the present instant of our existence has reality, while all our living and striving up to the present moment has been completely destroyed by having become a thing of the past. Our whole life has then become unreal at the moment of death, and then, of course, we must put all our desires into the hope for a future, near or far, in which something worth while shall become real again. Time has taken away and made unreal everything which gave value to our lives; no wonder that we look out to see whether time cannot bring us again a piece of reality after death or in a billion of years.

And yet, my friend, is there really any value whatever in such a life, short or long or endless, if we conceive it as such a mere series of phenomena in time? Is life worth living for two heartbeats long, if all that we experience in the first has become non-existent, and thus unreal, in the second? Is life still life if its contents follow as passive events, each one destroyed by the next, each one just passing by in a momentary existence? What can be gained if this meaningless procession of shadows is to go on in us for a thousand times a thousand centuries? The mere extension in time cannot add any new value or dignity. It is not different from extension in space. If you were getting taller and taller, growing up to the highest mountain, stretching up to the moon, on to the farthest star, reaching with your arms around the whole physical universe, would that give you any new value? Would you not yearn for the narrow room where you might sit again, man with man, to fulfill your daily duties, as

they alone give meaning to your life? A mere expansion, a more and more of phenomena in space and time, is a valueless amassing of indifferent and purposeless material.

How far otherwise if we emancipate ourselves from this unnatural view and apperceive our life as act and not as object, as creator of time and not as a chance occurrence in time! As to this, my real personality, it is meaningless to ask myself what came before or what will come after it. The objects of my personality have the cause-relation and time-length, but my real personality itself has no causes and has no place in time. It does not fill more or less time, just as it is not more or less in weight; and nothing can come after it, just as there is nothing to its right or to its left. My life as a causal system of physical and psychical processes, which lies spread out in time between the dates of my birth and of my death, will come to an end with my last breath; to continue it, to make it go on till the earth falls into the sun, or a billion times longer, would be without any value, as that kind of life which is nothing but the mechanical occurrence of physiological and psychological phenomena had as such no ultimate value for me or for you or for any one at any time. But my real life as a system of interrelated will-attitudes has nothing before or after, because it is beyond time. It is independent of birth and death, because it cannot be related to the biological events; it is not born and will not die; it is immortal; all possible thinkable time is inclosed in it: it is eternal.

You ask what is, then, after all, the value of such a real life? Even if it is independent of time, why is its eternal timeless reality more valuable than the passing events in the physical world of objects? What, then, does value mean? I do not hesitate to reply that your question itself gives you the answer. You ask your question for the purpose of finding the truth,—what does it mean to find truth? Is truth merely an idea glowing

for an instant in your mind like the sparks here in the fireplace before us? No, you seek truth in your questioning because the truth of the idea means that you respect it, that you feel the truth as something which is an end in itself, something which is absolute, something which demands submission. It does not allow any further question as to whether or not it is useful for something else, but it is itself the end of all questioning. Only that which is such an ultimate end for us is really a value. Yet truth is certainly not the only value to which we submit our will. The complete perfection of the beautiful, the moral deed, the intellectual achievement, the work of civilization, the religious faith, the repose of philosophical conviction,—each is such an end in itself, which we respect as final. But the fact that truth and beauty, morality and culture, religion and philosophy, demand our submission, that we respect them as something which needs no further purpose, means that they are more than our individual personal experiences. They are our own will-acts, in which we know our will as obeying a more than individual will; they are our own will-acts in harmony with an absolute will. To have values in our life thus means ultimately to realize in our life more than our individual will, to fulfill through it absolute duties, to reach in it absolute ends, to complete in it absolute existence, to find in it the repose of absolute perfection, and thus to be beyond the question of purpose; in our values we have reached absolute ends, and we can reach them only as subjects of will, as real personalities.

In our temporal, causal world there is not, and there cannot be, anything of real value, because everything comes to view as the cause of something else, and nothing is an end in itself. The clay may be valuable because you can make bricks from it; and those bricks valuable because you can make houses from them; and the houses valuable because they protect the human body; and the human

body is valuable because it preserves the nation; and the nation is valuable because it preserves the human race; and the human race is valuable — why, I do not know. In that temporal order of things that human race may fall into the sun, or a comet may overturn the whole earth, — why are the atoms of the universe not just as good if they go on without that swarming humanity on the surface of the earth-planet; why was the earth not just as good before that surface protoplasm grew into human shape? Who has the right to say that one combination of atoms is better than another? — it perhaps produces a special effect, but why is that effect better than another? In that temporal world there is no good and bad, no value and no ideal, but merely a change in complication; and if we carelessly speak of development, we really mean a change to greater and greater differentiation; but the end of the so-called development is not better than the beginning, as in that world nothing is valuable in itself. Values are found merely in the world of subjects, but there values have reality, because our will assumes attitudes in which ultimate ends are acknowledged and respected; — they are good in themselves, they are absolute values, they give to life that which makes it worth living: and these subjects and their acts are real outside of causality and time, valid in the world of eternity.

In eternity lies the reality of our friend, who will never sit with us again here at the fireplace. I do not think that I should love him better if I hoped that he might be somewhere waiting through space and time to meet us again. I feel that I should then take his existence in the space-time world as the real meaning of his life, and thus deprive his noble personality of every value and of every ideal meaning. The man we love was not in space and time; he fought his life of strife and achievement as a subject which calls not for our perception with its standards of causality, space, and time, but for our interpretation with its standards of agree-

ment, of values, of ideals. We know him as a subject of his will, and thus as a perfect part of the real world in its eternal fitness of valid values. He lived his life in realizing absolute values through his devotion to truth and beauty, to morality and religion; as such an irreplaceable part of the eternal world he is eternal himself. You and I do not know a reality of which he is not in eternity a noble part; the passing of time cannot make his personality unreal, and nothing would be added to his immortal value if some object like him were to enter the sphere of time again. The man whom we love belongs to a world in which there is no past and future, but an eternal now. He is linked to it by the will of you, of me, of all whose will has been influenced by his will, and he is bound to it by his respect for absolute values. In a painting every color is related to the neighboring colors, and it belongs at the same time to the totality of the picture; in the symphony every tone is related to the nearest tones, and yet belongs to the whole symphony. But when the symphony or the painting is perfect, then most of all we do not wish the one beautiful color to sweep over the whole picture, or the one splendid tone to last through the whole music. We do not desire the tone of this individual life to last beyond its internal, eternal rôle, throughout the symphony of the Absolute; its immortality is its perfect belonging to that whole timeless reality, belonging there through its human relations to its neighbors, and through its ideal relations to the ultimate values.

See, even these ashes of the wood which burns in the fireplace are made up of atoms which will last throughout all future time; I do not long for that repulsive, intolerable endlessness which we should have to share with those ashes. They are in time, and can never escape the tracks of time, and however long they may last, there will be endless time still ahead of them. We are beyond time; our hope and our strife is eternally completed in the timeless system of wills, and if I mourn

for our friend, I grieve, not because his personality has become unreal like an event in time, but because his personality as it belongs eternally to our world aims at a fuller realization of its intentions, at a richer influence on his friends. This contrast between what is aimed at in our attitude and what is reached in our influence is indeed full of pathos, and yet inexhaustible in its eternal value. We ought to submit to its ethical meaning as we

submit to the value of truth and beauty and duty and sanctity. It belongs to the ultimate meaning of each of us; through our aims, through our influences, through our relations to the aims of our fellows and to the ideals of the Absolute, and, finally, through these pathetic contrasts between aims and influences we enter as parts into the absolute reality,—not for calendar years and not for innumerable æons, but for timeless eternity.

THE COMING OF THE TIDE¹

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

IV

"I CERTAINLY am surprised," said Uncle Peter cheerily one morning, as he ate his oatmeal from a blue Japanese bowl with an old-fashioned silver spoon marked "A;" "I certainly am surprised. I always expected to go first, with my heart weakness. Now, your father had nothing the matter with his heart, had he? If he had, I never knew it; but then, John kept everything pretty close."

"Not so far as I know," answered Paul from behind his newspaper, wondering how soon his mother would come down and break up this tête-à-tête.

"I got it from my great-grandmother Anne," pursued Uncle Peter, laying his hand upon his heart, "that, and my love of beauty, and this set of silver spoons. That sideboard was hers, too. She gave it to my father and he left it to John, as he did nearly everything. Now John is dead and it is all yours. Well, well, well! And it seems only yesterday that you were in knickerbockers."

He bestowed a congratulatory smile upon his nephew, who scowled and held the newspaper before his face. Even Uncle Peter should know better than

this! It was only a week since John Warren had been laid to rest in the little family cemetery by the sea, and to his son the sense of possession in turf and tree and wide shore line brought keenest hurt.

"Don't want to talk, eh!" said the older man smilingly, as he sat with his head tipped a little to one side and watched his nephew. "Now, I always do; get that from my grandfather on my mother's side, Peter Finch. I was named for him, and inherited his sociability; queer nobody else did."

The young man read on, and Uncle Peter chattered to the coffee pot, while June sunlight streamed in through the rose vines, now in deep red bloom, shading the windows toward the east, and across the dewy grass of the lawn, where elm and pine cast shadows, always longest in early morning. It was a large room, with paneled walls and high ceiling, and all its furnishings were in keeping with its long lines. At one side stood a huge mahogany sideboard, filled with old blue china; an enormous mahogany sofa stretched halfway across one end of the room; the dining-table, of the same dark wood, daintily polished so that it reflected

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the faces of the two men as they bent over it, was massive and unwieldy, as were the chairs at its side. Even the plates and the tablespoons seemed larger than human use requires; yet the room, with all that it contained, had a certain dignity, and bore witness to the strength of the race, with its love of strong things. Two or three badly painted ancestral portraits in tarnished gilt frames upon the walls reflected, almost in despite of the painter, something of the family character; and Paul Hollis Warren, seen in full light, seemed a not unworthy inheritor of the family traits and possessions. He was a tall man, slender and sinewy, with quiet movements and firm-lipped mouth. Nothing save the sudden flash of the dark gray eyes, or the wistful look that sometimes crept into them, betrayed the drama of an inner life. Generations of Puritan self-control and self-repression had left their stamp upon the fine, thin face, young but worn by the elder experiences of the race, and wearing a melancholy seriousness which was broken now and then by a cynic mirthfulness akin to tears.

It was only Uncle Peter who was out of harmony with the character of things in the great dining-room. Seated in his massive armed chair, he suggested a figure of a man done, with a touch of caricature, in porcelain or in sugar candy.

"Looks like the play doughnut you makes sometimes for the chillen wen you tia'd of makin' rale doughnuts," once said Aunt Belinda, the colored cook. "Like's not that's what the Lo'd done with the Warrenses wen he got tia'd of makin' rale Warrens."

Uncle Peter rose, and, going to the sideboard, produced a tall bottle, from which he poured a quantity of fluid into a glass. This, mixed with a small amount of water, he drank off slowly, with much smacking of his thin lips.

"Indigestion, Paul," he explained apologetically. "Something I believe you never have. A drop of whiskey does me a world of good; it was born in me, you know; came down from my great-great-

grandfather Warren, your great-great-great-grandfather, you know."

"From all I've heard," said Paul Warren, looking up, "it would be just as well to let my great-great-great-grandfather Warren die out."

"Impossible!" said Uncle Peter from the sideboard, shaking his finger at his nephew. "You'll discover some day that you can't let your ancestors die out, and wherever you go, you will find they have been there before you. Now great-great-grandfather Warren led a gay life; I've a streak of that in me; I wish to goodness you had! I wish you would brighten up the old place, now it's yours, and bring gay young people here, the 'sound of revelry by night,' you know, and all that. Come, boy, you're twenty-seven,—or is it twenty-nine?—and if you are ever going to be young you'd better begin. I can't bear to see you waste your days in that library and on the shore with your gun."

Study of ancestral traits was the occupation of Uncle Peter's life. His was not the vulgar pride which plumes itself on family possessions, or even on honorable achievements of a long line of forbears; to Uncle Peter had been given an abiding interest in the transgressions of those gone before him, in their gloomy mood, their wavering between good and ill. None escaped him, from the original Paul Warren, who had tamed the wilderness and had built by the sea the old stone house with long, sloping roof and mullioned windows, down to Mr. Peter's own father, James Francis Warren, who had erected the great house in which his son survived him so comfortably. There were old yellow records, old letters, old tales, from which his imagination could suck a gentle melancholy. Sure it was that the family successes and honors had induced anything but a joyous temper. Even the luckless ancestor chosen by Uncle Peter to play the part of scapegoat for his own shortcomings, great-great-grandfather Warren, had not been altogether happy in his sins; and James Francis Warren, who had made a thing of beauty

of this great estate, that his descendants might dwell there forever, transforming its broad acres into park land and meadow that almost matched in beauty the far-off Devon home; who had died with an air of achievement, gazing up at the high ceiling which he had built, and reflecting that his son John was even at that minute sitting in Congress, had felt secretly conscious of inner lack. In matters of this world they had certainly prospered, had these Warrens, both in the main line and in the minor branches that had settled in the neighboring towns or had moved out to start new colonies in the West. As a general rule, they had reassuring bank accounts, and safes well lined with bonds and mortgages, and yet few of the men who told their descent in direct line from Paul Warren the elder had known content. Their pent-up energy needed a wider scope than it had ever known since those earliest days when the original settler had tamed the wilderness; and the mere care of the estate meant too slight endeavor for the strong-backed, strong-limbed, strong-minded, hardy race. The early struggles over, of fighting for mere existence, an eager force of mind and body began to turn upon itself, eating into its own substance, and intensity of inner life had led to vivid experiences both of good and of ill. There had been saints in the family, and sinners too; even crime had not been unknown among them, and tradition told of one neighbor, said to be a remote ancestor of the Bevannes, shot down in a fit of hot anger whose cause had been long forgotten, but whose effects lived on in smouldering enmity, now and then fanned into live flame. It was possibly a recognition of danger in the blood which had induced among the Warrens, generations ago, a tendency toward seclusion. Solitary, introspective, apart, they lived within themselves, mating for the most part with sweet, weak women, who bent or broke under the stronger wills of their husbands. Melancholia had become a part of the family inheritance, and grandfather, fa-

ther, and son, shutting themselves away from life, had built up a world of false proportions where great issues sometimes went unnoticed, and trifles bore unusual weight. They grew morbidly sensitive and self-centred, missing the even measure of things held by those who share a larger life than their own; yet most of them were good, if rather silent, servants of church and of state, high-tempered, it may be, but high-minded also, contemptuous of hypocrisy even when shown in polite lies, and of all but simple and honest action.

It had come to pass, for places grow in time to wear the expression of the spirits who inhabit them, that a look of sadness and of melancholy settled down over the old Warren place. The low stone wall with its tall gateway; the curving drive, somewhat grass-grown now; the unclipped turf, where long grass waved after it should have been cut; the wide door entering the great hall where the tall clock ticked slowly on the stairs, had a look of isolation. It was so still in this generation, when there was but one child in the house, that it had an air of having been built in primeval quiet, before earth's noises began. In certain corners the air seemed heavy with the morbid ideas of the dead inhabitants, and Uncle Peter had a fancy, as original as it was convenient, that he knew places in the house where sudden hope would seize you, and others where irresistible passion would tear your soul, driving you out, powerless, to work its will. At least it was true that all who entered the house, either by the marriage altar or by the gates of birth, learned to wear the inward look of the Warrens. Even the dogs caught the family temper, and not Hamlet himself had greater suffering of mind than had Robin Hood, the collie, as he wandered the valley of indecision, where his master had worn a path, with doubting feet.

Yet John Warren had played a not inglorious part in the history of the countryside. After a somewhat wayward

youth, he had settled down to the study of the law, and had pursued his work with the ease and calm of a man whose toil is a pastime and not a means of livelihood. He had made no professional use of his knowledge, but, after being admitted to the bar, had played, against his will, a prominent part in local politics, and had reluctantly gone to Washington to represent his district in Congress. No eloquence is recorded of him; the Warrens are a silent race, with speechlessness often more potent than words. One achievement only marked his stay in the capital, — he came home with a bride, a frail, pretty Southern girl, whom he loved with an ardor that puzzled and sometimes terrified her. John Warren should have married before he was thirty-two, his neighbors said, when they saw the sadness that settled down on the young wife's face. She was but twenty-four, and unused to problems, and the family expression soon fastened upon her. She missed the broad streets of her native city, the crowded receptions, the gay drives, the soft Southern vowels, and the warm Southern sun. Only Aunt Belinda, whom she had brought with her to her Northern home, could console her when the passion of homesickness came; and she used to steal out to the kitchen at twilight, when the day's work was done, to hear the rich darky dialect, and to feel the comfort of that presence which seemed to radiate all the physical joyousness of life.

Year after year she watched the winter snowfalls, and the melancholy thawing of the snow; she watched the coming of summer, with its growth of young grass and tender grain, and all her hurt sense of loneliness went down to her son Paul, whom she loved with a passion that was touched with awe. The sea brought her no message of beauty or comfort, and something of the mystery of its dim horizon-line had crept into the soul of this boy, whose thoughts were not her thoughts, and whose moods she was not able to divine.

She came late into the breakfast room this morning, a gracious figure with soft gray hair, wearing a black morning gown that fell in ample folds about her feet. There were half tears in her sweet blue eyes, — home of gentle feelings if not of keen thoughts, — as her son rose to draw back her chair and bent to kiss her.

"Letters for you, mother," said Paul, gathering a sheaf of them from the table.

"Letters?" she echoed, as if startled that any outside thing should intrude upon her now; and she adjusted delicately a pair of gold-bowed eyeglasses, turning the envelopes over and over for inspection. The one that was the least easy to understand, addressed in a fine, old-fashioned feminine handwriting, and bearing a Southern postmark, she opened first: —

"My dear Emily Parkes Warren," it began; "if by any chance you remember me after these years of silence, there will be no need for me to explain that I am Amy Levine Dearborn, and your fifth cousin, and that we were school-children together in Washington forty years ago. However, it is not of myself that I would write, but of Eleanor Mason's daughter. Surely you remember Eleanor, — who was going to be another Mrs. Browning, but who married at nineteen and was silent forever after? Eleanor died in May this year, and her only daughter has run away. She is an impetuous girl, but very spirited and bright; her mother's death has broken her heart, and Frances has gone North, insisting on being alone, and refusing to take even a maid with her. It seems that her mother was once at a little inn on your New England coast, and the girl has fled there to hide her grief in a spot that her mother knew. The name of the place is the same as that of your old home; if you are still there, can you look after her a little? Forgive me if I am asking too much; it is only for Eleanor Mason's sake that I venture. Moreover, to know Frances will be reward enough for any trouble. When you are acquainted

with her you will discover where the poetry in her mother's soul has gone.

"Good-by, my dear Emily. Perhaps some day it will be my good fortune to see you again.

Your affectionate friend,
AMY LEVINE DEARBORN."

The gold-rimmed glasses dropped from Mrs. Warren's eyes.

"Paul," she gasped, "Paul, isn't this extraordinary? Of course I want to see Eleanor Mason's daughter, but where can she be?"

"Oh, at some place in the village, probably," answered her son. "You can find her easily enough. I'll ask the postmaster."

"But what does she mean by saying that when I know her I shall see where Eleanor's poetry has gone? Perhaps she has brought it with her to read on the rocks."

Here Uncle Peter's shaky fist struck the great table with as much force as he could summon.

"By the bones of my ancestors, that's the girl I saw the other day!"

"Where?" cried Mrs. Warren eagerly. "What does she look like?"

"She looks," answered Uncle Peter, who also had his poetic, or at least his Byronic, moments, "she looks like moonlight and starlight. 'She — walks — in beauty' — don't — you — know — 'like — the night — of — cloudless — climes — and — starry — skies — and — all — that's — best — of — dark — and — bright — meet — in — her — aspect — and — her — eyes.'"

V

It was the first time that Eleanor Mason's daughter had ever seen a garden which had grown old by the sea. She wandered out into it alone at the noontide of this June day, for Mrs. Warren, who had coaxed the girl to share the solitude of an occasion when her son and Uncle

Peter were both absent in the city, was busy giving instructions to Aunt Belinda, and had let her guest go free. It was only yesterday that Mrs. Warren had driven to the Emerson Inn to seek out the daughter of her old friend, and had waited for her in the green - and - gold reception room, wistful, tremulous, her heart beating high with old memories and with present shyness. Frances Wilmot, entering, had paused on the threshold, with a cloud upon her white forehead; the card told her nothing; she knew only that somebody had invaded her solitude. But when the older woman rose and held out her hands impetuously, as the sight of the girl's face brushed away forty years of her life, saying, "I was a friend of your mother, my dear," Frances went to her and took her hands, holding her face out to be kissed. To the two it had seemed that they had a long past to talk over; and the young girl's eyes grew dim at meeting her mother as a little child.

She was strolling bareheaded down the long paths, with her face turned slightly upward that the sunlight might fall there, and she was drinking deep of sea air, mingled with fragrance of sweet peas and of tall yellow lilies. Who had made this enchanted garden, she was wondering, with its high walls of stone that reached to the brown rocks, beyond which the blue sea rolled in? It was guarded by spruce trees and cedars, of deeper and softer green than those farther inland, breaking the splendor of its color where beds of red or yellow roses lay.

It was the original Paul Warren, who, with memories of his Devonshire home fresh in his mind, had planned to make a garden spot of this great space by the water, though he had died, weary of fighting the wilderness, before anything was planted there. His children and grandchildren had broken the sea-meadow into furrows and had planted golden corn and spreading pumpkin vines where tall reeds had grown and the soft marsh grasses had waved in the wind. Fluffy yellow chickens and small brown peeping

turkeys, escaping from yard or coop, had gone pattering up and down the spaces where bobolinks had been wont to sway on long grasses. Blue blossoms of flax spread where scarlet Queen-of-the-Meadow and small red August lilies had grown. It was the wife of the great-great-grandfather Warren of reckless fame who had found consolation in the long years of her widowhood in reclaiming a part of the space from vegetables and giving it over to flowers. The beds nearest the house, oval or oblong or star-shaped, had been planned by her, although the white picket fence that had guarded her treasures was gone.

Of the reign of great-grandmother Anne, who had been a lover of all beautiful things, nothing remained save one ragged, sturdy rose tree climbing over the southern wall of gray-brown stone. James Francis Warren, who had caused the walls to be built, had carefully treasured this relic of the past, training it away from its old wooden trellis to new support. He, with tastes that were, perhaps, a far-off echo of those of the first Paul Warren's father, the country squire, had extended the garden-space to the edge of the sea, and had planted the old pear trees, broken and knotted, that still wakened now and then to life and put forth blossoms on the May air. In this fruit garden which met the space of flowers, peach trees and plum and cherry stood side by side, with neglected currant and gooseberry bushes not far away. Still a few luscious bits of fruit dropped from the broken and crumbling limbs into the tangled grass below, golden pear, or rose-flushed peach, or plum with dim purple bloom.

Generations of Warrens had played there in childhood, climbing the apple trees, making silken doll robes out of scarlet poppy petals, and royal sceptres of sunflower stems; generations of Warrens had paced the walks to the slow beating of the tide on the rocks beyond, dreaming their love dreams; and generations of white-haired men and white-haired wo-

men had tottered up and down these paths, at the edge of eternity and of the sea. And still, though half neglected, it was full of all old-fashioned, lovely things: yellow crocus and white in earliest spring, and blood-red tulips later when the grass sprang fresh and green; gorgeous tiger lilies and red poppies, larkspur, and candy-tuft, all sweeter in perfume, deeper in color, for the breath of the sea air.

The girl who was walking idly through it felt the long story that she did not know. Song sparrows were twittering among the dim blue berries of the cedars; a great bumblebee was humming in a bush of old-fashioned single roses, deep red, with golden stamens; and about it all flowed the melody of the sea. Her feet kept time to the measure and to that of some verses that would not be quiet:—

"I know a little garden close
Set thick with lily and red rose,
Where I would wander if I might
From dewy morn to dewy night,
And have one with me wandering.

"And though within it no birds sing,
And though no pillared house is there,
And though the apple boughs are bare
Of fruit and blossom, would to God
Her feet upon the green grass trod
And I beheld them as before."

For her grief was ever present, though wind and tide had begun, without her knowledge, to set it to music with all the rest of the world.

Wandering with no aim save to find the spot where the breeze was freshest or the fragrance most sweet, she came suddenly upon an old man who was busily weeding a bed of cinnamon pinks: it was the eldest Andrew Lane. The hair beneath his sun-browned hat was white as snow, as was the beard that touched the dull blue of his shirt. Hearing a footstep he looked up, turning to the girl a face seamed with a thousand wrinkles, and greeted her with a good-morning.

"It is a very beautiful garden," said Frances Wilmot tentatively; this old man looked as if he might have most interesting things to say.

"I've seen wuss," he answered, weeding again. "But this don't hev no care now. I'm gittin' pretty old."

"You ought to have somebody to help you."

"I don't want nobody to help me," he said shrilly, "till I'm planted myself. Belindy, she helps about weedin', and we let the rest go."

"Have you worked here long?" asked the girl, drawing nearer.

"Sence them walls was built," said the old gardener, "and that's sixty year ago. I've took care of the place ever sence, havin' help, of course. Lord, in James Francis Warren's day it *was* a garden: not an extry leaf on anything, and every bush and tree trimmed like a pinte beard."

"I like it a great deal better this way," said the girl confidingly, "just half running wild."

"Do you, now?" said old Andrew Lane. "That's cur'us; what fur?"

"Oh," she answered lightly, "it looks as if things had happened, and as if it were full of meanings. There's an air of mystery or something about it."

The toothless smile of the old man's face vanished, and a shrewd look crept into the pale blue eyes under the sunken eyebrows.

"I don't know nothin' about no myst'ry," he said sullenly, going back to his weeding with vigor; nor could she win any further conversation from him, nor from his small great-grandchild, Andy, who toddled after the old man in tiny overalls of yellow.

In the afternoon she went with Mrs. Warren about the great house, which, after the fashion of earlier days, faced, not the sea, but the highway. Outside, the young summer had touched its age to freshness: wistaria, still fragrant with clusters of late blossoms, climbed the tall white pillars, and the long festoons of woodbine wore new, flushed leaves and tendrils. Pale purple lilacs were in bloom by the white southern wall, and the faded blue-green blinds of the parlor windows

made a most lovely background for the climbing white roses that had crept over them and had fastened them permanently open.

"It is just like home, is n't it?" said the Southern girl.

"It has never seemed so to me," answered the elder lady, puzzled, for home to her had meant the gay life that had gone on in it.

The dimly lighted interior showed little trace of springtime; old furniture, old hangings, suggested only the past. They paused for a time in the library, whose worn leather chairs bespoke long use, and whose great bookshelves were filled with volumes that revealed solid tastes and thoughtful minds.

"My son spends much of his time here. He — he writes," said Mrs. Warren apologetically, for she was filled with a new sense of the difference between Paul and the gallant young heroes of the South. He could do much if he only would to enliven the stay of this charming girl in the North, but he cared little for women, and less for young ones, and his mother sighed softly.

"Please come into the garden again," pleaded Frances. "I cannot bear to be away from it."

Mrs. Warren looked at her in wonder, but said nothing, for in later years she had learned more and more to stay silent until she understood. As she paced the old paths with this girl at her side, it seemed to her that the whole expression of the place changed. Tree, flower, and vine took on softer and brighter colors; the eerie sounds that had haunted her ears grew almost joyous, and the old-fashioned sailing boat, the Sea Gull, riding the waves in the sheltered cove by the house, seemed to tug at its moorings as with desire to be free and to dance.

"Ought n't you to have your hat on, to keep from spoiling your complexion?" she asked, with a sudden sense of responsibility.

The girl's laugh rang out sweetly. "Young women nowadays never think

of their complexions," she answered, and Mrs. Warren frowned a puzzled little frown. Fewer and fewer people thought her thoughts or spoke her language, as she grew older.

"This place must have been the greatest joy to you," said Frances suddenly.

"It has been rather an anxiety," said Mrs. Warren. "The gardener has grown so old that he can work only a little and on sunshiny days, and it all needs clipping and trimming. Paul does not understand, and says he likes it this way."

"It looks like a garden in a fairy story, the one where Beauty met the Beast" —

"I never read fairy stories," murmured Mrs. Warren.

"Or the gardens of Hesperides, where the golden apples grew."

"We have very few apples now, and only red ones, though of course I know that is not what you mean," observed the hostess regretfully.

The conversation drifted over to Paul Warren, who had come home by the four o'clock train, and who was pacing his favorite garden path, hidden, close by the north wall, by an arbor vitæ hedge. If the truth must be known, he had taken refuge there to avoid his mother's guest. The girl's voice startled him: melodious and full, it sounded like hidden music along his nerves. There were ripples of laughter in it, and soft little murmurs of sadness; and it played upon him as fingers play upon keys. The fact that it belonged to a woman did not interest him; it was as if he had discovered a new art.

He waited until the sound of familiar hoof-beats assured him that the guest was being driven home in the old-fashioned family carriage, and then came out of his retreat, self-reproachful when he heard his mother's laments that he had not come home in time to meet the child of her old friend.

VI

The lowest ebb of the tide came in the early afternoon, and the curving sand

beach that lay just beyond the Warren homestead, like a sickle of pale gold cutting the blue water from green grassy meadow, stretched parched and dry in the glare of the summer sun. Bird songs were hushed, but the low hum of insects was on the hot air, and from far, with an ironic sound as of cool water retreating from thirsty need, came the ripple of withdrawing waves. Paul Warren, restlessly active in the languid air, was walking up and down the veranda, keeping pace with grief, for step by step beside him he seemed to hear the echo of the footfall that had so often sounded with his own. Suddenly a soft nose was thrust into his hand with a long, mournful whimper, and two great golden-brown eyes were lifted to his in passionate entreaty: Robin Hood was still hunting for his master.

"Poor old fellow!" said Paul, patting the upturned head, "I would give him back to you if I could."

The old dog sniffed anxiously at the young man's coat and hands, then drew away and gazed with eyes in which the look of entreaty was changing to one of deep reproach.

"It is something I do not understand any better than you do, Robin, and yet I know you don't believe me. You are saying to yourself: 'Whose fault is it, then, if not yours, and where have you hidden him away?'"

Robin, as if assenting, walked away with a low growl, and his young master, ever quick of sympathy with dumb beasts, looked after him with eyes that matched his own in depth of puzzled sorrow.

Here Uncle Peter strolled out upon the veranda, fresh and smiling, with a cigarette between his teeth, and under his arm a paper-covered novel drawn from a large and varied store which he had been accumulating for more than forty years. With a swift movement Paul slipped into the library in time to escape, and drew a sigh of relief at the sight of the shelves where his beloved, silent friends awaited him, and where sense and spirit could rest in the mellow coloring of old leather

chairs and worn volumes. As he loved for their solitude certain lonely parts of the shore where his own best thoughts seemed always to await him, he loved the quiet of this spot; and now, without opening a book, he touched one after another with his finger tips, — Spinoza, Kant, Sir Thomas Browne, the thinkers great and small whose minds had kindled his own, almost fancying that he felt a responsive pressure from the leather-bound volumes. The old black-letter romances and the illuminated missal in the cabinet by the fireplace must surely share his sense of loss, so great had been his father's pride in them; and the worn copies of Spencer and Huxley must miss the hands that were gone. The cover of Darwin's *Descent of Man* was torn where Robin had chewed it as John Warren went to sleep in his chair one day, and Paul touched it with gentle fingers, remembering. So they had passed on, generation by generation, he mused, leaving here upon the library shelves a record of their tastes and of their callings, like driftwood cast up by the sea. The set of antique sermons had belonged to the ministerial ancestor; the old dramas to one who had a liking for written plays; the *Spectators* and *Ramblers* to his grandfather, James Francis Warren; and here was he, Paul, with his huge volumes of German philosophy, his row of French essayists in their yellow paper covers, and his abiding sense of the world's lack of need of him. Softened light came into the great room through the half-closed shutters; a golden bumblebee wandered in on a ray of sunlight and had difficulty in finding his way out; warm fragrance of all things blossoming in the garden stole in on the breeze. The young man dropped into a great leather-covered chair, flung his arms down upon the table, over some sheets of his own manuscript where the ink had dried ten days ago, and buried his face in them to rest. Here, and here only, the awful sense of difference was gone, and the quick and the dead were alike. Then, in the silence, his mind be-

gan to travel the old ways of question: what was it all for, the bootless search, the suffering, the long thinking, and the pain? Surely there was but small return for the great demands that life made upon one's power to endure!

Slowly the shadowed days of all his life came back to him; the boyhood spent in the gloomy house, where the long silences, his mother's unspoken sadness, and Uncle Peter's morbid fancies regarding the past, had cast a spell upon him; and then the years of study when he had grown from child to man, coming home at each vacation to find the old house absolutely unchanged. Through the dull color of it all a sense of his father's pride and interest in his son had run like a thread of gold. It was he who had guided the child's reading, giving him books unknown to most boys of ten and of twelve; it was he who sat quietly chuckling at his son's comments on men and on things; for an insight into the ironies of life had come to the lad too easily and too soon, and the words of his tongue were as the fine pricking of a delicately pointed weapon; it was he who had fostered the boy's gift for writing, coaxing the dark-haired youngster, who had always an elusive look in his eyes, to sit upon his knee and repeat the verses he had written. Paul did it shyly, the color deepening in his cheeks; and even now he could remember the thrill of joy that came when his father patted him on the head and praised him, for words of praise and caresses had been few and far between. Sometimes the inherited mood of sadness had been broken by charmed moments when sudden enchantment visited him, and, surrendering to the unconscious spell of warm sunshine on fragrant flowers, or of the beat of a summer shower on the window-pane, he dreamed rare dreams of happiness and of great achievement.

Always Paul had loved the old house, whose expression had settled early upon his childish face. He liked its dark corners and mysterious doorways, especially the awful one leading to the garret which

he used to pass at twilight, just to see if he dared, glorying in the cold shivers that crept up and down his back. He loved the ancestral pictures in the parlor and above the winding stairs, where they hung with the corner of each gilt frame touching the one next higher. The faces that smiled and were sweet appealed to him less than did certain portraits wearing a melancholy and sin-stricken look. One, which hung just above the landing by the old clock, always terrified him: it was his wicked great-great-grandfather Warren, looking out from the canvas with a dare-devil expression. Alone, in the dark, Paul sometimes felt that scowl close behind him, quite disembodied, and the sharp hairs of the eyebrows seemed to prick his neck as the phantom ancestor stealthily pursued; for the grotesque theories of Uncle Peter had peopled passageway and chamber with a terrible race, all the more real because invisible, forever lying in wait. Under his conjuring tongue old mood and old transgression became again alive and potent to harm, and that which was to him a species of intellectual entertainment, as his imaginative power met the challenge of the child's deep eyes, and fabled further, became the very warp and woof of the boy's thoughts by day, and of his dreams by night.

In time the sheer fascination of story began to mingle with a questioning of good and of ill, and he knew a different fear: that this sensual mouth, that cruel eye, among the painted features, might come to be his own. In one dim face on the library wall supreme terror lay for him in the bulge of the lip and the lines about the eyes; and, dreaming for himself especial cause for stern self-discipline, he grew into a tall lad of morbid fancies, who had early begun to think of himself as cursed by destiny to stand apart.

To stand apart! That had been the keynote of Paul Warren's life, through his school years, through college, through his law study. He had made his mark as a man of wide reading and of literary power, shown chiefly in a fine keenness of

judgment, but his strength of mind and of character had brought him little comfort for the unexplained grief of being; and melancholy, which knows no logic, had early gained a deep hold upon him. Forming for himself an impossibly high ideal of blameless conduct, he lashed himself mercilessly for failure to reach the superhuman, the man's self-criticism being imperceptibly tinged by the boy's belief in awful hereditary impulse that might at any time undo him unaware. Remote ancestral sins and uncommitted sins of his own became, in his long brooding, inextricably confused, and so long had he walked with shadows that the distinction between mist and headland was no longer clear. Only this seemed plain, that the great stream of human life was not for him; birth he had shared with the rest of the race; death he must share; but love and marriage and dreams of happiness were not his portion. Half in fear, half in shyness, he shunned women; and few ventured beyond an interested scrutiny of the dark face with the gleam of fire in the eyes, and the occasional sensitive quiver of the lip. Driven back upon a world of his own creating, he lived with his books and his pen, the old ironic sense of things constantly deepening, as smothered passion and imaginative power struggled vainly for expression.

That feeling of the profound irony of existence was strong upon him at this moment, as he thought of the quiet companionship with his father by the open fire on winter evenings, or on the veranda under the summer stars, and remembered the mound of earth in the green cemetery, with the knowledge that there was nobody now who could keep silence and understand. Then, vainly brooding over the why and the wherefore of human love and of loss, he grew dimly aware of something tugging at pulse and nerve: an overmastering desire to grasp this profound sense of greatness which he felt throbbing at the heart of pain. Stung to new life by the poignant hurt of grief in a

soul woven in grays out of other people's sorrows and misfortunes, he quivered with a sudden intuition of what it might mean to know and share all the common lot.

His restlessness drew him forth from the library to pace the graveled drive; there drooping leaf and grass blade, and the far murmur of the waves, chimed with his sense of life withdrawn. From the gateway his eyes wandered over the wide sweep of country, and he saw the curling road that led past the gray stone tower of his mother's church, St. Mark's, and the grove of scraggly locusts that marked the home of the Bevannes. The thought of the name startled him, recalling the words of deep hatred that his father had uttered in the solemn moment of dying, and he searched his memory for some incident in the long family quarrel which could explain them. Grave misdeed had there been in the remote past, and tradition told of constant trouble between this impetuous race of the Bevannes, with their strain of French blood, and his own solid English forbears. He was aware that the latter, who were both reticent and proud, had a way of treating offenses up to a certain point as not worth noticing, and beyond that as past forgiveness, but he could remember nothing that could account for so great intensity of present feeling. As he wondered, swift changes of expression flitted across his face: shocked, deep pity for the father in whom primitive passion, flaming up at that great hour, had consumed all else; deepened love where he failed to understand; and a humorous compassion for himself as failing to share the elemental feelings of the race, were all written there. What should he do with this heritage? he asked himself whimsically, he who had no quarrel with any man, who did not know the cause of his father's deadly anger, and who, perhaps, did not care strongly enough to hate.

He strolled back in the warm air to the house and out into the garden paths,

full once more of the old weary feeling that he had little use for the world and its puzzles.

"I have a fundamental prejudice against all conundrums," he murmured to himself; then suddenly, and without warning, he walked into a world entirely new.

There, by the tall white summer lilies, whose fragrance made sweet the summer air, stood a tall, white girl with a branch of spiraea in her hand, her dark hair bare in the sunlight, and her dark eyes full of dreams. When she heard his step, she looked up but did not move. Paul Hollis Warren swiftly removed his hat and introduced himself: when brought to bay, he was a young man of complete self-possession and fine courtesy.

"You are my mother's friend, Miss Wilmot," he said, holding out his hand. "May I present myself as my mother's son?"

The girl took his offered hand, but did not speak.

"If it is not impertinent," said Paul, "I should like to ask why you look so surprised."

"Because," answered the stranger, half seriously, "I had not the slightest idea that you were real."

"I'm not, altogether," confessed the host. "None of us are, I presume. But what did you think me?"

"I thought that you were part of this enchanted garden, and of the past."

"Indeed?"

"I thought that you belonged with Mr. Peter's phantom ancestors, the wicked one, and great-grandmother Anne. I thought that the ghosts about this spot needed a *jeune premier*, and that you had been invented for the purpose and named Mr. Paul Hollis Warren."

"But my mother" —

"I thought that you were just a Delusion of a Son that the dear lady had fashioned out of dreams for her comfort. You will admit that you have the property of being invisible?"

"I admit that I have it at times," an-

swered Paul, with a smile of unwonted gayety. "Do you believe in nothing but what you see?"

"But I have been here so many times, and you have not deigned to put on flesh and blood."

"I have been very busy," explained Paul quietly.

The gravity in the girl's face broke, her dimple quivered, and her eyes danced.

"If I may give you a suggestion, you do not manage your exits and your entrances as well as they did in the Arabian Nights. There is just a minute at the transformation when you are visible. Once it was at the end of the garden walk that the change came; once it was in the library, and you left so hastily that the door was still in motion. A genuine ghost goes through the keyhole!"

"I find the door a very comfortable means of exit, thank you."

"It may all be comfortable for you," said the girl severely, "but it is very uncomfortable for me. Mrs. Warren insists that she finds comfort in my presence, and that she likes to have me with her. But it is not quite pleasant to think that I have driven the master of the house to play the part of castle spectre."

"I assure you that I have been absorbed in other things. It would grieve me deeply, Miss Wilmot, if you should take back one minute of the time that you might give my mother."

"Will you make a compact with me?" asked Frances Wilmot, noting the softened look that came into the young man's face as he spoke of his mother. "I should be very sorry to deprive Mrs. Warren of anything that may give her the slightest pleasure. If you will stay in your accustomed places, so that Mrs. Warren may still realize that she has a son, I will promise to treat you as if you were invisible. I will pretend that you are n't there, and will never see you!"

"I am not quite ready to agree to that," said Paul, laughing outright, and looking at her curiously.

"Then I shall stay away."

"Oh, I will promise, if you are serious," he said hastily.

His mind was full of a bit of old story which he had read on some serious page, — his knowledge of myth was strictly confined to footnotes, — of a maiden who had come beckoning out of the world beyond the edge of things with a spray of white blossoms in her hand, and had witched a mortal man away with her to live forever and a day in fairyland. She must have looked like this girl before him, and, when she stepped into the world of every-day, must have wrought some such change on grass and tree and flower.

VII

The little gray stone church of St. Mark's stood well within the hearing of the tide, near a shingly beach where long, gentle breakers were rolling monotonously in on this June morning. Frances Wilmot, reverent and rebellious, sad, and again at peace, as the words of the long service smote now this chord and now that, closed her eyes again and again, only for the pleasure of opening them suddenly to steal a long glance through the window near, where, beyond the encircling green ivy leaves, she could look out across the shining water of palest blue. Word and phrase from old romance drifted back to her, and it seemed as if she too, like the wandering knight, had found a little chapel by the side of the "leaved wood;" and as if across the waves might come the ship that moved without sail or oar, carrying Perceval on his quest of the Holy Grail. Sweet from the sea stole in the breeze to creep about the altar, and the ivy leaves trembled against it as it came. Murmur of water and murmur of organ blended into one soft music; then suddenly out of the low melody sprang splendid power of sound, bringing a swift sense of glory walking on the water.

Her friends from the Inn were all there, and, in the pauses of their own devotions,

they stole involuntary glances now and then toward the girl who had become the centre of their thoughts, to see how she was performing hers. But the music won them all, and swept them out from thoughts like these to moods as great as the encircling horizon line, and for a moment the sweep of the sea and of the winds of God was in their souls.

With a sudden beat as of triumph the recessional ceased, and the moment set to melody was over. The members of the congregation of St. Mark's realized that they were out upon the green in front of the little church, the music to which they had been stepping still keeping rhythm in their feet. Even Paul Warren, who cared more for the harmony of high thoughts than for beaten measures, was conscious that the air about him was more exquisitely attuned than was its wont, and no sooner was he aware of this than there came a sudden breaking of its perfectness. He was waiting while his mother stopped to speak to Miss Wilmot, when a stranger came forward to meet him, a stranger with a face that he knew. It was a man of his own age, slender and supple, with an ingratiating air in his bright blue eyes and about his smiling mouth. There was a touch of hesitancy in the newcomer's manner as he held out his hand.

"It is a long time since we have met, but you have not forgotten Alec Bevanne, I hope?"

"Of course not," said Paul Warren, returning the handshake, "though it must be a matter of fifteen years or so since I've seen you."

"Odd that we should have missed each other constantly. You've been back at the old place now and then?"

"Often, in summer. You were abroad when I heard of you last."

The young man nodded, smiling.

"Digging, yes. I've done a lot of it, Paris mostly. Now it's my turn to set other youngsters at it."

As Paul Warren looked at his old playmate, thinking how oddly the new half-serious look sat upon the face which was

associated in his mind with prisoner's base and marbles, and wondering how that headlong nature, given to quick deed and quick repenting, in flashes of emotion or of momentary conviction, could adapt itself to the routine of academic life, there came suddenly into his mind an echo of the words his father had uttered as he lay dying: "Fight, fight Bevanne . . . look out for the young one then . . . young rattlesnakes are as poisonous as old ones." The memory of John Warren's expression as he had spoken these words fell like a shadow on the peaceful picture of sunlight shining on women's faces and on children's curls, and a sense of more vivid curiosity than he had ever before felt concerning the long mystery that had clung to the relationship of his family with the Bevannes swept over Paul Warren: what had caused that look of frozen anger on his father's face when chance placed any member of that family in his way? What had he to do with vendetta directed against this smiling, harmless enemy, whose eager friendliness seemed to have back of it the same puzzled feeling that he had himself? The moment wrapped him round in a sort of humorous sadness; after all, you were bidden to love your enemy, as well as to obey your parents, and perhaps the former command was the more cogent of the two.

His state of mind was certainly pacific, when, following the glance of Alec Bevanne's eyes, a flash of illumination came, and he fancied that he understood the sudden cordiality. It was not for the sake of the old days when the two had been playmates that the young man had stopped to speak with him: it was because of this Southern girl who was talking with his mother, and whose soft black gown and drooping black hat were worn with such unwonted grace. Paul Warren involuntarily turned away, refusing the unspoken request, then paused in amusement at his own action and the touch of irritation that had led to it. Understanding his neighbor perfectly at that moment, he was aware that he failed to understand

himself and his assumption of protective rights.

"Won't you stop to see my sister Alice?" asked Bevanne, whose quick eyes had divined the other's action, but still beamed friendliness; there was never in them reproach for any one. "You remember her? She used to cry because she could not play baseball with us."

Paul lifted his eyes and saw her. She had grown from a slender child into a slender woman: her pale yellow hair had not darkened by a shade, but her eyes, which were of light hazel with extraordinarily large pupils, had gained a world of meaning and of expression. As he greeted her they were fixed upon him with a gaze so intense that they made him uneasy. She had heard her brother's remark, but she did not speak nor smile, and it was left to Paul to face the occasion. Meeting one who mastered him in silence was something of a shock, and the polite remark he had intended to make slipped away.

"But you used to be the swiftest at tag," he said, going back at one bound over many years.

Now a slow smile came like color into the girl's face, touching eyes and cheeks with added expression, where almost too much had been before.

"That never atoned for the baseball," said Alice Bevanne.

Mrs. Warren turned suddenly, and her pleasure at seeing her son talking with the children of the family enemy left a flush upon her face. It was she who, after a cordial greeting, presented them to the girl at her side, and she stood beaming over them all with an expression which was the peace of the moment made visible.

"It is very jolly to meet some one from the South, Miss Wilmot," Alec Bevanne was saying. "I am a Southerner myself now."

"Indeed?"

"Do you know Alabama University?" he asked, stroking his smooth-shaven chin with a gesture which recalled the van-

ished pointed beard. "I am there — for the present."

It occurred to Paul Warren as he heard this remark that he was in the presence of a man with whom he should be glad to differ in matters of opinion and of taste, and he smiled with satisfaction as Miss Wilmot carelessly changed the subject, tacitly refusing to discuss the young professor's career.

One by one the people about them departed, white gown and yellow and blue drifting past against the background of cool green leaf and grass; Paul led his mother to her carriage, while the Southern girl waited for her companions from the Inn. Together they walked home through the fragrant, dust-flecked air, the petals of pink wild roses falling along their path, and, overhead, the leaves of silver poplars trembling in gray-green against the sky.

The ladies of the Emerson Inn had adopted this girl with no mental reserves; the Warren carriage had waited for her too often at the door to leave any doubt of her desirability as an acquaintance. With not only Respectability but Tradition bending thus obsequiously over her, they whispered to one another that her strange arrival was mere accident: she had come North to visit Mrs. Warren, but had been prevented by Mr. Warren's sudden illness and death. Moreover, they liked her: it was as if some tropical bird of brilliant plumage and vivid eyes had dropped down among them. There was always about her an air of expectancy, for she was one to whom the kaleidoscopic shifting of things constantly presented new shades of beauty and of significance, and she ever kept an alert eye on the flashing, changing stuff of life. Something of her sense of wonder and romance walking still the paths of everyday began to hover like a rosy cloud about each gray head.

It was not only the guests who were touched by it: every inhabitant of the Inn, from Mr. Phipps to the schoolmistress-maid, felt a touch of indefinable

pleasure in the presence of this girl. Yet the schoolmistress sorely disapproved, and was not without a secret share of the hope cherished by the cultured ladies of leading this Southern maiden to a higher life.

"I'm fond of reading, too," ventured the maid, glancing one day at the pile of books that had to take refuge on the floor in a corner of Miss Wilmot's room, "but I never read novels. I don't believe in wasting time, do you?"

She got only a smile for reply, a puzzled, serious smile that finally decided to be merry and broke into little quivering curves at the corners of the lips; and she went away, baffled, with a puzzled face. It was as if she had lost sight of something that had just passed, many-colored and with iridescent wings.

With a purpose as lofty as that of the maid, the guests of the Inn bore Frances Wilmot away in triumph this Sunday afternoon, a maiden sacrifice, to read poetry upon the rocks. They were all in a softened mood, and, before beginning, indulged her in a little random conversation.

"How does it happen that you have never before seen the ocean, my dear?" asked the Lady from Wilmington.

"We had a summer home at Blue Ridge and went there nearly every year," answered the girl, her heart crying out for the call of the gulls and the sweep of the sea and silence.

It was the little Lady from Boston who sat nearest her on the rocks, claiming a place as friend by virtue of her initial judgment of the young stranger. "One can always tell a lady, I think," was all she had said by way of reproof; and she had followed her first favors with kindness that was both simple and sweet.

"Is n't it charming at the Warren place?" she asked. "Do you know that it is full, simply full, of treasures? There are silver platters and punch bowls and beautiful old spoons hidden away in the dark cupboards. Do ask Mrs. Warren to bring them out for you some day."

"Why?" asked the girl perversely.

"Because you may never have another chance."

"But I've seen that kind of thing all my life. I'm sorry, but I cannot care profoundly about old punch bowls."

"Mr. Paul Warren looks more distant than ever," growled the Lady from Cincinnati. "No man of his age ought to have that brooding expression, and yet his face is distinctly interesting. He resembles some old portrait that one often sees: whose is it, — Sir Thomas More's, or?"

"It is the Warren house that he resembles," volunteered Frances Wilmot, in the pause. "He has that look suggesting old experiences not his own."

"He is very gifted and very eccentric," interposed the Lady from Boston hastily, lest something still more foolish should be said. "Nobody knows him. So much of his time has been spent abroad, and so much now is spent in study, that I imagine he is out of touch with things."

"Educated for a lawyer, was n't he?" asked the elderly lady who was Somebody from Somewhere.

"I do not know," said Frances Wilmot patiently. She felt the need of many things more keenly than the need of conversation about Mr. Paul Warren.

"Humph!" said the lady who had asked the question. "It seems to me I have heard his Uncle Peter tell how he finished his study and began practicing in Boston. One day he drove up to the old house here in a station carriage, with his trunks in an express wagon behind him."

"Well?" said old Mr. Warren; they are such a silent family, you know.

"I've given it up," said Mr. Paul. "I shall try some profession where I can be an honest man."

"The father only chuckled, without a word, and Mr. Peter said that it was probably the longest discussion of motive that had ever taken place between them."

Here the reading began. They had brought with them the most detestable of anthologies, — and to the girl in whose behalf they were exerting themselves all

anthologies were detestable, — and they took turns in rendering the verse contained therein. Frances Wilmot profanely recalled scenes of Indian torture where a similar rotation was observed, for false metres truly rendered and true metres falsely rendered smote like blows upon her sensitive ear. They were too tactful to ask her to take her turn: the schools in the South were so poor, and she probably did not read very well! Neither at the reading nor during the discussion that followed, however, did her inner misery break through her fine courtesy. They were very good to her, she kept saying to herself, as she clung to the rock with appealing hands.

"They take life as they take grapes," she thought, "predigested, and with the substance gone. What meaning can it have for them after it has been so discussed? Can't they see that beauty talked about disappears?"

To-day the criticism languished, for, all unknown to the ladies of the Emerson

Inn, the intellectuality of their lives was slipping away in the presence of this girl's keen zest in facing existence. When at last they let her go, they watched her, dreaming, for the charm of her free footsteps had begun to touch the measure of their own, and wherever she was there was a sense as of doors and windows flung open to wide spaces.

Upon a straggling woodland path, soft with pine needles of unnumbered years, she set her feet with a sense of exquisite relief. Delicate leaves of birch and poplar touched her flushed cheek with green coolness; she gathered her hands full of live spruce twigs and crushed them passionately. It was hard for one whose gift was that of crushing from each moment its utmost reach of joy or of pain to understand this sort of mental nibbling at the edges of things, yet she knew that the air was sweeter and her path more free because of her late bondage, and, with a sigh, she let the great silence of beauty infold her.

(To be continued.)

A BAY-WINDOW IN FLORIDA

BY BRADFORD TORREY

ORNITHOLOGY is one of the natural sciences, the study of which may be said to be enjoined by Holy Writ. For in the good book the fowls of the air are set before us as a pattern of right living. "Behold them," said the Master; and he meant to say, "Do as they do." Well, one of the most strikingly characteristic of their doings is their annual flight toward the tropics as the frost begins to show its hand in the so-called temperate region where they were born, and where, with a patriotism that one must often wonder at, they continue to claim a residence. As years and wisdom increase, I grow better and better persuaded that their example

is a good one; and being so persuaded, here I am again in Florida. I have followed the birds; for how is a man to behold them, unless he goes where they are?

I arrived on Friday, two days before Christmas. Two days before that, having a few hours between trains in Washington (how happy are our exemplars, I often think, who make the passage by the overhead route, breathing all the way!), I went up to see the great library, with its wealth of mural decoration ("like a Fall River steamboat," remarks an irreverent critic at my elbow), and on the side of Capitol Hill stopped to offer an expectant-looking gray squirrel a bit of

water cracker, the only edible thing I could find about me. The fellow took the crumb from my fingers readily enough, but dropped it with still greater readiness upon the sidewalk, and trotted away without so much as a "Thank you." No Bent's cracker for him! "Has the price of peanuts gone up, that you are reduced to eating such tasteless fodder?" I imagined him asking. Then, before I could answer him, a sleigh driving past me up the hill distracted my attention: an old-fashioned, straight-backed, yellow-painted country sleigh, such as New England families rode to "meeting" in on Sundays, half a century ago. The sight pleased me; for the moment I was a child again, cuddled under a buffalo robe (but *we* said "buffalo" simply, unless I misremember), with my grandfather to lean against. "So there is sometimes good sleighing, even in Washington," I said to myself, as the old time slipped away again into forgetfulness; "I should hardly have thought it." And all the evening, while the engine, doing its best to make up for a late start, hurried us across the state of Virginia, the country lay white under the full moon. The South was still beyond us.

But in the morning it was another story. We had gone to bed in January, so to say, and had risen in April. No more snow; only the thinnest of white frost. Presently, the train still speeding, we began to see bare-legged black children staring after us, with men in their shirt-sleeves standing lazily about. So, not in dream, but in sober reality, —

"Bare Winter suddenly was changed to Spring;"

and before night we were flying past Florida dooryards that were dressed like June. Less than twenty-four hours from sleighbells to garden roses! "Good!" said I; "I am glad I came."

All this was nothing new? It was as new as Eden was to Adam, or as a Massachusetts May is after a Massachusetts winter. Unless it be to a dead man, some things are *always* new.

That night I slept in Jacksonville, and the next noon was at my journey's end on the banks of the Halifax. "Welcome to Ormond," said a friendly voice, as I stepped from the car; and the owner of the voice, a true neighbor in the biblical sense of the word, took me at once into her carriage (my own host, as it turned out, having missed connection with the mail), and brought me across the bridge to the house in which I am now writing.

Yes, here I am; and, whether indoors or out, my eyes are never sated with seeing. It is for their sake, in great part, that I am here. "If possible, let me have the room that Mr. and Mrs. F—— occupied last season." So I had written to the lord of the mansion; for though I had never lived in the house, I had walked past it for some weeks almost daily, and always with a covetous glance at a certain spacious bay-window. To sit at that window, with a book in one's lap and the orange trees outside, — that, I thought, for the odd hours of the day, would be pretty good winter living. And so it proves. The prospect, it must be owned, is not extensive, nor, in the ordinary way of regarding such matters, is it to be described as fine. The season is winter — for all the Junerose; and winter without snow must always be more or less unhandsome. It lays about itself with what Shakespeare calls a ragged hand; its business is to destroy; and, surprising as the statement may sound, nowhere is its work more conspicuously effective than in a subtropical climate. The truth is, I am surprised myself; all my previous comings this way, as I now discover, having shown me not so much a Southern winter as a Southern spring. I have never arrived in this part of Florida until February; and February, it appears, is a vernal month, a month of new leaves and new blossoms. Not so December. To New England eyes it looks like the fag-end of autumn. Tall hickory trees are all in dull yellow, and sumachs — too few and too remotely scattered to be of great account — are of a brilliant red. In this latitude, as well as

a newcomer can judge, all trees tend to become evergreen. An elm, the only one along the river, transplanted, no doubt, by some Northern settler sick for home amid the alien palmettos and live-oaks, still retained a goodly share of its last summer's leaves as late as January 4, when its branches were already in full bloom. The poor thing seemed to be quite put out of its reckoning. And the red maples, though more at home, are even worse bewildered. Some are in red leaf, others are loaded with full-grown red fruit, while others display an almost equal profusion of flowers and fruit together. Like the apostle, they are trying to be all things to all men. If some were only in new leafage, the cycle would be full.

As for the birds, with their "trusty almanac," they are naturally less at sea. Let the day be never so summerish, so that a walker sheds his coat and puts up an umbrella against the sun, they are not to be fooled. A phoebe may now and then be heard calling after his emphatic, reiterative manner; a wren may whistle (one is doing so at this minute from the edge of the wood as I sit at the open window, — and a right sweet whistle it is, to speak after the pleasant Southern manner); a white-eyed vireo, as fond of hearing himself as of hiding himself, may possibly let slip a bit of tune as you pass his leafy thicket; but with a few such exceptions the conduct of every bird here says as plainly as need be, "Now is the winter of our discontent." Not that they seem exactly discontented, either; but, like the majority of their superiors, they are in Florida, not for business nor, strictly speaking, for pleasure, but to pass away the time, — eating, sleeping, and waiting for the spring. And say what you will, that is not so very bad a life. If there is a time for everything under the sun, with all the rest there must be a time to be idle. As a rule, neither birds nor drivers of the pen can be always productive;¹ though

exceptions must be allowed for, of course, especially among novelists, some of whom, like the poet's cuckoo, seem to have no winter in their year, however much of sorrow may be discoverable in their song. Even the patient earth must be allowed its annual period of lying fallow. And the birds, to whose wise example our too faithless and over-careful humanity is bidden to attend, know how to be idle with a good grace. Though they have but a few years allotted to them, and though it is probably true that time once past never returns, they see the months go by without fretting. Strange and immoral as it may seem to a business man or a scholar, it has never entered into their heads that the world will cease to move whenever they cease to push it.

"No hour without a dollar,

No day without a line;"

with proverbial foolishness like this they have never been infected.

The happy creatures! How completely their example suits the mood of the hour and the place! I mean to profit by it. I "behold" them with joy. If all Scripture could be obeyed thus comfortably, methinks more of us would be saints.

The compensations of an indolent life are just now a good deal in my thoughts for another reason. One of my most constant companions, as I sit in my bay-window, is the autobiography of a man who squandered his youth and all his early manhood; who studied nothing, and almost believed in studying nothing, except as the whim of the moment dictated; who had no education, and was incapable of learning anything, even the things that interested him most, except in the most desultory and inefficient manner; the merest creature of impulse, low in his taste, so that he married (if he ever *did* marry) and lived contentedly with a woman who was so nearly an imbecile that she could never be taught to read, or to remember the order of the months; a man who fooled away his life, if any one ever did, and then, in almost his old age,

¹ I am not infrequently asked whether our Northern birds ("double-lived in regions new") breed again during their winter in the South!

wrote of a sudden two or three books that became with equal suddenness the rage of the day. He might fairly have said with Keats's thrush:—

"O fret not after knowledge — I have none,
And yet the Evening listens."

One of his books, we are assured, was rented by the *hour* at circulating libraries, was wept over by great ladies (the author himself was always a fountain of tears), and, sentimental love-story though it was, robbed the great Kant, for the only time in his life, of his daily constitutional. Which latter circumstance, by the bye, is an argument for the homogeneity of the race: famous philosophers, it is plain, cannot be so utterly different from the rest of us. More wonderful still, and incomparably more important, these same books, almost unreadable as they have now become, so fickle a thing is literary reputation, — or literary fashion, — have probably exercised, for good or ill, a greater influence upon the life of Europe and America than all other books written in their century. And I say to myself, as I follow the man's strange history: "Well, now, there is something else worth considering besides industry and a sound method." Whatever genius is or is not, it must be as far as possible from a mere capacity for hard work, as some hard-working body was once silly enough to say, and other hardworking bodies have been silly enough to repeat after him. And given the genius (or, Heaven be thanked, given the lack of genius), perhaps it would be well for most of us to take ourselves, and what we call our work, somewhat more quietly. Even of knowledge itself we may say that a little with contentment is not the worst of portions.

The example of Rousseau — who, as might have been expected, became quite insane at the last — is bad enough, and melancholy enough; I make no question about that; but it is interesting (tragedies as a class have so much to be said for them), and is not without its lessons. It suggests encouragement for all who like to believe that the lame and the hindered,

not to say the weak and the foolish, may after all have what the world calls a "show," though it be only a small one. In some ways it chimes in with the teaching of the birds, and so far it sounds good, here in the midst of a Florida winter. For all the poor man's weaknesses, I shall go on with his book.

More industriously still I shall continue, according to the word of our great American poet, to "loaf and invite my soul." At proper seasons, neither short nor infrequent, this, I believe, is a paying business. There is no other way, or none that I know of, to keep on the right side of Nature. And who would not do that? Such a friend as she is! There is none like her. She is made of good stuff. She has a thousand moods, but she never changes. If you seek her, she is there. She is ever speaking, yet always silent. And her voice is inspiration and rest, tonic and balm. It will answer to all a man's moods, — provided he is neither busy nor base. On such Nature knows better than to waste herself. If a man is running to a fire, or chasing a dollar, earth and sky will let him pass; the sunset has no word for him; to the pine tree and the blossoming rose-bush he is as if he were not.

For myself, I shall be in no danger of such orphanage, I trust, so long, at least, as I have nothing more strenuous to do than to stroll up and down the river road, or to sit holding a book, half the time shut, here in this Ormond bay-window.

My outlook, as I have said, is narrow; and it is narrower than it need be, though it may seem ill-mannered to say so, because of the elegant looped lace curtains which the careful housewife (not in the least like Jean Jacques' Theresa, as this one circumstance would abundantly certify, — there were no fine draperies, we may be sure, in the fourth-story window at which that strange couple were accustomed to eat their frugal supper of bread and cheese and cherries, the window-sill doing duty as a table) insists upon keeping in place. The house looks better for them; they "finish" a room, — such, I

think, is the word;—and of course a transient lodger must submit to the demands of the higher civilization, which, as defined by a recent writer in the *Atlantic*, is nothing more nor less than “the process of making the world ladylike.” It may be admitted, too, that the effect of the curtains is not unqualifiedly a damage. Like Wordsworth’s cliffs (if they *were* cliffs, for Wordsworth is not with me), they serve to impress upon a secluded scene thoughts of more deep seclusion. A landscape is a picture; and a picture—so I make the best of things—takes beauty from a frame.

Of my three windows, the middle one, facing northward, looks straight into the orange grove, the view being limited by a big, sombre, weather-stained, unoccupied log-house (some rich “winter man’s” freak) and a line of uncommonly tall trees, including one most extraordinary live-oak, wide-spreading and moss-hung, a marvel that all passers along the road turn again and again to admire. Under the northeast window is another part of the orange grove, backed by a dense forest of oaks and pines, beyond which is the ocean, whose incessant beat upon the sand, a glorious organ-point, is always to be heard, night or day, unless the wind is contrary. Best of all, out of the northwest window I can see, through vistas of massive oak trunks (a group of five, springing from one root) and waving palmetto fronds,—like the sea itself forever in motion,—the smooth Halifax River, half a mile in width, and the long line of woods beyond.

Does the reader get the picture? I fear not, unless he knows already what a Florida orange grove and a Florida river (as well as Florida woods) are like. Words can never express beauty.

The grove itself, at this midwinter season, is hardly to be accounted pretty, whatever may be true of it in summer time. The sandy ground is matted with coarse, dry weeds of one sort and another, chiefest and most troublesome of which are the sand-spurs. You can never come

away without them, for they lie in wait everywhere, and stick closer than a poor relation. These, with loose piles of dead wood scattered about,—ready for the torch should a falling thermometer threaten mischief,—give to the place a neglected, untidy appearance, suiting badly with the almost too regular style of the citrus trees (orange, grapefruit, tangerine, lemon, lime, and kumquat), whose branches just now droop gracefully under their precious burden till they all but sweep the ground.

After a little, however, here as elsewhere, a wise man’s eyes accustom themselves to see what is best worth attention,—in this case the trees themselves (not forgetting two leafless Japanese persimmons, every branch hung with brilliant scarlet fruit, a wonder to many,—there are no other trees in the neighborhood that elicit half so many inquiries), passing over the infelicity of their surroundings. “A wise man’s eyes,” I say; I mean, of course, a pair such as those whose report of things the present scribe is endeavoring so vainly to put upon the page. Enumeration, alas, is a poor substitute for description. But what shall a man do? Can any one picture in words a blossoming New England apple tree? And fruit-laden, glossy-leaved orange trees, as they are little less beautiful, are hardly less difficult a subject. But describe them or not, at least I can see them; and the sight is good to live with. Their beauty is most effective, I have discovered, in the early morning, shortly before sunrise. At that time the ground lies somewhat in shadow, while the golden fruit amid the dark foliage shines with a heightened splendor that makes of the grove a kind of fairy place, amazingly different from what it becomes an hour or two later. The owner tells me that he found there a few days ago a single spray of unseasonable bloom; but the orchard will not really blossom for perhaps two months. Then, with leaf, fruit, and flower all in perfection together, it will be—what shall I say?—fairyland itself. Then beds of lovely parti-colored phlox, and

other beds of purple verberna (self-sown both), will brighten the ground now so littered and defaced. Then, in short, it will be spring. At present, for all the beauty of the trees, the river, and the sky, and for all the garden roses and nasturtiums, and the violets (not many) in the grass, it is only "old December's bareness" that I am looking at. Even as I write, nevertheless, I lift my eyes from the page and behold beyond the grove that majestic, far-spreading, leafy oak top; and, December or June, my eyes are satisfied. What a grand creation! And what an impotent thing is language! Let me say it again: It is not in words to express beauty.

For a stroller, a lover of his own society, devoted to what Thoreau, in his lofty way of speaking, called the "great art" of sauntering, this barren midwinter time has at least one weighty consideration in its favor: it leaves a man pretty much to himself. Whether in the road or on the beach, his privacy is little intruded upon. He may read a book, or shout or sing (as the poorest of us, it is to be hoped, must sometimes feel like doing), or he may stand stock still for minutes together, gazing at the sea or the sky, a tree or a bird, or merely letting his fancy roam, and there will be nobody to mind his unconventional behavior. It is good for a man, once in a while, as Thoreau said again, to "cherish his moodiness;" and this is his opportunity. By and by — within a few days — the great hotel will be open. Then farewell, *Il Penseroso*,

With eev'n step, and musing gate,
And looks commercing with the skies;
and hail, *L'Allegro*, while

Young and old com forth to play
On a Sunshine Holyday.

Where now is only the rustle of palmetto leaves or the "surgy murmur of the lonely sea," there will be

The busie humm of men,
Where throngs of Knights and Barons bold,
In weeds of Peace high triumphs hold,
With store of Ladies, whose bright eies
Rain influence, and judge the prise —

the "prise," for better or worse, not of wit

or arms, but of golf tournaments and automobile races.

Without doubt, the stroller (in whose lap, as the attentive reader will have guessed, along with Rousseau's *Confessions*, is a book out of which he has been reading Milton's verse as Milton wrote it, John Milton in the original, so to speak) — the stroller, no doubt, will even then know how to find here and there an unfrequented nook; but Ormond will not be then what it is now. All the more reason, say I, for redeeming the time by a course of diligent idleness.

I have spoken of the beach. In these happily depopulous days it is one of the best of my resorts. It was there I sat on Christmas forenoon, thankful for the shade of a palmetto-thatched summer-house, while a group of bathers, a quarter of a mile away, made merry in the surf; and there I have sat or walked many a cooler day since. Forenoon or afternoon, indeed, *every* day finds me on the sands for at least an hour or two. It is a place without bounds, except on the landward side. North and south the beach runs to the horizon, and eastward is the open sea. Once only, during the three weeks, I have seen a sail in the offing. Otherwise, so far as visibilities count, the processional porpoises and the few sea and shore birds have had the ocean mostly to themselves: flocks of sanderlings, gulls of three or four sorts, and an occasional tern or two, with pelicans, gannets, cormorants, and, rarely, a larger or smaller flock of ducks. The sanderlings, as a matter of course, are always intensely active. I should like to see them once when they were not. Their very existence seems always to be dependent upon the next mouthful, which they must seize before the wave that is even now rushing up the beach can drag it away. Hither and thither they run, their legs fairly twinkling over the wet sand, they run so fast, till all at once something startles them, or a new notion enters into their heads, and away they go in close order on the wing. Save the crowd of laborers who are working night and day

preparing the great hotel for its season's occupancy, the sanderlings, I should say, are perhaps the busiest people in Ormond.

The seabirds, on the other hand, so far as a looker-on can judge, are for the most part taking life easy. With them, as just now it is with me, winter seems to be a loafing time. Even so, they must live, of course. Once in a while a pelican or a gannet tries his hand at fishing (I love to see the plunge), and not infrequently the terns follow suit. The terns, indeed, with their bright red bills pointing downward (their looks commercing with the waves), have generally a much more industrious air than the gulls. As for these last, how *they* live is a matter best known to themselves. Two small species, the laughing gull and the dainty little Bonaparte, both moderately numerous, spend the day, to all appearance, in rather aimless flights up and down the shore, or resting in dense companies, by the hour together, upon the surface of the water.

One afternoon a score or two of Bonapartes dropped into the surf, or rather into a shallow inside the surf, where there was barely water enough for them to swim in. They were but a few rods from where I happened to be standing, and before long I was attracted by what seemed their very peculiar proceedings. I do not know quite how to describe them. The birds, without being greatly excited, were continually in a flutter, as if certain of their number could not find their rightful places; keeping all the while in a close bunch, they would rise, two at once, a little distance into the air, chase each other about for a few seconds, and anon, with more or less jostling, settle back again among their fellows. After a while I perceived that the birds were of two sizes, and that whenever these disturbances occurred, it was always a larger bird that was pursuing a smaller one. In short, there were four or five laughing gulls (larger and wearing darker mantles) among the others, and either in earnest or in play—I could not be certain which—were teasing them. Finally, while my attention was distracted, the

laughers all made off, and the little surf-gulls (so, for my own pleasure, I am accustomed to call the Bonapartes) settled down to enjoy themselves in the spot they had chosen. They made the prettiest kind of a picture.

Of the seabirds named above,—among which, as I now perceive, I have failed to include a single great blue heron, who comes over from the river now and then to fish in the surf, though I have yet to see him catch anything,—the ones that interest me most are the gannets. I saw them here on my first visit, a dozen years ago. Then, as now, they were always far out, and though I called them gannets, and wrote of them under that name in this magazine, my identification was based avowedly on something less than absolute proof. They looked and acted like gannets, and for aught I could see, it was impossible for them to be anything else. Three years ago I was here again, and found them still present, a daily spectacle. I use the word advisedly; their performances deserve it.

Some time afterward, however, I happened upon a statement by Mr. Cory (who, if any one, may be accounted the Florida ornithologist *par excellence*) to the effect that gannets are “occasionally” to be seen off the coast. That word “occasionally” took me aback. My birds were by no means to be thus spoken of; and Mr. Cory certainly should know. Had my determination been erroneous? and if so, what on earth could my birds have been?

Well, last winter I paid Ormond a third visit; and the first birds that I desired to see were my supposititious gannets. Sure enough, they were here. Day after day they were to be seen, far, far out, shooting this way and that at headlong speed, and every little while plunging like mad into the ocean. Now, I said, I must have patience. If I watch long enough, I shall some day catch one of them nearer shore, be it only by accident, where, if he is really a gannet, I shall be able to detect the pale yellow color of his head and neck.

obsession. Among all folk-song, the *yarávi* is the byword of mournfulness; but the mother of *yarávis* would not have known this her youngest child, when José Maria dressed it for the last and twentieth time on the *cumbre* of Laja — and turned and pattered silently back to the *tambo*. Even the desiccated cane could find no latter sigh; and there had entered a new note, more suspect with each rendering. When the pipes were futile, and his feet turned back, José Maria's hand went down unconsciously to where a haft of ironwood stood above his belt. Below was a rude blade whose upper half showed diagonal lines the smith had not effaced. Perhaps he had not cared to, — it is a sort of hall-mark in lands where the smith is not yet a mere machine. Store cutlery, a rib or breast-bone may as well as not break; but when you go where a knife is Brother, beware of the converted file. Nothing will stop *that*!

But, as has been said, Trinidad was awake and compelling the breakfast fire. José Maria clumsily wedged his pipes into his *chuspa*, extracted the frugal bit of *charqui*, and held it to the intermittent glow.

Trinidad was already chewing sturdily. Still wrangling his morsel, he said: "The challenge is thine. How shall it be?"

A witch, to think so far! But José Maria gathered himself. "N— the llama — mppss, we will go first to Her, and tell her, and of the judge. Then we will see. And also" — as he noted the little *mandolin* he had been too preoccupied to think of before — "each shall play to her." His eyes brightened at this sheer inspiration. Get this cannibal to play his heartlessness to Her!

They grew dark soon enough as Trinidad drawled, "It is well. Two judges will be the same, — though I advised thee not to bother the gods when thy pack-beast was court enough. We will go to her, and tell. Then we will be -sing her, — thou with thine admirable pipes and new song, and I in an old verse which all know, with

my poor *charongo* and the mouth God forgot to better for me. But always at last the *Corregidor* is thy White Llama."

Though his *aparejos* had to be packed, José Maria was first away. Trinidad and his empty saddles loitered carelessly. When the younger man had set forth, Trinidad wetted the wooden key-pegs of the *charongo* in his mouth, and twisted a new string for one that was frayed. Then, with a slow, stretching yawn, he reached mechanically for his chew of coca, — and then laughed out loud.

When you hear any one laugh on the Puna, you may be sure it means something, — even if you do not know what it means. But Trinidad knew; and he came very near to laughing again, as he remembered his sacrifice, — a little handful of dry green leaves, which should have been his solace to-day, laid under the wistful nose of the White Llama last night, while José Maria was off vagrom with his whiffling pipes. It is a masterful bush, this of the coca. Fasting otherhow, and with only a little quid of its leaves, sprinkled with lime, a Serrano can toil all day, — and, for that matter, most of us in civilization know better how far cocaine will go than how far it has come from.

At two miles Trinidad drew in sight. José Maria was piping absently, breaking off now and again to exhort the loitering llamas when they dozed at their grazing. That is, three of them. For the White Llama was quarter of a mile ahead, his splay feet marking time, his stove-pipe neck swaying rhythmically, but never stooping for a nip.

The nimbler-walking burros came up with the piper, and drew ahead. Trinidad nodded amiably as he passed; but José Maria was busy with a new variation, and turned the mere tail of an eye. The White Llama, when they overtook him, was almost as absorbed. He puckered his long nose, indeed, as the grave burros crept past him; but forgot to spit at them after the etiquette of his kind. Trinidad shifted the pack a little, where the hitch

had gone loose; and the White Llama grunted satisfaction. In half an hour he was a mere speck behind them; and Trinidad, humming softly, drew the charongo across his breast and began to tease the strings.

By rights, they should have come to La Paz two hours better than the dawdlers; but Trinidad looked back when they passed the Pilar del Alto, where the road dives headlong from the flat Puna down into that matchless bowl in whose emerald bottom the red mosaic of La Paz is inlaid. Back at a short league, a white dot flickered; and not far behind it were brown mites in motion. Trinidad smiled briefly. "He did fear, then," he confided to the burros; and turned down the zigzag road toward the intaglio of a city fifteen hundred feet below, singing peacefully.

José Maria need not have feared. That sudden stitch in his left side, soon after the outstripping; the then impetuous assaults upon his beasts with volleys of clods, the feverish harrying of them forward with a curse and lump of earth whenever one bent toward a tuft of grass, — all this was a mere misjudgment due to youth. For Trinidad did not employ his advantage of time to "see the jury," nor to bespeak Chona, nor yet to swoop her bodily away, — as the suddenly awakened José Maria came to picture to himself. More and more, as he ran and pelted after the sluggish llamas, he saw jealous visions. This ancient chuncho, — yes, he was surely a barbarian, and very old, — but how compelling! For, strong as She was, perhaps she could not resist if this so-sure person were to say to her "Come." And the perspiring youth, by dint of clods and curses, brought his laggards to the Alto almost at the heels of the White Llama, — which still marched steady as an automaton.

Such a waste of care! For Trinidad had turned aside, paused in the plazuela del Caja de Agua, and refreshed himself with a deliberate meal from the brazier of a crone squatting there. Then he

rounded his burros into a corral, and brought them a wisp; then sauntered placidly down the precipitate street toward the Choqueyápu.

A lone white llama came slouching in to the irregular plaza before the cathedral. His sinful face was wrinkled with dust; the pack sagged uneven on his matted sides; but his head was up, and he marched straight to the shade of the tower and stood waiting for some one to discharge his load. Waited, shifted, waited — till at last three other rumpled llamas, beset by a hoarse, disheveled arriero, turned the corner of Figueroa, wavered a moment, and then, with a whistle from the larger llama, huddled down to him.

By now the veteran was out of humor. The exaltation of the coca had passed; and to stand an hour, laden, before allowed to fold his knees, — what way was that? But neither was the tardy master in benevolent mood. He had long ago exhausted the last known curse in the Aymará category, and had even so much applied a clumsy new one of his own getting that it had no further taste in the mouth. It is a hard case when there is no more relief even in swearing. But Joseph Mary's eyes burned red from out a dull map of dust and sweat, and his hands could no more hang open than can the claws of a dying owl. He was even so lost to shame as to unload the younger llamas first. For all his rage at them, a hotter hate grew unreasoning in him against this arrant scurrier. What was he in such an epidemic to get to La Paz for? What had he been doing here, all this time alone? A fine Corregidor for you! Did not judges always move slowly? And José Maria, disengaging the pack with vindictive roughness, laid it upon the top of the rest and came back freehanded to bestow a fierce kick under the belly of the beast. The White Llama laid back his ears and wrinkled his nose till all the graveyard teeth showed yellow; but thinking better, he turned his back and fell to reverie.

Trinidad, seated upon the coping not far away, did not smile. "So it is," he muttered. "A dog among lions is a lion among dogs." But his face was courteous as his tone, when he stepped forward to meet the angry man.

"Art ready?" he said.

Joseph Mary glared stupidly at him. It was a moment before he could recollect. "I am ready," he grunted. "*Ready* for anything."

"Then we will go to Her."

But Chona was not there. Her microscopic peaks of bogas and chuño were orderly in their place along the curb, — such a systematic little orography as is the first type of man's long, tacit rebuke to God who dropped mountains anyhow, and never yet made any two things quite alike, — not even twins or fools. José Maria stared at the vacant space behind them, where the sidewalk was rubbed clean; but Trinidad turned about.

"There is she," he said quietly, though a little spark leapt in his eyes. "She is cousining with la Lola." And he marched the still befuddled José Maria diagonally across the cobbled street. At the curb they drew up, and Trinidad took off his hat. The crone leered up at them, but Trinidad was looking down at Chona.

"Lady," he said in a low tone. "We are come for thee, — thy master, and thy humble slave. It is to choose between us. We will serve thee; I would command thee, — though not as one who drives beasts that cannot help themselves."

Chona looked straight up at him. A proud smile budded at her mouth, and as suddenly faded. There was yellow light in his dark eyes. The mere ghost of her glance went to José Maria. There was a glow in him, too, — but it was red. And her eyes met Trinidad's again as he went on: —

"My friend thy slave is a Musico, and he challenges that we both play to thee. But let *him* play, for he is truly skilled. Me, I have only my charongo and some old songs of those that all know who are the worse for women. With thy license,

then," — and he shook José Maria by the shoulder, — "play, lad!"

José Maria fumbled at his chuspa and brought out the pipes. He was but half himself yet. How these masterful ones ran ahead! But he rubbed the reeds across his lower lip, and took heart of that first faint whisper. His upper lip peaked out, and he plunged into the yaraví.

"Patience!" cried Trinidad softly, — for Chona began to rise. "He made this for thee only; and truly it is good. I heard it last night at the tambo."

But already Chona was looking down on them both. Even Trinidad, as his eyes had to tiptoe to her, was shaken for a moment. She towered like Illimani, whose blue-white dominance overhangs the plaza. And then he stood straighter, and kept her look. "I have heard him," she said, with a little shake of her wide shoulders. "And it is very good. Especially from some distance, as he went to play for me. As for thy charongo, — mayhap some day, when thou hast nothing to speak to me, thou wilt sing a song. I like the old songs, — the same my father sang to my mother when he desired her. But as for 'my Master,' I will think. We will have to prove it."

All this was lost on José Maria. He had fairly wakened with the pipes; and by now was in such an ecstasy of quavers that the graven crone stared back at him with tremulous jaw. Trinidad laid hand upon his shoulder — kindly, but with a suspicion of weight. "The lady says we shall not play," he explained; and turning to her, steadily, he added: "He will not have to prove; for thou knowest."

The piper turned angrily, but did not cease. He was midway toward a very climax.

"Sta - te!" said Chona imperiously, turning full upon him. "Dost not see that we are speaking? I will judge between ye, — but not to music."

Joseph Mary's jaw dropped, in the very middle of a scale. For a moment he stared into those great eyes. God! how they were dark! But even then they left

him carelessly and went back to Trinidad.

If the troubadour had been in a dream, he was awake now. There they stood, "seeing each other the eyes." The Pan's pipes dropped to the ground, and with a swift snatch at his belt, the piper sprang at Trinidad's back.

But Chona saw. Without a word, she reached over, caught the uplifted wrist in a grip that José Maria felt in his very knees, twisted the blade from him, and stuck it calmly in her girdle. Then with one stride she fetched him under the chin a backward sweep of her left arm, and sent him sprawling over the fascinated crone and her kettle of *chupe*. As José Maria scrambled to his feet, he saw that she was taller yet, her mighty chest higher, a redder touch upon her olive cheek, but she was not looking at him at all. Her gaze followed Trinidad, who — still smiling, if a little grimly — turned and stepped forth to meet the returning fury halfway, and took his windmill hands captive, and smiled back at Her. "You should not trouble," he said gravely; and then to José Maria, a little softer yet: "Son! Thus before women? Did we not come to adjudicate between us?"

José Maria frothed and twisted; but the iron hands held his hands crossed upon his breast; and his eyes wavered before Trinidad's. How young they were, now!

"To adjudicate, yes!" he grumbled. "But whom didst thou name for judge?"

Trinidad ceased to smile. "Pardon," he said to Chona. "But we are compromised to be judged by the White Llama. This our young friend appealed to God for thee, and I bade him try the courts of first instance first."

Chona's thick brows lowered. "It seems I am not worth much," she said coldly.

"Thou art worth — somewhat!" and

Trinidad looked square up to her. "But it was only to judge which of us two thou wouldst choose, — and I thought even the White Llama would know. Anyhow, both of us are sworn to abide by his ruling."

"So be," said Chona. She was still puzzled, — but an Indian never takes a "stump," and she added: "Bring us into court. I also will abide."

Trinidad turned toward the cathedral; the downcast José Maria took a step thitherward. And just then, with a little shriek, Chona came near to knocking them both over as she dashed across the street.

There, his cloven feet planted on the curb, his beastly nose deflowering the heaps of *chuño*, — there was the White Llama. He had come to judgment with a vengeance! The havoc of Chona's wares lay all about.

José Maria looked twice and fled. Trinidad caught the poacher by the long wool of its rump, and with a tremendous tug swung it head-around to the street. Chona turned upon him angrily, — but there was moisture in her eye. "Thou bringest thine own judges," she said. "But how of my mother, who looks for what I should have brought her to-night?"

Trinidad smiled gravely. "Thy mother shall never want," he said, very softly. "Nor thou. And even yonder goeth a priest to the cathedral. Shall we speak to him?"

She looked over him almost fiercely. A master, *pues!* When she might command the very Presidente! How they all purred to her! But this Man merely said "Come."

"I will think," she said, looking away. "I do not know. Perhaps to-morrow" —

But Trinidad answered quietly: "No, this very now." And Chona's eyes came back to his for a moment, and then dropped.

STRANGER THAN FICTION

BY LAFCADIO HEARN

It was a perfect West Indian day. My friend the notary and I were crossing the island by a wonderful road which wound up through tropic forest to the clouds, and thence looped down again, through gold-green slopes of cane, and scenery amazing of violet and blue and ghost-gray peaks, to the roaring coast of the trade winds. All the morning we had been ascending, — walking after our carriage, most of the time, for the sake of the brave little mule; — and the sea had been climbing behind us till it looked like a monstrous wall of blue, pansy-blue, under the ever heightening horizon. The heat was like the heat of a vapor-bath, but the air was good to breathe, with its tropical odor, — an odor made up of smells of strange saps, queer spicy scents of mould, exhalations of aromatic decay. Moreover, the views were glimpses of Paradise; and it was a joy to watch the torrents roaring down their gorges under shadows of tree-fern and bamboo.

My friend stopped the carriage before a gateway set into a hedge full of flowers that looked like pink-and-white butterflies. "I have to make a call here," he said; — "come in with me." We dismounted, and he knocked on the gate with the butt of his whip. Within, at the end of a shady garden, I could see the porch of a planter's house; beyond were rows of cocoa palms, and glimpses of yellowing cane. Presently a negro, wearing only a pair of canvas trousers and a great straw hat, came hobbling to open the gate, — followed by a multitude, an astonishing multitude, of chattering chickens. Under the shadow of that huge straw hat I could not see the negro's face; but I noticed that his limbs and body were strangely shrunken, — looked as if withered to the bone. A weirder creature

I had never beheld; and I wondered at his following of chickens.

"Eh!" exclaimed the notary, "your chickens are as lively as ever! . . . I want to see Madame Floran."

"*Moin ké di*," the goblin responded huskily, in his patois; and he limped on before us, all the chickens hopping and cheeping at his withered heels.

"That fellow," my friend observed, "was bitten by a *fer-de-lance* about eight or nine years ago. He got cured, or at least half-cured, in some extraordinary way; but ever since then he has been a skeleton. See how he limps!"

The skeleton passed out of sight behind the house, and we waited a while at the front porch. Then a *métisse* — turbaned in wasp colors, and robed in iris colors, and wonderful to behold — came to tell us that Madame hoped we would rest ourselves in the garden, as the house was very warm. Chairs and a little table were then set for us in a shady place, and the *métisse* brought out lemons, sugar-syrup, a bottle of the clear plantation rum that smells like apple juice, and ice-cold water in a *dobanne* of thick red clay. My friend prepared the refreshments; and then our hostess came to greet us, and to sit with us, — a nice old lady with hair like newly minted silver. I had never seen a smile sweeter than that with which she bade us welcome; and I wondered whether she could ever have been more charming in her Creole girlhood than she now appeared, — with her kindly wrinkles, and argent hair, and frank, black, sparkling eyes. . . .

In the conversation that followed I was not able to take part, as it related only to some question of title. The notary soon arranged whatever there was to arrange;

and, after some charmingly spoken words of farewell from the gentle lady, we took our departure. Again the mummified negro hobbled before us, to open the gate, — followed by all his callow rabble of chickens. As we resumed our places in the carriage we could still hear the chippering of the creatures, pursuing after that ancient scarecrow.

"Is it African sorcery?" I queried. . . . "How does he bewitch those chickens?" . . .

"Queer — is it not?" the notary responded as we drove away. "That negro must now be at least eighty years old; and he may live for twenty years more, — the wretch!"

The tone in which my friend uttered this epithet — *le misérable*! — somewhat surprised me, as I knew him to be one of the kindest men in the world, and singularly free from prejudice. I suspected that a story was coming, and I waited for it in silence.

"Listen," said the notary, after a pause, during which we left the plantation well behind us; "that old sorcerer, as you call him, was born upon the estate, a slave. The estate belonged to M. Floran, — the husband of the lady whom we visited; she was a cousin, and the marriage was a love-match. They had been married about two years when the revolt occurred (fortunately there were no children), — the black revolt of eighteen hundred and forty-eight. Several planters were murdered; and M. Floran was one of the first to be killed. And the old negro whom we saw to-day — the old sorcerer, as you call him — left the plantation, and joined the rising: do you understand?"

"Yes," I said; "but he might have done that through fear of the mob."

"Certainly: the other hands did the same. But it was he that killed M. Floran, — for no reason whatever, — cut him up with a cutlass. M. Floran was riding home when the attack was made, — about a mile below the plantation. . . . Sober, that negro would not have dared

to face M. Floran: the scoundrel was drunk, of course, — raving drunk. Most of the blacks had been drinking tafia, with dead wasps in it, to give themselves courage."

"But," I interrupted, "how does it happen that the fellow is still on the Floran plantation?"

"Wait a moment! . . . When the military got control of the mob, search was made everywhere for the murderer of M. Floran; but he could not be found. He was lying out in the cane, — in M. Floran's cane! — like a field-rat, like a snake. One morning, while the gendarmes were still looking for him, he rushed into the house, and threw himself down in front of Madame, weeping and screaming, '*Aïe-yaïe-yaïe-yaïe*! — *moin té tchoué y*! *moin té tchoué y*! — *aïe-yaïe-yaïe*!' Those were his very words: — 'I killed him! I killed him!' And he begged for mercy. When he was asked why he killed M. Floran, he cried out that it was the devil — *diabe-à* — that had made him do it! . . . Well, — Madame forgave him!"

"But how could she?" I queried.

"Oh, she had always been very religious," my friend responded, — "sincerely religious. She only said, 'May God pardon me as I now pardon you!' She made her servants hide the creature and feed him; and they kept him hidden until the excitement was over. Then she sent him back to work; and he has been working for her ever since. Of course he is now too old to be of any use in the field; — he only takes care of the chickens."

"But how," I persisted, "could the relatives allow Madame to forgive him?"

"Well, Madame insisted that he was not mentally responsible, — that he was only a poor fool who had killed without knowing what he was doing; and she argued that if *she* could forgive him, others could more easily do the same. There was a consultation; and the relatives decided so to arrange matters that Madame could have her own way."

"But why?"

"Because they knew that she found a sort of religious consolation — a kind of religious comfort — in forgiving the wretch. She imagined that it was her duty as a Christian, not only to forgive him, but to take care of him. We thought that she was mistaken, — but we could understand. . . . Well, there is an example of what religion can do." . . .

The surprise of a new fact, or the sudden perception of something never before imagined, may cause an involuntary smile. Unconsciously I smiled, while my friend was yet speaking; and the good notary's brow darkened.

"Ah, you laugh!" he exclaimed, — "you laugh! That is wrong! — that is a mistake! . . . But you do not believe: you do not know what it is, — the true religion, — the real Christianity!"

Earnestly I made answer: —

"Pardon me! I do believe every word of what you have told me. If I laughed unthinkingly, it was only because I could not help wondering" . . .

"At what?" he questioned gravely.

"At the marvelous instinct of that negro."

"Ah, yes!" he returned approvingly. "Yes, the cunning of the animal it was, — the instinct of the brute! . . . She was the only person in the world who could have saved him."

"And he knew it," I ventured to add.

"No — no — no!" my friend emphatically dissented, — "he never could have known it! He only *felt* it! . . . Find me an instinct like that, and I will show you a brain incapable of any knowledge, any thinking, any understanding: not the mind of a man, but the brain of a beast!"

HENRY JAMES

BY W. C. BROWNELL

I

IF any career can be called happy before it is closed, that of Mr. Henry James may certainly be so called. It has been a long one — much longer already than the space of time allotted to a generation. It has been quite free from any kind of mistake: there is probably nothing in it he would change if he could — for though he has more or less slightly revised two or three of his early books, the need of doing so would not have occurred to any one whose record was not so satisfactory on the whole as to make it seem to him worth while to add a touch or two and make it quite as he would have it. It has been, in a very special way and to a very marked degree, an honorable career. He has scrupulously followed his ideal. Neither

necessity nor opportunity has prevented him from doing, apparently, just what he wanted. He has never, at any rate, yielded to the temptation to give the public what it wanted. The rewards of so doing are very great. Most writers in belittling them would be justly suspected of affectation. They include, for example, the pleasure of being read, and this is a pleasure usually so difficult to forego when it is attainable that Mr. James's indifference to it is striking. And — what is still more striking — he has never, as he himself expresses it somewhere in characterization of some other writer, — who must, however, have been his own inferior in this respect, — he has never "saved for his next book." Of his special order of talent fecundity is not what one would naturally have predicted, and though he has abundantly

demonstrated his possession of it, he must have long given us his best before he could have been at all sure that he could count on matching his best indefinitely. Into the frame of every book he packed, not only the substance called for by the subject, but a substance as remarkable for containing all he could himself bring to it, as for compression. At least, if his substance has sometimes been thin, it has always been considered; however fine-spun its texture, it has always been composed of thought. And his expression, tenuous as it may sometimes appear, is (especially, indeed, when its tenuity is greatest) so often dependent for its comprehension on what it suggests rather than on what it states as to compel the inference that it is incomplete expression, after all, of the amount of thought behind it.

So that he never leaves the impression of superficiality. His material, even his result, may be as slight as his own insistent predetermination can make it; it is impossible not to feel that it is the work of an artist who is not only serious, but profound. Behind his sketch you feel the careful and elaborate preliminary study; back of his triviality you feel the man of reflection. And this is not at all because his triviality — to call it such — is significant in itself. It often is, and the trifling feature, incident, movement, or phrase, often has a typical value that makes it in effect but the expression of a larger thing than it embodies. But often, on the other hand, it is difficult to assign any strikingly interpretative or illustrative value to the insubstantial phenomena that he is at the pains of observing so narrowly and recording so copiously. And yet it can occur to no sensitive and candid intelligence to refer to the capacity of the recorder this flimsiness of the record. One has the sense in the treatment, the technic, of a firm and vigorous hand — such as is, in general, perhaps, needed for the carving of “émaux et camées.” And still more in the substance one perceives, as well as argues, the solidity and dignity underlying the superficial and insignifi-

cant details with which “wonderfully” — to use a favorite word of Mr. James — they are occupied. The sense of contrast is indeed often piquant. Cuvier lecturing on a single bone and reconstructing the entire skeleton from it is naturally impressive, but Mr. James often presents the spectacle of a Cuvier absorbed in the positive fascinations of the single bone itself, — yet plainly preserving the effect of a Cuvier the while. If, in a word, his work sometimes seems superficial, it never seems the work of a superficial personality; and the exasperation of some of his unfriendly critics proceeds from wondering, not so much how a writer who has produced such substantial, can also produce such trifling, work, as how the writer whose very treatment of triviality shows him to be serious can be so interested in the superficial.

The explanation, I think, is that to Mr. James himself life, considered as artistic material, is so serious and so significant that nothing it contains seems trivial to him. And as artistic material is, in fact, the only way in which he appears to consider it at all. In spite of his prolixity on occasion, there is no padding in his books, no filling in of general ideas or other interesting distention. His parentheses are, it is true, apt to be cognate digressions rather than nuances of the matter in hand. But that is a question of style, and in any case addiction to parentheses is apt to proceed from an unwillingness to stray very far from the matter in hand, to let go one's hold of it. And save for his parentheses, Mr. James holds his reader to the matter — or rather the absence of matter — in hand rather remorselessly. One would like more space, more air.

His copiousness, too, is the result of his seriousness. If he eschews the foreign, he revels in the pertinent; and, pertinence being his sole standard of exclusion, he is bound to include much that is trivial. We have the paradox of an art attitude that is immaculate with an art product that is ineffective. It is as crowded with detail and as tight as a pre-Raphaelite

picture, because there are no salutary sacrifices. It is not because he is a man, but because he is an artist, that nothing human is foreign to him. No rectitude was ever less partial or more passionless. No novelist ever evinced more profound respect for his material *as* material, or conformed his art more rigorously to its characteristic expression. Thus it is due to his seriousness that a good deal of his substance seems less significant to his readers than to him, both in itself and because (out of his own deep respect for it, doubtless) he does little or nothing to enhance its interest and importance. It is not commonly appreciated that his work is, after all, the quintessence of realism.

II

The successive three "manners" of the painters have been found in it. Mr. James has had, at any rate, two. There is a noteworthy difference between his earlier and his later fiction, though the period of transition between them is not very definite as a period. Perhaps *The Tragic Muse* comprises it. He has, however, thrown himself so devotedly into his latest phase as to make everything preceding it appear as the stages of an evolution. Tendencies, nevertheless, in his earlier work, marked enough to individualize it sharply, have developed until they have subdued all other characteristics, and have made of him perhaps the most individual novelist of his day, who at the same time is also in the current of its tendency, — Mr. Meredith standing quite apart from this in eminent isolation. It is through these tendencies, developed as they have been, that in virtue of originality as well as of excellence he has won his particular place in the hierarchy of fiction. He has created a *genre* of his own. He has the distinction that makes the scientist a savant; he has contributed something to the sum, the common stock. His distinction has really a scientific aspect, independent, that is to say, of quality, of intrinsic merit. If it should be asserted

that Mr. Meredith has done the same thing, — in a way, too, not so very differently, — it can be replied that he has done so by weakening the correspondence of fiction to life, whereas Mr. James has striven hard for its intensification; it is not the construction of the scientific toy, however interesting it may be, and however much science there may be in it, that makes the savant. This flowering of Mr. James's tendencies has, in fact, been precisely what he conceives to be the achievement of a more and more intimate and exquisite correspondence with life in his art. This at least has been his conscious, his professed aim. His observation, always his master faculty, has grown more and more acute, his concentration upon the apprehensible phenomena of the actual world of men and women — and children — closer, his interest in producing his illusion by reproducing these in as nearly as possible their actual essence and actual relations, far more absorbing and complete. Indeed, he has been so interested in producing his illusion in precisely this way, that he has decidedly compromised, I think, the certainty of producing it at all.

He has parted, then, with his past, — the past, let us say, of *The Portrait of a Lady*, — in the pursuit of a more complete illusion of nature than he could feel that he achieved on his old lines, — the old lines, let us add, observed in the masterpieces of fiction hitherto. It is true that his observation has been from the first so clearly his distinguishing faculty that his present practice may superficially seem to differ from his former merely in degree. But a little more closely considered, it is a matter rather of development than of augmentation. In the course of its exercise his talent has been transformed. He has reversed the relation between his observation and his imagination, and instead of using the former to supply material for the latter, has enlisted the latter very expressly — oh! sometimes, indeed, worked it very hard — in the service of his observation. Of what he might have

achieved by pursuing a different course, I cannot myself think without regret. But instead of seeking that equilibrium of one's powers which seems particularly pertinent to the expression of precisely such an organization as his, — instead of, to that end, curbing his curiosity and cultivating his constructive, his reflective, his imaginative side, the one being already markedly preponderant and the other comparatively slender, — he has followed the path of temperamental preference and developed his natural bent. The result is his present eminence, which is, in consequence, incontestably more nearly unique, but which is not for that reason necessarily more distinguished. His art has thus become, one is inclined to say, the ordered exploitation of his experiences. The change from his earlier manner is so great that it constitutes, as I say, a transformation. It is somewhat as if a transcendentalist philosopher should become so enamoured of truth as, finding it inexhaustibly manifested in everything, to fall in love with phenomena and gradually acquire an absolutely *a posteriori* point of view. Like Lessing, Mr. James has "bowed humbly to the left hand," and, saying to the Almighty, "pure truth is for Thee alone," has renounced the vision for the pursuit.

The most delicate, the most refined and elegant of contemporary romancers has thus become the most thorough-going realist of even current fiction. It is but a popular error to confound realism with grossness, and it is his complete exclusion of idealism and preoccupation with the objective that I have in mind in speaking of his realism as so marked; though of recent years he has annexed the field of grossness also, — cultivating it, of course, with particular circumspection, — and thus rounded out his domain. It must be granted that his realism does not leave a very vivid impression of reality, on the one hand, and that, on the other, it does not always produce the effect of a very close correspondence to actual life and character. *The Spoils of Poynton*, with

its inadequate motive and aspiration after the tragic; *The Other House*, with its attempt to domesticate melodrama; *In the Cage*, with its exclusion of all the surrounding data, needed to give authenticity to an even robuster theme; *The Awkward Age*, with its impossible cleverness of stupid people, are, as pictures of life, neither very lifelike nor very much alive. But that is a matter of art. The attitude of the artist is plainly, uncompromisingly realistic. It is the real with which his fancy, his imaginativeness, is exclusively preoccupied. To discover new and unsuspected phenomena in its psychology is the aim of his divination as well as of his scrutiny. The ideal counterpart of the real and the actual which even such realists as Thackeray and George Eliot have constantly, however subconsciously, in mind, and the image of which, whether or no as universal as the Platonic philosophy pretends, is at least part of the material of the imaginative artist, — furnishing more or less vaguely the standard by which he admeasures both his own creation and its model, when he has one, — this ideal counterpart, so to speak, is curiously absent from Mr. James's contemplation. Given a character with certain traits, suggested, no doubt, by certain specific experiences, its action is not deduced by ideal logic, but arrived at through induction from the artist's entire stock of pertinent general experience, and modeled by its insistent pressure. "What conduct does my — rather unusual — experience lead me to expect of a personage constituted thus and so, in such and such circumstances?" — one may imagine Mr. James reflecting.

Categories like realism and idealism are but convenient, and not exact, and in the practice of any artist both inspirations must be alternately present in the execution of detail, though one of them is surely apt to preponderate in the general conception and in the artist's attitude. But it is certainly true that what may be called the ideal of realism has never been held more devoutly — not even by Zola — than it is by Mr. James. All his subtlety, his re-

finement, his extreme plasticity, his acquaintance with the academic as well as the actual, are at the service of truth, and that order of truth which is to be discovered rather than divined. Long ago, in speaking of George Sand's idealism, which he admitted to be "very beautiful," he observed: "Something even better in a novelist is that tender appreciation of actuality which makes even the application of a single coat of rose-color seem an act of violence." The inspiration is a little different from Thackeray's "If truth is not always pleasant, at least it is best." It is more "artistic," perhaps, certainly more disinterested. And at the present day Mr. James would no doubt go farther, omit the word "tender," and for "rose-color" substitute simply "any color at all." It is an unselfish creed, one may remark in passing. Color is a variety of form, and it is a commonplace that form is the only passport to posterity. Moreover, as Mr. James concedes, even idealism at times is "very beautiful," and to be compelled to forego beauty in "appreciation of the actual" (for its actuality, that is to say, rather than its beauty) must for an artist be a rigorous renunciation.

Mr. James has renounced it for the most part with admirable consistency, and his latest works are, in effort and inspiration at least, the very apotheosis of the actual — however their absence of color or other elements of form and the encumbrances of their style (the distinction is his own) may fail to secure the desired effect of actuality for them. What Maisie knew, for example, may seem to have been learned by a preternaturally precocious child, so that her actuality has not, perhaps, the relief desired by her author. But she can have no other *raison d'être* — for the supposition that even incidentally she is designed to illustrate the charm of the flower on the dunghill can be at best but a mere guess, so colorlessly is the assumed actuality of her precocity and extraordinary situation exhibited. The book, indeed, in this respect is a masterpiece of reserve. It is conspicuously free

from any taint of rose-color. And in its suppression of the superfluous — such as even the remotest recognition of the pathos of Maisie's situation — it is an excellent illustration of an order of art that *must* be radically theoretic, since it could not be the instinctive and spontaneous expression of a normally humane motive.

III

The truth is that our fiction is in a period of transition, which perhaps is necessarily hostile to spontaneity and favorable to the artificial. We speculate so much as to whether fiction is "a finer art" as practised by the little, than it was in the day of the great, masters, that the present time may fairly be called the reign of theory in fiction — as indeed it is in art of any kind. And Mr. James's art is in nothing more modern than in being theoretic. Whatever it is or is not, it is that. Difficult as, in many respects, it is to characterize, it is plainly what it is by precise intention, by system. Difficult as his theory is to define, it is perfectly clear that his art is the product of it. It is, in a word, a critical product. And it is so because his temperament is the critical temperament. Now, whatever may be said of the compatibility or incompatibility of the critical and the creative temperaments, in the matter of creating fiction it is evident that the critical genius will be a different kind of a practitioner from the creative genius. The latter may be considered to produce the "criticism of life," but the former will be likely to produce such criticism at one remove — with, in a word, *theory* interposed. Even supposing the creator to be also a critic, if his creative imagination preponderates, his theory will be a theory of life, whereas the theory of the writer in whom the critical bent preponderates will be a theory of art. We are said to suffer nowadays from a dearth of the creative imagination. Science, the great, the most nearly universal of the interests of the present time, is perhaps thought to be hostile to its entertainment, its develop-

ment. But science with its own speedy determination toward specialism is probably less fatal to the imagination than is generally presumed. On the contrary, within its own range, its many ranges, it doubtless stimulates and fosters it. The decline of the creative imagination in literature, in poetry, and in fiction, is far more distinctly traceable to the spread of culture, with the consequent unexampled development of the philosophic and critical spirit and its inevitable invasion of the field of creative activity, the field, that is to say, of art. The contemporary artist, if he thinks at all, is compelled to think critically, to philosophize more expressly and specifically than the classic artist was. Consequently, even the creative imagination pure and simple is nowadays more rarely to be encountered than this imagination in combination with critical reflection.

But with Mr. James the case is far simpler. It would be idle to deny to the author of a shelf-full of novels and a thousand or two characters the possession of the creative imagination, however concentrated upon actuality and inspired by experience. Yet it is particularly true of him among the writers of even our own time that his critical faculty is eminently preponderant; that he has, as I say, essentially the critical *temperament*. He has never devoted himself very formally to criticism, never squared his elbows and settled down to the business of it. It has always been somewhat incidental and secondary with him. His essays have been limited to *belles lettres* in range, and they have not been the rounded, complete, and final characterization of the subject from a central point of view, such as the essays of Arnold, of Carlyle, or of Lowell. They have been instead rather agglutinate than synthetic, one may say, — not very attentively distributed or organized. But they have more than eschewed pedantry — they have been felicity itself; each a series of penetrating remarks, an agglomeration of light but telling touches, immensely discriminating,

and absolutely free from traditional or temperamental deflection, marked by a taste at once fastidiously academic, and at the same time sensitively impressionable. The two volumes *French Poets and Novelists* and *Partial Portraits* stand at the head of American literary criticism. The *Life of Hawthorne* is, as a piece of criticism, altogether unrivaled in the voluminous English *Men of Letters* series to which all the eminent English critics have contributed. One may feel that his view of the general is, in this work, too elevated to permit him always correctly to judge the specific — leads him to characterize, for instance, Hawthorne's environment as a handicap to him, whereas it was an opportunity. But to this same broad and academic view, which measures the individual by the standard of the type (and how few there are to whom this standard does not equitably apply!), we owe the most searching thing ever said about Hawthorne: "Man's conscience was his theme, but he saw it in the light of a creative fancy which added out of its own substance an interest, and I may almost say, an importance." The genius itself of criticism is in the application to Tennyson's

"It is better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all,"

of the epithets "curt" and "reserved" by comparison with Musset's *Letter to La-martine*. The essay on Maupassant is an unsurpassed critical performance. In *Daniel Deronda: a Conversation*, there are more penetrating things said about George Eliot, one is tempted to say, than in all else that has been written about her. And Mr. James's penetration is uniformly based on good sense. It is — perhaps ominously — never fanciful. He writes of Musset and George Sand, of Balzac and Trollope, with a disinterested discrimination absolutely judicial. His fondness for Daudet, for Turgénieff, for Stevenson, is nothing in comparison with his interest in the art they practise, the art of which he is apt to consider all its practitioners somewhat too exclusively merely

as its exponents. If he has a passion, it is for the art of fiction itself.

This is the theme, indeed, on which his criticism has centred, and the fact is extremely significant. It is almost exact to say that he has no other. He is vaguely preoccupied by it, even in the composition of his own fictions. That is what I mean by calling his art theoretic. It carefully, explicitly, with conviction, illustrates his theory. He has an essay expressly devoted to the topic, but he has almost none in which it is not more or less incidentally considered. In *The Art of Fiction* he says, "It is an incident for a woman to stand up with her hand resting on a table and look out at you in a certain way," and that "the degree of interest" such an incident has "will depend upon the skill of the painter," meaning the author. In his essay on Daudet he says: "The appearance of things is constantly more complicated as the world grows older, and it needs a more and more patient art, a closer notation, to divide it into its parts;" "Life is, immensely, a matter of surface, and if our emotions in general are interesting, the *form* of those emotions has the merit of being the most definite thing about them;" "Putting people into books is what the novelist lives on;" "It is the real — the transmuted real — that he gives us best; the fruit of a process that adds to observation what a kiss adds to a greeting. The joy, the excitement of recognition, are keen, even when the object recognized is dismal."

Each of these sentences — and many more might be cited — is a key to his own fiction. The last is particularly indicative. The joy of recognition is what apparently he aims at exciting in his readers; what certainly he often succeeds in exciting to the exclusion of other emotions, though the kiss he adds to his greeting — to adopt his charming figure — is oftenest, perhaps, an extremely chaste salute. Of course, in a sense, the word recognition defines the Platonic explanation of all appreciation of phenomena, but it is needless to say that Mr. James does not

use the word in this sense, but refers to recognition of what we have already encountered in this life. And it must be admitted that the pleasure we take in his characters largely depends on whether or no we have so encountered them. If we have not, we are sometimes a little at sea as to the source of even his own interest in them, which, though certainly never profoundly personal, is often extremely prolonged. If we have, we experience the delight of the *aficionado* in the virtuosity with which what is already more or less vaguely familiar is unfolded to our recognition. But even in this case the recognition is something quite different from that with which we realize the actuality of a largely imaginative character. We recognize Daisy Miller, for example, differently from Becky Sharp.

For one thing, we are not so anxious to meet her again. I know of nothing that attests so plainly the preponderance of virtuosity in Mr. James's art as the indisposition of his readers to re-read his books. This would not be so true if this element of his work frankly appeared. If he himself accepted it as such, he would make more of it in the traditional way, give it more form, express it more attentively, harmonize its character and statement more explicitly. There is no difficulty in re-reading Anatole France. But Mr. James's virtuosity is not a matter of treatment, of expression, of "process," as he would say. It is an integral part of the very fabric of his conception. It is engaged and involved in the substance of his works. The substance suffers accordingly. Instead of "a closer and more intimate correspondence with life," the result of his critical theorizing about the what and the how of fiction is a confusion of life and art, which are actually as distinct as subject and statement. Virtuosity of technic is legitimate enough, but virtuosity of vision is quite another thing. And it is to this that Mr. James's study and practice of the art for which he has quite as much of a passion as a *penchant* have finally brought him. *The Sacred Fount*,

The Turn of the Screw, are marked instances of it. But all the later books show the tendency, a tendency all the more marked for the virility and elevation with which it is accompanied, and perhaps inevitable in the product of an over-mastering critical faculty exercised in philosophizing about, even in the process of practising, an eminently constructive art.

IV

When we predicate elusiveness of Mr. James's fiction we mean much more than that his meaning is occasionally obscure. We mean that he himself always eludes us. The completeness with which he does so, it is perhaps possible to consider the measure of his success. The famous theory that prescribes disinterestedness in art may be invoked in favor of this view. Every one is familiar with this theory, so brilliantly expounded by Taine, so cordially approved by Maupassant, so favorably viewed by Mr. James himself. Any one to whom Aristotle's dictum that virtue resides in a mean seems especially applicable to art theories, must find it difficult to accept this prescription even in theory. Even in theory it seems possible to have too little as well as too much of the artist himself in any work of art. The presence of the personality of the artist, indeed, may be called the constituting element of a work of art. It is even the element that makes one scientific demonstration what the scientists themselves call more "beautiful" than another. But in practice one may surely say that in some instances or on some occasions we do not feel the artist enough in his work. Just as on others we are altogether too conscious of him.

It is the latter difficulty that has been the more frequent in fiction up to the present age, perhaps, and in English fiction perhaps up to the present moment. And very likely it is this circumstance that has led to the generalization, and the present popularity of the generalization, which insists on the attitude of disinterested curiosity as the only properly artistic

attitude. Even in criticism, so much had been endured from the other attitude, Arnold — whose practice, to be sure, was quite different — observed that the great art was "to get oneself out of the way and let humanity judge." We have had so much partisanship that we have proscribed personality.

Disinterested curiosity is, however, itself a very personal matter. Carried to the extent to which it is carried by Mr. James, at least, it becomes very sensible, a very appreciable element of a work of art. It is forced upon one's notice as much as an aggressive and intrusive personal element could be. To say that if you set the pieces of a work of art in a certain relative position they will automatically, as it were, generate the effect to be produced is to be tremendously sanguine of their intrinsic interest and force. Even then the artist's presence is only minimized, not excluded, one may logically observe; the pieces must be set together in a certain way, and this way will depend on the idiosyncrasy of the artist and not upon the inherent affinity of the pieces. They may have a law of combination, but to prepare them for its operation the law must be perceived by the artist as a force to illustrate rather than merely to "notate," if the result is to have an artistic rather than a scientific interest. As Mr. James himself has aptly said, "Art is merely a point of view, and genius mainly a way of looking at things." And specifically as to fiction M. Bourget reports him as agreeing with him that the truest definition of a novel is "a personal view of life." How is the "point of view," above all the "personal" point of view, to be perceived, if the artist himself eludes us completely? What is it we are looking at — the phenomena he is recording, or his view of the phenomena? But the phenomena should of themselves show his view, it may be contended. If they do, there is nothing to be said. The question at bottom is, do they?

The old practice gave us the point of view by stating it; nor could its statement even then always be called an artistic in-

trusion, a false note, a disillusion. It was not always imposed on the phenomena by main strength. When Thackeray was reproached with marrying Henry Esmond to Lady Castlewood, he replied, "I did n't do it; they did it themselves." Some such artistic rectitude as that, recognizing the law of his own creations, is certainly to be required of the artist. But if his devotion is so thorough-going as to involve complete self-effacement, the practical result will be the disappearance, or at least the obscuration, of his point of view. That, I think, is the peril which Mr. James's theory and practice of art have not sufficiently recognized. Disinterested curiosity may have much of the value that has been claimed for it. It may have been too much neglected in the past. And to point out its logical self-contradiction as an absolute prescription may be conceded to savor of hair-splitting. It is, nevertheless, only valuable as a means, as an agent. When it is worked so hard as itself to become a part of the effect, its value ceases. And in Mr. James's later work what we get, what we see, what impresses us, is not the point of view, it is his own disinterested curiosity. It counts as part, as a main part, of the spectacle he provides for us. We see him busily getting out of the way, visibly withdrawing behind the screen of his story, illustrating his theory by palpably withholding from us the expected, the needful, exposition and explanation, making of his work, in fine, a kind of elaborate and complicated fortification between us and his personality.

One notable effect of this detachment in the novelist is that his characters do not seem to be *his* characters. Being the results of his observation, the fruit of his experiences, they do not count as his creations. We meet Mr. James's in life, — or we do not meet them, — as it happens; but they do not figure importantly for us in the world of art. American travelers who drift about Europe — doubtless American residents of London — encounter their counterparts from time to time, and note with a pleasure that is always

more acute than permanent how cleverly, how searchingly, Mr. James has caught an individual or fixed a type. Necessarily, however, a museum thus collected has rather an anthropological than an artistic interest. The novelist's personages are not sufficiently unified by his own *penchant*, preference, personality, to constitute a society of varied individuals viewed and portrayed from one definite and particular point of view — as the characters of the great novelists do. There is not enough of their creator in them to constitute them a particular society. The society is simply differentiated by the variety and circumscribed by the limits of Mr. James's experience (and, of course, its suggestions to an extremely sensitive and speculative mind); it is not coördinated, and, as it were, organized into an ideal correlation of the actual world as conceived by a novelist of imagination, — imagination not only such as Thackeray's and George Eliot's, but such as Trollope's, even.

v

It is, however, not precise enough to say that Mr. James's mind is essentially critical, and that therefore his attitude is essentially detached. There are two sufficiently distinct varieties of the critical mind, the philosophical and the scientific. Mr. James's is the latter. And when that portion of literature which includes the works of the imagination is conceived as a criticism of life, it is so conceived in virtue of its illustrating the former — the philosophical spirit. So far as fiction is a criticism of life, it is so because it exhibits a philosophy of life, in general or in some particular. It is far more the scientific habit of viewing life and its phenomena that Mr. James illustrates. His characteristic attitude is that of scrutiny. His inspiration is curiosity. Certainly to affirm of so mature, so thoughtful, and so penetratingly observant a writer, that he has no philosophy of life would, aside from its impertinence, be quite unwarrantable. It is impossible not to feel in

his fiction that he has made his own synthesis of "all this unintelligible world." However impersonal and objective his art, it cannot conceal this. It is enough to be felt to give weight to his utterances, to furnish credentials for the larger correspondences and comparisons of his pictures to their moral analogies in life, to add authoritativeness to his expositions, and exorcise suspicion of their ephemerality and superficiality. What I mean is that even in such a work as *The Sacred Fount* is to be discerned the man who has reflected on the traits and currents of existence, on their character and their implications, as well as the writer who notes the phenomena, without correlating them through the principles, of human life.

But what this philosophy is, it is idle to speculate. It is doubtless profound enough, and though one does not argue introspection of Mr. James's temperament, — unless, indeed, his work betray an effort to escape it, as the nuisance it may easily become, — he could doubtless sketch it for us if inclined, and very eloquently and even elaborately draw out for us its principles and positions. But he has no interest whatever in doing so — no interest in giving us even a hint of it. One may infer that taste plays a large part in it, the taste that some philosophers have made the foundation and standard of morals, — the taste, perhaps, that prevents him from disclosing it. He has the air of assuming its universality, as if, indeed, it were a matter of breeding, a mere preference for "the best" in life as in art, a system, in a word, whose sanctions are instinctive, and so not strongly enough or consciously enough felt to call for emphasis or exposition. No manifestation or quality or incarnation of "the best" evokes his enthusiasm. That it "may prevail" is the youngest of his cares. His philosophy appears in the penumbra of his performance as a cultivated indifference, or at most a subconscious basis of moral fastidiousness on which the superstructure that monopolizes his interest is erected.

There are two sufficiently obvious results. In the first place, his work has less importance as literature, because it has significance only as art. In the next place, his individuality is not accented, his books are not unified. If they were pervaded by, or even tinctured with, some general philosophic character, they would count in the mass for far more, — his *œuvre*, as the French say, would have more relief, his position in literature would be better defined and more important. As it is, for the lack of some unifying philosophy, each one is an independent illustration of some particular exercise of his talent, and his personality is dissipated by being thus disseminated.

What is it to have a philosophy of life? In any sense in which it may be legitimately required of the artist, even of the artist who deals expressly with life, — of the poet, the dramatist, or the writer of fiction, — to have a philosophy of life certainly does not demand the possession of a body of doctrine "based on inter-dependent, subordinate, and coherent principles," as has been prescribed by pedantry for criticism. It is simply to be profoundly impressed by certain truths. These truths need not be recondite, but they must be deeply felt. They need be in no degree original. The writer's originality will have abundant scope in their expression. Goethe, it is true, replied to a perhaps not wholly pedantic criticism of *Wilhelm Meister*: "I should think a rich, manifold life brought close to our eyes would be enough in itself without any express tendency." And Goethe is probably the greatest example of the artist and the philosopher combined. This observation, however, is confined to a single work; it is impossible to think of the author of *Wilhelm Meister* as the author only of it and of works of like aim and scope. And furthermore, the life which Mr. James's books bring close to our eyes, though manifold, is not rich. It is remarkably multifarious, but "rich" is precisely the last epithet that could properly be applied to it.

It is, nevertheless, the result of observation of the most highly developed material, and if it lack vitality, it is not because it is commonplace or rudimentary. The converse is so pointedly the case as to constitute Mr. James's chief excellence. It has been said of him that he has, not sounded the depths, but "charted the shallows" of life. But to say this is quite to miss the point about him. Occupy himself with the shallows he certainly often does, though quite without any attempt to chart them, any attempt at completeness. It is evident that he is not concerned to show them *as* shallows, with the inference that they compose a far larger part of life than is apprehended by current mechanical optimism. He does not deal with them in any such philosophical spirit. His scientific curiosity does not distinguish between the phenomena, all of which seem inexhaustibly interesting to him. Except certain coarsenesses, which probably seem almost pathologic to him, or at any rate too ordinary and commonplace for treatment, nothing is to him, as I have said, too insignificant to be interesting, considered as material for artistic treatment. The treatment is to dignify the theme always. And in this attitude no one can fail to see, if not a deeper interest in art than in life, at least an interest in life so impartial and inclusive as to approach aridity so far as feeling is concerned. To take an interest in making interesting what is in itself perfectly colorless is, one must admit, almost to avow a fondness for the *tour de force* dear to the dilettante. Still it would be misleading to insist on this, because Mr. James's intention is, on the whole, to indicate the significance of the apparently trifling, and not to protest that an artistic effect can be got out of next to nothing. It betrays the interest of the naturalist asseverating that nothing is really trifling, since it exists.

It is easy to lose one's way in endeavoring to follow the clue of Mr. James's preoccupation, but with due attention I think it may be done. And his interest in

making interesting the pose and gesture of a lady standing by a table, let me recapitulate, is not, or is only a little, to produce an artistic effect with a minimum of means; nor is it to show that of such trifles human life is largely composed; it is to show that in life itself such things are interesting not only because everything is, but also because, though slight, they are subtle and certain indications of the *character* to which they belong. In this way he can find something recondite in what is superficially very simple. And I should say that it is, in a word, to the pursuit of the recondite in life that he has come more and more to consecrate his extraordinary powers. He sees it in everything, in the simple as well as in the complicated, in the shallows as well as in the depths. That is all one can truthfully say, perhaps, though of course in seeking it in the familiar and the commonplace it is difficult to avoid the semblance of mystification.

The pursuit of the recondite, however, is quite inconsistent with much dwelling on the meaning of life as a whole. And it is owing to his taking this so much for granted as so largely to exclude it from his fiction, that the life which Mr. James "brings close" to us should lack the "richness" that Goethe claimed for *Wilhelm Meister*. If he conceived the shallows *as* shallows and the depths *as* depths, he could hardly avoid taking a less arid view of them, and the astonishing variety of the phenomena that entertain and even absorb him would be grouped in some synthetic way around centres of coördinating feeling, instead of unrolled like a panorama of trifles hitherto unconsidered and tragedies hitherto unsuspected — exhibited like a naturalist's collection made in a country accessible to all, but heretofore unvisited by the scientist with the seeing eye.

Hence, I think, the lack of large vitality in his books, of a sensibly noble and moving effect. The search for the recondite involves the absence of direct dealing with the elemental. The passions are perforce

minimized, from being treated in their differentiation rather than in their universality, as well as from being so swamped in minutiae as largely to lose their energy. His books are not moral theses, but psychological themes, studies not of forces, but of manifestations. The latter are related as cause and effect, perhaps, but not combined in far-reaching suggestiveness. The theme has weight at times, morally considered, but it is not rendered typical, as in George Eliot, for example. It is never either ominous or reassuring. It is never brought close, in Goethe's words, to the reader. It makes him reflect, but speculatively; reason, but academically. It is an unfolding, a laying bare, but not a putting together. The imagination to which it is due is too tinctured with curiosity to be truly constructive. It has the disadvantage of never taking possession of the theme and conducting it masterfully. It is not *a priori* enough. It is held in the leash of observation and fettered by its voluntary submission to the material, to exhibit rather than to arrange which is its specific ambition. The work as a whole is thus necessarily coldly conceived. The heat is in the narration of detail. And thus the reader is impressed far more by the detail than by either the grand construction or by the general design. Above all, the characters, the portraiture of human nature, upon which the vitality of fiction depends, suffer from the recondite quality, which wars with the elemental and thus tends to eliminate the typical, the representative, which constitutes the basis of both effective illusion and significant truth. But of course all that makes types interesting is the possession of a philosophy of life. They imply classification, which is the last thing to be looked for in the *espièglerie* of the most precocious conceivable child among us merely occupied in taking notes.

VI

After all, the supreme test of a novelist's abiding interest is the humanity of his

characters. This is so true that Mr. James himself professes a preference for *The House of the Seven Gables* over the other romances of Hawthorne because it seems to him more of a novel. Hawthorne, however, was not a novelist, and *The House of the Seven Gables*, though no doubt his best novel, is the least characteristic of his larger productions. Actual life was not his theme. As Mr. James himself has pointed out, his characters, save for the Donatello of *The Marble Faun*, include no types. The same might be said of the personages of later and far less romantic writers. The type in fiction has become a little old-fashioned — at least the labeled and easily recognized type has. It is relegated to the stage, where, apparently, it will continue, from the limitations of the histrionic art, to be a necessity. In the novel it has largely succumbed to the conquering force of psychology, which in creating an individual and to that end emphasizing his idiosyncrasies has, almost proportionally, robbed him of his typical interest. And this is a loss for which absolutely nothing can atone in the work of the realistic novelist whose theme is actual life.

The list of Mr. James's novels is a long one, and his short stories are very numerous; and among them all there is not one with a perfunctory or desultory inspiration. Why is it that they in no sense constitute a *comédie humaine*? They are very populous; why is it that the characters that people them have so little relief? Taken together they constitute the least successful element of his fiction. Partly this is because, as I say, they possess so little typical quality. But why also do they possess so little personal interest? They have, seemingly, astonishingly little, even for their creator. So far from knowing the sound of their voices, as Thackeray said of his, he is apparently less preoccupied with them than about the situation — the "predicament," he would aptly say — in which he places them. Apparently he is chiefly concerned with what they are to do when confronted with

the complications his ingenuity devises for them, — how they are to “pull it off.” These complications are sometimes very slight, in order to show what trifles control destinies; sometimes they are very grave, and designed to show the conflict of the soul with warring desires and distracting perplexities. And they are never commonplace — any more than the characters themselves, each one of which is intimately observed and thoroughly respected as an individuality. But their situation rather than themselves is what constitutes the claim, the *raison d'être*, of the book in which they figure. The interest in the book, accordingly, becomes analogous to that of a game in which the outcome rather than the pieces monopolizes the attention. It cannot be said that the pieces are not attentively described, — some of them, indeed, are very artistically and even beautifully carved, — but it is the moves that count most of all. Will Densher give a plausible solution to the recondite problem of how to combine the qualities of a cad and of a gentleman? Will Maisie decide for or against Sir Claude? What decision will Sir Claude himself make? Has Vanderbank ideality enough to marry Nanda? The game is very well, often exquisitely, played; and the result, which, nevertheless, from all we know of the characters, we can rarely foresee, wears — when we argue it out in retrospect as the author clearly has done in advance — the proper artistic aspect of a foregone conclusion. Mr. James rarely seems to impose it himself; except on the few occasions when, as in *The Princess Casamassima* or *The Other House*, he deals in melodrama, in which he almost never succeeds in being convincing, his rectitude is so strong a reliance as to exclude all impression of perversity or willfulness and convey the agreeable sense of sufficiently fatalistic predestination. Meantime you find out about the characters from the result. Since it has turned out in this way, they must have been such and such persons. In other words, they have not been characterized very

vividly, have not been presented very completely as human beings.

At least they do not people one's memory, I think, as the personages of many inferior artists do. When one thinks of the number of characters that Mr. James has created, each, as I have said, carefully individualized, and none of them replicas, — an amazing world they certainly compose in their originality and variety, — it is odd what an effort it is to recall even their names. The immortal Daisy Miller, the sensitive and highly organized Ralph Touchett, the robust and thoroughly national Christopher Newman, the gentle Miss Pynsent, and a number of others that do remain in one's memory, mainly belong to the earlier novels and form but a small proportion of the great number of their author's creations. Different readers, however, would no doubt answer this rather crude test differently, and in any case it is not because they fail in precision that Mr. James's personages lose distinctness as their story, like all stories, fades from the recollection. They have a sharp enough outline, but they are not completely enough characterized.

Why? Why is it that when the American heroine of one of his stories, beautifully elaborated in detail, a perfect specimen of Dutch *intarsia*, kills herself because her English husband publishes a savage book about her country, we find ourselves perfectly unprepared for this *dénouement*? Why is it that with all the pains expended on the portrait of the extraordinary Mrs. Headway of *The Siege of London*, we never quite get *his* point of view, but are kept considering the social duty of the prig who passes his valuable time in observing her attempts at rehabilitation and — no doubt most justly — exposes her in the end? There is nothing to complain of in the result, the problem is worked out satisfactorily enough, but Mrs. Headway herself does not count for us, does not hang together, in the way in which Augier's *L'Aventurière* does, or even Dumas's *Baronne d'Ange*. It would be difficult, for example, and for this rea-

son, to make a play of *The Siege of London*.

The answer to this query, the explanation of this incompleteness of characterization in Mr. James's nevertheless very precise personages, consists, I think, in the fact that he rather pointedly neglects the province of the heart. This has been from the first the natural peril of the psychological novelist, the neglect of what in the Scripture view constitutes "the whole man," just as the neglect of the mind — which discriminates and defines personalities once constituted — was the defect of the psychological novelist's predecessor. But for Mr. James this peril has manifestly no terrors. The province of the heart seems to him, perhaps, so much to be taken for granted as to be on the whole rather negligible, so far as romantic exploitation is concerned.

Incidentally, one may ask, if all the finest things in the world are to be assumed, what is there left for exploitation? Matter for curiosity mainly — the curiosity which in Mr. James is so sharp and so fruitful. The realm of the affections is that which — *ex vi termini*, one may say — most engages and attaches. Are we to be interested in fiction without liking it? And are we to savor art without experiencing emotion? The fact that no one re-reads Mr. James means that his form, however adequate and effective, is not in itself agreeable. But it means still more that his "content" is not attaching. When Lockhart once made some remark to Scott about poets and novelists looking at life as mere material for art, the "veteran Chief of Letters" observed: "I fear you have some very young ideas in your head. We shall never learn to feel and respect our real calling, unless we have taught ourselves to consider everything as moonshine compared with the education of the heart." Is it possible that Mr. James's controlling idea is a "young one"? Is his undoubted originality, after all, the exploitation of what seemed to so wise a practitioner as Scott, "moonshine"? That would account, perhaps, for the

pallid light that often fills his canvas when his characters are grouped in a scene where "the human heart" — insight into which used to be deemed the standard of the novelist's excellence — has a part of any prominence to play. The voluntary abandonment by the novelist of such a field of interest as the province of the heart is witness, at all events, of an asceticism whose compensations ought in prudence to be thoroughly assured. Implied, understood — this domain! Very well, one may reply, but what a field of universal interest you neglect, what a rigorously puritanic sacrifice you make!

Thus to neglect the general field which the historic poets and romancers have so fruitfully cultivated results, however, in only a negative disadvantage, it may be contended, and Mr. James's psychology may be thought by many readers a fair compensation. It is certainly prodigiously well done. A writer with nothing more and nothing better to his credit than the group of stories assembled under the title *The Better Sort* has an indisputable claim to be considered a master, whatever one may think of the tenuity of his themes and the disproportionate attentiveness of their treatment. "It is *proprement dit*, but it is pale," he makes a supposititious Frenchman say of his romance, in his clever and suggestive *The Point of View*; and he frankly records his failure to interest Turgénieff in the fictions he used to send him from time to time. All the same, a new *genre* is a new *genre*, and as such it is idle to belittle Mr. James's, as readers too dull to seize its qualities sometimes impertinently and impatiently do. But specifically and positively a novelist's neglect of the province of the heart involves the disadvantage of necessarily incomplete portraiture.

A picture of human life without reference to the passions, the depiction of human character minus this preponderating constituent element of it, cannot but be limited and defective. The view that half-consciously regards the passions as either

titanic or vulgar, and therefore only pertinent as artistic material to either tragedy or journalism, is a curiously superficial one. The most controlled and systematized life, provided it illustrate any ideal-ity, is inspired by them as fully as the least directed and most irregular. The diminution of demonstrativeness under the influence of civilization is no measure of the diminution of feeling; and even if we feel less than our forefathers, our feeling is still the dominant element in us. Every one's consciousness attests this, that of the ascetic as well as that of the epicurean, that of the patrician and the brahmin as well as that of the peasant and the clown. Whether the drama of human life is of the soul or of the senses, it is equally real, universal, and the resultant of the passions. To assume that the modern man, whatever the degree of his complicated differentiation, is any more destitute of them than his autochthonous ancestor, is to leave out of consideration the controlling constituent of his nature and the mainspring of his action. All of these personages that people Mr. James's extraordinarily varied world must have them, and the circumstance that he rarely, if ever, tells us what they are, makes us feel our acquaintance with his personages to be partial and superficial. At times we can infer them, it is true. But every art, certainly not excepting the novelist's, needs all the aid it can get to make itself effective, and reliance on inference instead of statement results here in a very shadowy kind of substance.

Is it because of a certain coolness in Mr. James's own temperament that his report of human nature is thus incomplete? Does he make us weep — or laugh — so little because he is so unmoved himself, because he illustrates so imperturbably and fastidiously the converse of the Horatian maxim? Candidly speaking, perhaps we have no business to inquire. Whether it is due to his theory or to the temperament responsible for his theory, perhaps it is both pertinent and proper to rest in the indisputable fact that he

does leave us unmoved. After all, the main question is, does the fact have for us the compensations that evidently it has for him? Say that he deals so little with the emotions because preoccupation with them deflects and distracts from the business of presenting in all its force of singularization and relief, at whatever cost of completeness, the truths and traits of human nature that most interest him, that interest him so intensely. Say even, in other words, that to feel an emotional interest in his personages is for an author to incur the risk of a partiality inconsistent with artistic rectitude. Certainly it is impossible to be blind to this controlling rectitude in Mr. James, impossible to avoid recognizing — however easy we may suspect nature has made it for him — his unalterable fidelity to his main purpose in his fictions, which is to clothe and depict the idea he wishes to illustrate, whatever becomes of his people in the process. Say, too, that though sometimes, in consequence, these remain very much on the hither side of realization; though sometimes they are subjected to remorseless procrustean treatment; and though they never take possession of the scene themselves and tell or enact their own story, without, at any rate, our feeling that they rely largely on the subtlest of prompters, they nevertheless always strictly subserve the larger design of their creator. Grant all this. The salient fact remains that their creator is too much concerned with the laws of his universe, apparently, to assign them other than vicarious functions, or to take other than what is called an "intellectual" interest in them.

And this is an interest extremely difficult for an author to make his readers share. The reader is much more readily interested through his sympathies, and cannot be relied upon to attach to phenomena which exclude these the same importance which the writer who is exploiting them does. He will readily respond to the author who illustrates "What a piece of work is man!" and at the same

time imperfectly echo the enthusiasm of the artist who exclaims, "How beautiful a thing is this perspective!" Mr. James's enthusiasm, one may fancifully say, is for the perspective rather than for the substance of human nature, and even this, of course, in taking it from him, we are obliged to enjoy at one remove; so that, even supposing our pure curiosity to equal his, we can hardly be counted on to feel the same amount for his report of life as he feels for life itself. We need something of *him* to compensate for the inevitable loss of heat involved in the process of translation. And this he is extremely chary of giving us. What chiefly we perceive is his own curiosity.

Of this, indeed, we get, I think, a surfeit. Without more warmth than he either feels or will suffer himself to exhibit, it is difficult for him to communicate the zest he plainly takes in the particular material he in general exploits. It is too special, too occasional, too recondite, at times certainly too trivial, to stand on its own merits, aided merely by extraordinary but wholly unemotional cleverness of presentation. In fact, I think one may excusably go so far as to confess a certain antipathy to the degree in which the author exhibits this curiosity. Scrutiny so searching seems to exclude chivalry. *In the Cage*, for instance, is a wonderful study, but so persistent and penetrating as to appear positively pitiless. How many years ago was it that Arnold complained that curiosity, which had a good sense in French, had a bad one in English? For Mr. James it is not only not a defect, and not merely a quality, but a cardinal virtue. Balzac was certainly not a sentimentalist, yet Taine ascribes what he considers the superiority of Valérie Marneffe to Rebecca Sharp to the fact that Balzac "aime sa Valérie." Would it ever occur to any one to suspect that Mr. James "loved" any of his characters? Ralph Touchett, perhaps; but surely the extraordinary attention that almost all his later personages receive from him is not an affectionate interest, and, as I say, I think

the result is less completeness of presentment, less vigor of portraiture.

Perhaps his frequent practice of identifying himself with one of his characters by making him narrate the tale is in part responsible for this impression of extreme coolness in the narrator that we get from the book and unconsciously refer to the author. There are a number of his stories in which the fictitious narrator exhibits his cold-blooded curiosity with a naïve single-mindedness that awakens positive distaste. One winces at the scrutiny of defenseless personages practised by the narrators of *The Pension Beaurepas*,—a delightful sketch; of *Four Meetings*,—a masterpiece of satire and of pathos; of a dozen other tales in which some inhuman naturalist studies his spitted specimens. The most conspicuous instance of this is undoubtedly *The Sacred Fount*, which for this reason is a disagreeable as well as a mystifying book. The amount of prying, eavesdropping, "snooping," in that exasperating performance is prodigious, and the unconsciousness of indiscretion combined with its outrageousness gives one a very uncomfortable feeling,—a feeling, too, whose discomfort is aggravated by the insipidity of the fanciful phenomena which evoke in the narrator such a disproportionate interest. Perhaps this nosing curiosity is itself a trait of the "week-end" in England, and designed to be pilloried as such. No one can know. But in this case one may wish the point had been made plainer, even in a book where it is apparently the author's intention to make everything obscure.

There are, moreover, many stories by Mr. James in which this pathologic curiosity is manifested, not by the narrator,—for whom there is some artistic excuse,—but by one or more of the characters. *The Siege of London* is an example. From this story one might infer that the close observation of a squirming and suffering though doubtless highly reprehensible woman could really occupy the leisure of a scrupulous gentleman. Is it true that curiosity is a "passion" of our attenuated

modern life, — curiosity of this kind, I mean; the curiosity that feeds on the conduct and motives of one's fellows in whom one feels no other interest? It is at all events true that it is the one "passion" celebrated with any ample cordiality by Mr. James, whether or no to inquire if he shares it be to inquire "too curiously." He himself — whom nothing escapes that he does not exclude, one is sometimes tempted to think — has noted the characteristic. I wish I could put my hand on the passage — I am confident it is in one of his earlier works — in which he speaks of a certain indiscreet closeness of observation as a disagreeable trait of a certain order of Frenchman! But surely no French writer of distinction has ever shown it in such inadvertent profusion as Mr. James. Mr. James has carried the famous watchword, "disinterested curiosity" so far, in a word, that his curiosity is not merely impartial, but excessive. It is "disinterested" enough in the sense hitherto intended by the epithet, but in its own exercise it is ferociously egoistic. He is not merely detached; his detachment is enthusiastic. One may say he is ardently frigid. The result, I think, is the detachment of his readers; certainly the elimination from the field of interest of those characters and that part of every character which, too fundamental and general to reward mere curiosity, nevertheless constitute the most real, the most attaching, and the most substantial elements of human life.

VII

It is possibly owing in some degree to his dispassionateness that Mr. James passes popularly for preëminently the novelist of culture. A writer so refined and so detached is inferentially the product of letters as well as of life. Less than any other would it seem congruous to associate with him the notion of crudity in any of its aspects or degrees, the notion of non-conformity to the canon, recalcitrancy to the received. And certainly he

has neglected nothing of the best that has been thought and said in the world so far as his own art is concerned. He does not look at life through books; far from it. But with the books that illustrate the problem of how art should look at life he is thoroughly familiar. On the art and in the province of latter-day fiction, at any rate, there is certainly nothing he has not read — and perfectly assimilated. No writer in any department of literature can more distinctly leave the impression of acquaintance with the modern classics of his chosen field in all languages, and with all the commentaries on them. There is, besides, in his moral attitude, his turn of phrase, his absence of emphasis, his esoteric diction, his carelessness of communication, even, his air of *noblesse oblige*, his patrician fastidiousness and manifest contentment with justification by his own standards, in the wide range of his exclusions, and — above all — in his preference for dealing with high differentiation instead of the elementary and universal, — in all this there is clearly manifest the aristocratic conformity to the conclusions of culture and of the good taste which culture alone — even if only — can supply.

There is, however, this peculiarity about his culture, considered as an element of his equipment. It is very far from being with him, as it is sometimes assumed to be in the case of the literary or other artist, a handicap on his energy, his originality — an emasculating rather than an invigorating force. It has, on the contrary, been a stimulant as well as a guiding agent in his activity. But its singularity consists in the circumstance that, though unmistakably culture, it is culture of a highly specialized kind. Prominent as Mr. James's culture is, in a word, it is precisely the lack of background, the background that it is eminently the province of culture to supply, that is the conspicuous lack in his work considered as a whole, considered with reference to its permanent appeal, considered, in brief, as a contribution to literature. Is there any

other writer whose work, taken in the mass, is so considerable and marked by such extreme cleverness, so much insight, and so much real power, which is also so extremely dependent upon its own qualities and character and so little upon its relations and correspondences? It is so altogether of the present time, of the moment, that it seems almost an analogue of the current instantaneous photography. Behind it one feels the writer interested, not in Molière, but in Daudet, not in Fielding, but in Trollope, not in Dante, but in Théophile Gautier. He writes about "Le Capitaine Fracasse," not about "Don Quixote," about the "Comédie Humaine," not about the world of Shakespeare. This is treading on delicate ground, and where the end of culture is in any wise so conspicuously achieved as it is in Mr. James, it is perhaps impertinent to inquire as to his use of the means. But where a writer's work is so voluminous as his, as well as of such a high order, it is in the interest of definition to inquire why his evident culture betrays so little evidence of interest in the classics of literature or the course of history. It is very likely true that for the writer of modern fiction an acquaintance with *Salammbo* is of more instant pertinence than saturation with the *Divine Comedy*, that such an essay as Mr. James's on Maupassant — a very nearly perfect masterpiece — is more apposite than Lowell's — rather inadequate — paper on *Don Quixote*. I only point out that from the point of view of culture, his preoccupation with Du Maurier and Reinhart and Abbey and Stevenson and Miss Woolson indicates culture of an unusually contemporary kind. In mere point of time Mme. de Sabran is as far back as I remember his going. How exquisite his treatment of these more or less current themes has occasionally been I do not need to say, or repeat. If in the last analysis there is a tincture of "journalism" in this, it is journalism of a very high class, and perhaps anything nowadays without a trace of journalism is justly to be suspected

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of pedantry and pretension, qualities absolutely foreign to Mr. James's genius. They are wholly absent, too, in such "journalism" as his books of travel, — the *Little Tour in France*, which is curiously dependent upon "the excellent Mr. Murray" and derives from the "red-book" rather than from the library; and the *Portraits of Places* which, however abounding in penetration and *justesse*, — I recall some remarkable pages about Tintoretto, for example, — is too enamoured of the actual to think twice about its origins. But for a literary figure that seems and really is the antipodes of some of the prominent and by no means negligible apostles of crudity of the present day, it is plain that his rather exclusive interest in the literature of the present day is a peculiarity worth remark. The man is always more than the special province in which his talent is exercised, and Mr. James's culture is such that one does not associate him with such writers of fiction as Wilkie Collins, say, so much as with Arnold and Lowell and Browning and Tennyson and Thackeray and George Eliot and Bulwer. But beside any one of these, his culture seems quite modern and current in its substance and preoccupations.

It is not, however, merely paradoxical, and therefore noteworthy, that his culture should be at once so conspicuous and so apparently partial. The circumstance is particularly significant because it is particularly disadvantageous to his impressiveness as a writer of fiction. "L'artiste moderne," says Paul Bourget, "lequel se double toujours d'un critique et d'un érudit." The critic is conspicuous enough in Mr. James, but one cannot help thinking that precisely his kind of fiction would be more effective if he were more evidently *érudit*. For example, a writer interested in the *Antigone*, and imbued with the spirit of its succession, would naturally and instinctively be less absorbed in what Maisie knew, — to mention what is certainly a very remarkable, but what is also, by the very perfection of

its execution, shown to be a fantastic book, except on the supposition that whatever is, is important. Saturation with contemporary *belles lettres* will no doubt suffice an artist whose talent, like that of Mr. James, is of the first class, for the production of delightful works, but to produce works for the pantheon of the world's masterpieces without a more or less constant — even if subconscious — reference to the figures already on their august pedestals, fringes the chimerical. One could wish the representative American novelist to be less interested in inventing a new game of fiction than in figuring as the "heir of all the ages." For lovers of "the last new book," Mr. James's is no doubt the most important. But why should it not be an "event" — such as one of Thackeray's or George Eliot's used to be? It is certainly not because his talent is inferior; is it because his culture is limited, as well as because, as I have already said, his art is as theoretic as his philosophy of life is obscure?

To take the particular instance of *The Awkward Age*, which may be called Mr. James's masterpiece, — at least among the later novels. I cannot better explain what I have in mind in speaking of his peculiar kind of culture than by saying that *The Awkward Age* strikes one as a little like Lilliput without Gulliver. One has only to imagine what Swift's picture of that interesting kingdom would be if the figure that lends it its significance were left out of it. Its significance, of course, depends wholly on the sense of contrast, the play of proportion. So does the significance of the corresponding Brobdingnag. And not at all exclusively in an artistic sense, it is to be borne in mind, but in a literary and human one. If the futilities and *niaiseries* of *The Awkward Age*, instead of being idealized by the main strength of imputed importance, were depicted from a standpoint perhaps even less artistically detached, but more removed in spirit by knowledge of and interest in the sociology of the human species previous to its latest illustration by a

wretched little clique of negligible Londoners, the negligibility of these *dramatis personæ* would be far more forcefully felt. It would constitute a thesis. As it is, the thesis apparently of an extraordinary number of pages is that a girl freely brought up may turn out a better girl than one claustally reared. Of course this is not really all. There is a corollary — a coda: the former does not get married and the latter does. And there is a still further moral to be drawn by those expert in nuances of the kind. But one feels like asking brutally, in the name of literature, if this order of it is worth while, is worth the lavish expenditure of the best literary talent we have. If it is, there is nothing more to be said. But it can only be considered worth while by the amateur of novelty, and must seem attenuated from the standpoint of culture.

It is not a matter of realism. Fielding was a realist, if ever there was one. But is it likely that without his classical culture such a realist as Fielding, even, would have depicted figures of such commanding importance and universal interest as those with which his novels are peopled? Can one fancy Gibbon praising with the same elaborate enthusiasm that he expressed for *Tom Jones* the "exquisite picture of human life and manners" provided by *The Awkward Age* or *The Other House*, — supremely clever as is the art of these books and their fellows? Nor is it a question of art. Mr. Meredith, for example, is not a realist like Mr. James, but his art constantly suggests that of the younger writer. Yet it differs from Mr. James's not more in its preoccupations — with the fanciful, that is to say, rather than the real — than in its whole attitude, which, in spite of its absence of pedantry and close correspondence to the matter in hand, is obviously, markedly, the attitude of culture, the attitude of not being absorbed by, swamped in, the importance of the matter in hand, but of treating it at least enough at arm's length to avoid exaggerating its importance. He leaves the impression of a certain lack of seriousness.

He has the air of the dilettante; which, to my sense, Mr. James never has. But he also leaves the impression, and has the air inseparably connected with what is understood by culture. In art of any kind at the present time, it is well known that culture is not overvalued. It is quite generally imagined that we should gain rather than lose, for instance, by having Raphael without the Church and Rembrandt without the Bible. But the special art of fiction has not yet been emancipated to this implied extent, because the general life of humanity, of which this art is *ex hypothesi* a picture, is felt to have a unity superior in interest and importance to any of its variations.

Too great an interest in the history, as well as in the present status, of mankind, therefore, can hardly be exacted of the creator of a mimic world, I will not say of Mr. James's pretensions, for he makes none, but of his powers, of which in justice too much cannot be exacted. A novelist in whom the historic sense is lacking is, one would say, particularly liable to lack also that sense of proportion which alone can secure the right emphasis and accent in his pictures of contemporary life — if they are to have any reach and compass of significance, if they are to rise very far above the plane of art for art's sake. From the point of view of culture as a factor in a novelist's production, it may be said, surely, that no one knows his own time who knows only it. Any conspectus of the sociology of the present day, in other words, that neglects its aspect as an evolution, neglects also its meaning. The life of the present day can no more be satisfactorily represented and interpreted in isolation in fiction than in history or sociology. To record its facts, even its subtlest and most recondite facts, those that have hitherto been neglected by more cursory observers, without at the same time admeasuring them, in however indirect and unconscious fashion, by reference to previous stages of the evolution, or at least the succession, to which the life of the present day belongs is, mea-

surably, to lose sight of their meaning, of the reason for recording them. As Buckle said, very acutely, any one who thinks a fact valuable in itself may be a good judge of facts, but cannot be of value. And it is hardly too much to say that this is how Mr. James impresses us in his recent studies of English society, the studies that, taken in the mass, constitute the bulk, as in some respects they do the flower, of his work. He is an excellent judge of the phenomena — the sharp-eyed and penetrating critic for whom, in a sense, perhaps, this extraordinary and extraordinarily inept society has in fancied security unwittingly been waiting. But of their value he seems to be no judge at all. If his culture included such development of the historic sense as would present to his indirect vision the analogues of other civilizations, other societies, other *milieux*, he could hardly avoid placing as well as fixing his phenomena. And this would, I think, give an altogether different aspect and value to his work.

In illustration, I may refer to a portion — the most interesting, and, I am inclined to think, the most important though not perhaps the most "wonderful" portion — of this work itself. There was a time when Mr. James did things with obvious zest, with a freedom that excluded the notion of the theoretic; when he communicated pleasure by first feeling it himself; when, therefore, there was a strong personal note in what he wrote, and he did not alienate by his aloofness; when, indeed, one could perceive and enjoy a strain of positive gayety in his compositions. Has any reader of his, I wonder, any doubt as to the period I have in mind? I refer to the period of his studies in contemporary sociology, so to speak, the years when the contrast between America and Europe preoccupied him so delightfully. Then he produced "documents" of real value and of striking vitality. He had the field all to himself, and worked it to his own distinct profit and that of his readers. Then he portrayed types and drew out their suggestiveness.

His characters were not only real, but representative. He provided material not only for the keenest enjoyment, but for reflection. His scientific curiosity resulted in something eminently worth while, something in which he excelled so notably as virtually to seem, if indeed he was not literally, the originator of a new and most engaging *genre* of romance,—to be, one may say, the Bopp of the comparative method as applied to fiction.

The literature that he produced at this period owes its superiority to his current product in general import and interest, I think, precisely to this factor of culture on which he now places so little reliance. It was inspired and penetrated with the spirit of cosmopolitanism, that is to say, culture in which the contemporary is substituted for the more universal element, and, if it does not quite make up in vividness for what it lacks in breadth, certainly performs the similar inestimable service of providing a standard that establishes the relative value and interest of the material directly dealt with. Out of his familiarity with contemporary society in America, England, France, and Italy, grew a series of novels and tales that were full of vigor, piquancy, truth, and significance. The play of the characters against contrasting backgrounds was most varied and interesting. The contrasts of points of view, of conventions and ideas, of customs and traditions, gave a richness of texture to the web of his fiction which, since it has lacked these, it has disadvantageously lost. His return to the cosmopolitan *motif* in *The Ambassadors* and (measurably) in *The Golden Bowl* is accordingly a welcome one, and would be still more welcome if the development of this *motif* were not now incrustated and obscured with mannerisms of presentation accreted in the pursuit of what no doubt seems to the author a "closer correspondence with life," but what certainly seems to the reader a more restricted order of art,—an art, at any rate, so largely dependent on scrutiny as perforce to dispense with the significance to

be expected only of the culture it suggests, but does not illustrate. It is a part of Mr. James's distinction that he gives us so much as to make us wish for more, that he entertains us on so high a plane that we ask to be conducted still higher, and that his penetration reveals to us such wonders in the particular *locale*, that we call upon him to show us "the kingdoms of the earth."

VIII

We could readily forego anything that he lacks, however, if he would demolish for us the *chevaux-de-frise* of his later style. In early days his style was eminently clear, and at the same time wholly adequate, but in the course of years it has become an exceedingly complicated vehicle. Its complexity is probably quite voluntary. Indeed, like his whole attitude, it is even theoretic. It images, no doubt, the multifariousness of its substance, of which it follows the nuances and subtleties, and with its parentheses and afterthoughts and qualifications, its hints and hesitations, its indirection and innuendo, pursues the devious and haphazard development of the drama of life itself. It is thoroughly alive and sincere. It has mannerisms, but no affectations. One gets tired of the frequent recurrence of certain favorite words and locutions, but the author's fondness for them is always genuine. Least of all are they perfunctory, any more than is any other manifestation of Mr. James's intellectual activity. His vocabulary is remarkable, both in range and in intimate felicity; and it is the academic vocabulary, rendered vigorous by accents of raciness now and then, the acme of literary breeding, without, however, a trace of bookish aridity. He is less desultory than almost any writer of anything like his voluminousness. His scrupulous care involves often quite needless precautions, as if the reader were watching for a slip,— "like a terrier at a rat-hole," a sufferer from his superfluous concessions once impatiently observed. But his pre-

cision involves no strain. His style in general shows no effort, though it ought to be said that, on the other hand, it also shows no restraint. It is tremendously personal in its pointed neglect of conformity to any ideal of what, as style, it should be. It avoids thus most conspicuously the hackneyed traits of rhetorical excellence. And certainly the pursuit of technical perfection may easily be too explicit, too systematic. Correctness is perhaps the stupidest way of achieving artificiality. But a writer of Mr. James's rhetorical fertility, combined with his distinction in the matter of taste, need have no fear of incurring artificiality in deferring to the more elementary requirements of the rhetorical canon.

He has, however, chosen to be an original writer in a way that precludes him from being, as a writer, a great one. Just as his theory of art prevents his more important fiction from being a rounded and synthetic image of life seen from a certain centralizing point of view, and makes of it an essay at conveying the sense and illusion of life by following, instead of focusing, its phenomena, so his theory of style prevents him from creating a texture of expression with any independent interest of its own. The interest of his expression consists solely in its correspondence to the character of what it endeavors to express. So concentrated upon this end is he that he very rarely gives scope to the talent for beautiful and effective expression which occasional lapses from his rigorous practice show him to possess in a distinguished degree. There are entire volumes of his writings that do not contain a sentence like, for example, this from a brief essay on Hawthorne: "His beautiful and light imagination is the wing that on the autumn evening just brushes the dusky pane." Of a writer who has this touch, this capacity, in his equipment, it is justifiable to lament that his theory of art has so largely prevented his exercise of it. The fact that his practice has not atrophied the faculty — clear enough from a rare but perfect exhibition

of it from time to time — only increases our regret. We do not ask of Mr. James's fastidiousness the purple patch of poetic prose, any more than we expect from him any kind of mediocrity whatever. But when a writer, who shows us unmistakably now and then that he could give us frequent equivalents of such episodes as the death of Ralph Touchett, rigorously refrains through a long series of admirable books from producing anything of greater extent than a sentence or a paragraph that can be called classic, that has the classic "note," we may, I think, legitimately complain that his theory of art is exasperatingly exacting.

And of what may be called the strategy, in distinction from the tactics, of style he is quite as pointedly negligent. The elements of combination, distribution, climax, the whole larger organization and articulation of literary presentment, are dissembled, if not disdained. Even if it be possible to secure a greater sense of life by eliminating the sense of art in the general treatment of a fiction, — which is certainly carrying the theory of *ars celare artem* very far (the first word in the aphorism having hitherto stood for "art," and the last for "artifice"), — even if in attitude and construction, that is to say, the amount of life in Mr. James's books atones for the absence of the visible, sensible, satisfying element of art as art, it is nevertheless clear that in style as such there is nothing whatever that can atone for the absence of art. Skill is an insufficient substitute; it is science, not art, that is the adaptation of means to ends. And upon skill Mr. James places his whole reliance.

He is, of course, supremely skillful. His invention, for example, which has almost the force and value of the creative imagination, appears in particularly exhaustless variety in the introductions of his short stories. Each one is a study in exordiums, as skillful as Cicero's. And the way in which the narrative proceeds, the characters are introduced, and the incidents succeed one another, is most atten-

tively considered. But no amount of skill and care compensate for the loss of integumental interest in the handling, the technic, the style, that is involved in a subordination of style to content so complete as positively to seem designed to flout the traditional convention which makes the interpenetration of the two the ideal. Such an ideal is perhaps a little too obvious for Mr. James, who is as uninterested in "the obvious" as he is unconcerned about "the sublime," of which, according to a time-honored theory, the obvious is a necessary constituent.

The loss of interest involved in obscurity is, to begin with, enormous. Such elaborate care as that of Mr. James should at least secure clearness. But with all his scrupulousness, clearness never seems to be an object of his care. At least, this is true of his later work. In his earlier, his clearness was so conspicuous as almost to suggest limitation. There are extremely flat-footed things to be encountered in it now and then — as, for example, his reprehension of the trivial in Hawthorne, the "parochial" in Thoreau. But since his later, his preponderant, and what we must consider his true, manner has been established, no one needs to be reminded that obscurity has been one of its main traits. His concern is to be precise, not to be clear. He follows his thought with the most intimate exactness — no doubt — in its subtle sinuosities, into its complicated connotations, unto its utmost attenuations; but it is often so elusive, so *insaisissable* — by others than himself — that he may perfectly express without in the least communicating it. Yet the very texture of his obscurity is composed of incontestable evidences that he is a master of expression. The reader's pleasure becomes a task, and his task the torture of Tantalus.

It is simply marvelous that such copiousness can be so elliptical. It is usually in greater condensation — such as Emerson's — that we miss the connectives. The fact attests the remarkable fullness of his intellectual operations, but such

plenitude imposes the necessity of restraint in direct proportion to the unusual extent and complexity of its material. "Simplification" is a favorite word with Mr. James, but he himself never simplifies for our benefit. Beyond question, he does for his own. He has clearly preliminarily mastered his complicated theme in its centrality; he indisputably sits in the centre of the web in whose fine-spun meshes his readers are entangled. If in reading one of his fictions you are conscious of being in a maze, you know that there is an issue if you are but clever enough to find it. Mr. James gives you no help. He flatters you by assuming that you are sufficiently clever. His work, he seems to say, is done when he has constructed his labyrinth in emulating correspondence with the complexity of his model life, and at the same time furnished a potentially discoverable clue to it. There are readers who find the clue, it is not to be doubted, and follow it in all its serpentine wanderings, though they seem to do so in virtue of a special sense — the sense, it might be called, of understandingly savoring Mr. Henry James. But its possessors are marked individuals in every one's acquaintance; and it need not be said that they are exceptionally clever people. There are others, the mystically inclined, and therefore perhaps more numerous, who divine the significance that is hidden from the wise and prudent. But to the majority of intelligent and cultivated readers, whose appreciation constitutes fame, the great mass of his later writing is of a difficulty to conquer which requires an amount of effort disproportionate to the sense of assured reward.

Are the masterpieces of the future to be written in this fashion? If they are, they will differ signally from the masterpieces of the past in the substitution of a highly idiosyncratic *manner* for the hitherto essential element of *style*; and in consequence they will require a second reading, not, as heretofore, for the discovery of "new beauties," or the savoring again of

old ones, but to be understood at all. In which case, one may surmise, they will have to be very well worth while. It can hardly be hoped that they will be as well worth while as those of Mr. James, and the chances are, accordingly, that he will occupy the very nearly unique niche in the history of fiction — hard by that of Mr. Meredith, perhaps — of being the last as well as the first of his line. He has

a host of imitators, it is true; he has, in a way, founded a school, but as yet certainly this has produced no masterpieces. Has he himself? If so, they are, at all events, not unmistakably of the scale and on the plane suggested by his unmistakable powers, — powers that make it impossible to measure him otherwise than by the standards of the really great novelists and of the masters of English prose.

GRIEVE NOT, LADIES

BY ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH

OH grieve not, Ladies, if at night
You wake to feel your beauty going;
It was a web of frail delight,
Inconstant as an April snowing.

In other eyes, in other lands,
In deep fair pools new beauty lingers;
But like spent water in your hands
It runs from your reluctant fingers.

You shall not keep the singing lark
That owes to earlier skies its duty.
Weep not to hear along the dark
The sound of your departing beauty.

The fine and anguished ear of night
Is tuned to hear the smallest sorrow:
Oh, wait until the morning light!
It may not seem so gone to-morrow.

But honey-pale and rosy-red!
Brief lights that made a little shining!
Beautiful looks about us shed —
They leave us to the old repining.

Think not the watchful, dim despair
Has come to you the first, sweet-hearted!
For oh, the gold in Helen's hair!
And how she cried when that departed!

Perhaps that one that took the most,
The swiftest borrower, wildest spender,

May count, as we would not, the cost —
And grow more true to us and tender.

Happy are we if in his eyes
We see no shadow of forgetting.
Nay — if our star sinks in those skies
We shall not wholly see its setting.

Then let us laugh as do the brooks,
That such immortal youth is ours,
If memory keeps for them our looks
As fresh as are the springtime flowers

So grieve not, Ladies, if at night
You wake to feel the cold December;
Rather recall the early light,
And in your loved one's arms, remember.

THE WARFARE OF HUMANITY WITH UNREASON¹

CHRISTIAN THOMASIUS

I

BY ANDREW D. WHITE

THE year 1688 is memorable for two revolutions: one in England, the other in Germany. In England a conspiracy of statesmen — partly patriotic, partly rascally — dethroned the last of the Stuarts. In Germany a young Leipsic professor began giving his lectures, — not in Latin, but in German.²

Each of the revolutions thus begun ended a great evil phase of history which had lasted during centuries; each began a better phase which lasts to - day. A very plausible argument might be made to show that of these two revolutions the

act of the German professor was really the more important. For if the work of William of Orange and his partisans was to destroy Stuartism, with all its lying kingcraft, and to set in motion causes which have directly developed the constitutionalism of England, of the United States, and of so many other modern nations, the work of this young professor and his disciples was to dethrone the heavy Protestant orthodoxy which had nearly smothered German patriotism, to undermine the pedantry which had paralyzed German scholarship, to substitute thought for formulas, to bring the principles of natural right to bear upon international and general law, to discredit religious intolerance, to root out witchcraft persecutions and procedure by torture from all modern codes, and to begin that emancipation of public, and especially of uni-

¹ The first of this series, a sketch of the life of Paolo Sarpi, was printed in the *Atlantic Monthly* for January and February, 1904, and the second, on Hugo Grotius, in December, 1904, and January, 1905.

² The date 1687 is given by Wagner, but Luden, Klemperer, Biedermann, and others give 1688.

versity, instruction from theological control, which has given such strength to Germany, and which, to-day, is rapidly making its way in all other lands, including our own.

That we may understand this work, let us look rapidly along the century and a half which had worn on since the time of Luther and Melanchthon.

Even before Melanchthon sank into his grave, he was dismayed at seeing Lutheranism stiffen into dogmas and formulas, and heartbroken at a persecution by Protestants, even more bitter than anything he had ever experienced from Catholics.¹

Luther had, indeed, been at times intolerant; but his intolerance toward Carlstadt was simply the irritation of a strong man at nagging follies, the impatience of a sensible father with a child who persists in playing with firebrands. Far worse was his intolerance toward Zwingli. That remains the one blot on his great career, — and a dark blot; — yet, with all this, he was, in breadth and fairness of mind, far beyond his age. But the theologians who took up the work which the first reformers had laid down soon came to consider intolerance as a main evidence of spiritual life: ere-long they were using all their powers in crushing every germ of new thought. Their theory was, simply, that the world had now reached its climax; that the religion of Luther was the final word of God to man; that everything depended upon keeping it absolutely pure; — men might comment upon it in hundreds of lecture-rooms and in thousands of volumes; but — change it in the slightest particle — never.

And in order that it might never be changed, it was petrified into rituals and creeds and catechisms and statements, and above all, in 1579, into the "For-

mula of Concord," which, as more than one thoughtful man has since declared, turned out to be a "formula of discord."

For ten years the strong men of the Lutheran church labored to make this creed absolutely complete; strove to clamp and bind it as with bonds of steel; to exclude from it every broad idea that had arisen in the great heart and mind of Melanchthon; to rivet every joint, so that the atmosphere of outside thought might never enter. At last, then, in 1579, after ten years of work, the structure was perfect. Henceforth, until the last day, there was to be no change.

But, like all such attempts, it came to naught. The hated sister sect grew all the more lustily. When the "Formula of Concord" was made, Calvinism was comparatively an obscure body in Protestant Germany, but within a generation it was dominant in at least one quarter of the whole nation, and had taken full possession of the great German state of the future, — the Electorate of Brandenburg.²

The result, then, of all this labor was that the Protestants quarreled more savagely than ever; that while they were thus quarreling Protestantism lost its hold upon Germany; that Roman Catholicism, no longer dull and heavy, but shrewd, quick, and aggressive, — with the Jesuits as its spiritual army and Peter Canisius as its determined head, — pushed into the territory of its enemies, reconverted great numbers of German rulers and leaders of thought who were disgusted at the perpetual quarreling in the Protestant body; availed itself skillfully of Protestant dissensions, and waged the Thirty Years' War; thus bringing back to the old faith millions of Germans who had once been brought under the new.

Yet, even after these results were fully revealed, and despite most earnest utterances in favor of concord, by many true men, clerical and lay, a great body of conscientious ecclesiastics continued to

¹ For a most eloquent reference to Melanchthon's last struggle with Lutheran bigotry and fanaticism, see A. Harnack, Address before the University of Berlin, 1897, pp. 16, and following.

² See Biedermann, *Deutschland im Achtzehnten Jahrhundert*, vol. ii, pp. 291 et seq.

devote themselves to making the breach between Lutherans and Calvinists ever wider and deeper. Various leading theologians gave all their efforts to building up vast fabrics of fanaticism and hurling epithets at all other builders. Their bitterness was beyond belief. Just before the beginning of the Thirty Years' War, Paræus, a Calvinistic divine of great abilities and deeply Christian spirit, proposed that Lutherans and Calvinists unite in celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the Reformation. Both sides denounced him. The leaders at the Lutheran universities of Tübingen and Wittenberg united in declaring the scheme "a poisonous seduction into hell."

Still later, when the terrible Thirty Years' War was showing the results of Protestant bigotry and want of unity, leading court preachers of Saxony thundered from the pulpit the words: "To unite with Calvinists is against God and Conscience, and nothing less than to do homage to the founder of the Calvinistic monstrosity, Satan himself."¹

When Tilly began the siege of Magdeburg, which ended in the most fearful carnival of outrage and murder the world had seen since the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, efforts to relieve it were cruelly hindered by these same Protestant dissensions. At about the same time, the period when peasants began to declare their doubts of the existence of a God who could permit such terrible evils as were brought upon them by the Thirty Years' War, the magistrate, at a religious debate in Thorn, having forbidden blackguardism and calling of names and hurling of epithets from the pulpit, the eminent Calovius, with two other Lutheran divines, protested so vigorously that the order was revoked. And when the evil consequences of discord had been stamped into men's minds even more deeply, and various statesmen and even ecclesiastics sought to promote more kindly views, John Heintzelmann, Rector of

the Berlin Gymnasium, declared, "Who-soever belongs to the Calvinistic Church is accursed."

All attempts by wise men to put an end to this scandal seemed utterly in vain. The Great Elector of Brandenburg having published a decree exhorting all the clergy, both Lutheran and Calvinistic, to keep the peace, Paul Gerhard, of the great Nicolai Kirche in Berlin, a gentle and deeply religious soul, whose hymns Christians are singing to-day in all lands, declared that he could not conscientiously obey; that he could not consider Calvinists his brother Christians. Against this decree of the Elector sundry clergy appealed to the theological faculties of Helmstadt, Jena, Wittenberg, and Leipsic, and to the clergy of Hamburg and Nürnberg, to know whether the order of the Elector was to be obeyed; and all, or very nearly all, these bodies answered, "No; ye are to obey God rather than man." The University of Wittenberg went a step farther, and showed that while the duty of Calvinists was to tolerate Lutheranism, the duty of Lutherans was to persecute Calvinism, because, it was insisted, "the Lutherans can prove Calvinism to be false."²

The greatest Protestant theologian of the seventeenth century, George Kalixt, exerted himself for peace; and on him was fastened the epithet "Syncretist." The meaning of this terrible word was, virtually, peacemaker; but when repeated in the ears of the people, it aroused as much horror and brought as much persecution as the epithet "atheist" would have done.

And Spener came, — seeking to revive devotion in the church. He urged Christianity as a life and not a repetition of formulas; his personal creed was "orthodox" in every particular, his life was saintly, his words wrought as a charm on multitudes to make them more true and

¹ See Biedermann, *Deutschland im Achtzehnten Jahrhundert*, vol. ii, pp. 291 et seq.

² See Biedermann, *Ibid.* vol. ii, p. 272; also citations from Hagenbach, Ranke, and others, in Klemperer, *Christian Thomasius*. Landsberg. 1877.

noble, — all to no purpose. He was driven by the ecclesiastical authorities out of pulpit after pulpit, and his own goodness and the goodness produced in his disciples were held by his clerical superiors to increase his sin. August Hermann Francke began the career which resulted in the creation of the most magnificent charity ever established by a German Protestant, — the Orphan House at Halle; but for years he was driven from post to post for his lack of fanatical zeal. Generation after generation raised men who labored in vain for peace: they were simply denounced as shallow, impious, and the epithet "Syncretist" was hurled at them as a deadly missile. The greatest German philosopher of the century, Leibnitz, attempted to find some common ground, and was declared to be "worse than an atheist."

Hardly better was it in science and literature. The universities were fettered by theological clamps. Professors, instructors — even fencing masters and dancing masters — were obliged to take oath to believe and support the required creed in all its niceties. Galileo's announcements were received by the ruling Protestant ecclesiastics with distrust and even hostility. When Kepler began to publish his discoveries, a Stuttgart Consistory, of September, 1612, warned him "to tame his too penetrating nature, and to regulate himself, in all his discoveries, in accordance with God's word and the Testament and Church of the Lord, and not to trouble them with his unnecessary subtleties, scruples, and glosses." The standing still of the sun for Joshua was used against Galileo by the Protestant authorities in Germany, as it was used against him by the Inquisition at Rome. The letter of the Reformation Fathers was everything; their real spirit nothing.¹

Another crushing weight upon science and literature was the dominant pedantry. The great thing was to write commentaries upon old thought, and dili-

gently to suppress new thought. The only language of learned lectures was a debased Latin. During the seventeenth century pedantry became a disease in every country. In England a pedant sat on the throne, and Walter Scott has mirrored him in the *Fortunes of Nigel*. In Italy and Spain the same tendency prevailed: the world now looks back upon it, sometimes with abhorrence, sometimes with contempt, as pictured in both countries by Manzoni in the *Promessi Sposi*. In the American colonies it injured all thinkers, and two of the greatest — the Mathers — it crippled. In France there was resistance. Montaigne had undermined it, and it was the constant theme of his brightest wit; La Bruyère presented it in some of his most admirably drawn pictures; Molière, who had occasion to know and hate it, held it up to lasting ridicule in the *Mariage Forcé*.

But, bad as that seventeenth-century pedantry was, in France, England, Italy, and Spain, each of these countries had a literature of which thinking men could be proud, and a language in which its most learned men were glad to write. Not so in Germany. The language of learned Germans had become mainly a jargon; their learning owlish; their principal business disputation.

The same spirit was seen in the whole political and civil administration. The Thirty Years' War had left the country in a fearful state; the population of great districts had been nearly rooted out; powerful cities had been reduced to a third of their former population; wealthy provinces had been brought to utter poverty. Then, if ever, the country needed good laws and a wise administration. But nothing could be worse than the system prevailing. In its every department pedantry and superstition were mingled in very nearly equal proportions; everywhere was persecution; everywhere trials for witchcraft; everywhere criminal procedure by torture, though the futility of torture had been demonstrated nearly two thousand years before.

¹ See citations in Klemperer, pp. 4 *et seq.*

The lower orders of society had been left by the war in a state of barbarism, and the leaders of the church, while struggling with one another on points of dogma, found little if any time to instruct their flocks in anything save antiquated catechisms.

Into such a world, in 1655, was born Christian Thomasius. The son of a professor at the University of Leipsic, his early studies, under his father's direction, comprised nearly all the sciences then taught at that centre of learning; but he finally settled upon the law as his profession, and after having done thorough work both in study and practice, he began lecturing at the University where his father had lectured before him, and mainly upon the same subject, — the principles of law.

In order to understand the work which Thomasius thus began, we must review briefly the development of International Law during the period immediately preceding the time when he gave himself to it.

As we go on through that period, matters seem at their worst. Such actions as those of Julius II, releasing Ferdinand of Spain from his treaty with France; of Clement V, allowing the King of France to break an inconvenient oath, and violate a solemn treaty; of Pius V, destroying the sanctity of treaties in order to revive civil war in France, had seemed to tear out the very roots of International Law. But, bad as these acts were, they were followed by worse. The Conduct of Innocent X, denouncing the Treaty of Westphalia and absolving its signers from their oaths, thus seeking to perpetuate the frightful religious wars which had devastated Germany for thirty and the Netherlands for seventy years; this and a host of similar examples, Protestant as well as Catholic, seemed to fasten that old monstrous system upon the world forever. So far as nations had any views regarding their reciprocal duties, these were most practically expressed in Machiavelli's *Prince*, the gospel of state scoundrelism. All was

a seething cauldron of partisan hostilities, personal hatreds, and vile ambitions, scoundrelism coming to the surface more evidently than all else.¹

But under this cloud of wretchedness an evolution of better thought had been going on. Amid the mass of venal advocates and dry pettifoggers had arisen jurists, men who sought to improve municipal and international law; and in 1609 came, as we have seen in an earlier study in this series, the first work of Hugo Grotius, — his *Mare Liberum*. Finally, in 1625, amid all the atrocities of the Thirty Years' War, he published at Paris his great work, the *De Jure Belli ac Pacis*. It was the foundation of modern thought in that splendid province. It confronted the unreason of the world with a vast array of the noblest utterances of all times; it enforced these with genius; it welded the whole mass of earlier ideas, thus enforced, into his own thought, and put into the hands of those who followed him a mighty weapon against the follies of rulers and the cruelties of war.

We have seen that the fundamental thought of Grotius thus fully developed was that International Law has a twofold basis: first, "Natural Law," — the moral commands of God to the human family as discerned by right reason; secondly, "Positive Law," — the law which results from the actual agreements and enactments of nations.

As between these two divisions, his clear tendency was to give supremacy to Natural Law — that derived from the thought of God imparted to the moral nature of man — and to bring Positive Law more and more into conformity with this.

The first eminent apostle of Grotius was Pufendorf, who, in 1672, published

¹ For Innocent X and the Treaty of Westphalia, see Gieseler, *Kirchengeschichte*, translated by H. B. Smith, vol. iv, p. 239, where citation from original sources is made. For previous cases mentioned, see Laurent, *Études sur l'Histoire de l'Humanité*, vol. x, *passim*. For additional and more complete citations, see the preceding articles on Grotius.

his *De Jure Naturæ et Gentium*, laying stress, as Grotius had done, upon the revelation of right reason in various ways and at various periods. He was at once confronted, as Grotius had been, by a large part of the clergy. At that period International Law, and indeed all law, was kept well in hand by theology, and theology discovered in the views of these new thinkers a certain something which weakened sundry supposed foundations of law, as laid down in our sacred books.

Was any attempt made to mitigate the horrors of war, the Old Testament was cited to show that the Almighty commanded the Jews, in their wars, to be cruel. Was any attempt made to mitigate persecution for difference in belief, the New Testament was opened at the texts, "Compel them to enter in," and "I came not to send peace, but a sword." Was any attempt made to loosen the shackles of serfs, both the Old and New Testaments were opened to show that slavery was of divine sanction. Was any attempt made to stop witchcraft trials, which during a century continued destroying at the rate of a thousand innocent persons in Germany every year, an appeal was made to the text, "Ye shall not suffer a witch to live," in the Old Testament, and to the casting out of devils in the New. Was an attempt made to abolish torture, the eminently orthodox Carpzov and his compeers cited David's dealings with the children of Ammon.

The teachings of Grotius and Pufendorf cut to the heart of all this: and therefore, as the work of Grotius had been placed upon the Index by Catholics, the works of Pufendorf were put under the ban by a large body of Protestants.

Into the war thus begun, Thomasius, faithful to the teachings of his father, entered heartily by lecturing against Grotius and Pufendorf. He himself tells us, later, that he did not at first separate the questions of legal philosophy from those of theology; that, in his judgment at that early period, to doubt the principles laid down by theologians was to risk damna-

tion; that, so great was his trust in the authority of so many excellent men, that he would have exposed himself to the charge of ignorance sooner than to the slightest suspicion of separating himself from the dominant teaching.¹

But there came in his thinking a great change. With that impartiality which is one of the rarest virtues in strong men, he studied carefully the work of his adversary and was converted by him; and, having been converted, felt it a duty to be even more earnest in supporting than he had previously been in opposing him. More than this, he thereby learned the great lesson of relying upon his own powers. He declares, "I now saw that any being gifted by God with reason sins against the goodness of his Creator when he allows himself to be led like an ox by any other human being;" and he adds: "I determined to shut my eyes against the brightness of human authority, and to give no more thought to the question, *who* supports any doctrine, but simply *to the grounds on which it is supported*."

¹ See Biedermann, *Deutschland im Achtzehnten Jahrhundert*, vol. ii, p. 349, Leipzig, 1880. For statements of the relative position of Grotius, Pufendorf, and Thomasius, see Heffter, *Droit International*, troisième édition, 1875, par. 10; also Phillimore, *Commentaries on International Law*, 2d edition, London, 1871, p. 50; also Wheaton, *Elements of International Law*, Introduction; Woolsey, *International Law*, Introduction, and Appendix I. For extended and interesting accounts of the historical development, see Wheaton, *Histoire du Progrès du Droit des Gens*, Introduction and first chapters. And for a close discussion of the main points involved, see Franke, *Reformateurs et Publicistes de l'Europe, Dix-septième Siècle*, Paris, 1881, chap. iii. For excellent brief summaries, see Walker, *History of the Laws of Nations*, Cambridge (England), 1899, vol. i, pp. 162-334, and D. J. Hill, Introduction to Campbell's Translation of the *De Jure Belli ac Pacis*, Washington, 1901. For the interesting personal relations which were developed between Pufendorf and Thomasius, see Gigas, *Briefe Pufendorfs und Thomasius*, Leipzig, 1897; this work contains thirty-four letters hitherto unpublished, lately discovered in the Royal Library at Copenhagen, only five others having been previously known.

The earlier views of the young instructor had been well received; but as he developed these later ideas his audiences became alarmed, and "before long," he tells us, "I was left alone in my lecture-room with my Grotius."

Yet not discouraged. Having given two years to study, thought, and travel, he began again, and now drew large audiences. The inert mass of German law began, under his hands, to throb with a new life.

At first his zeal and ability carried all before him; and, despite the grumblings of his opponents, he was in 1685 admitted to membership in the learned society which edited the literary journal of the University, — the *Acta Eruditorum*.

But matters became speedily worse for him. The young instructor's facility in lecturing and publishing was as great as his zeal, and his every book and every lecture seemed to arouse new hatred in the older race of theologians and jurists. Enemies beset him on all sides; now and then skirmishes were won against him, resulting in condemnation of this or that book or prohibition of this or that course of lectures.

But for his real genius, he would have lost the battle entirely. He committed errors in taste, errors in tact, errors in statement, errors in method, more than enough to ruin a man simply of great talent; but he was possessed of more than talent; of more than genius.¹

For there was in him a deep, earnest purpose, a force which obstacles only in-

creased; and so, as preparatory to his lectures of 1688, came the startling announcement that they were to be in the spoken language of his country. This brought on a crisis. To his enemies it seemed insult added to injury. Heretofore Thomasius had developed the ideas of Grotius and Pufendorf; this was bad enough; but now, his opponents declared that he purposed to disgrace the University and degrade the Faculty. In vain did Thomasius take pains to make his views understood. In vain did he extol the Greek and Latin classics; in vain did he show the great advantages which France and other nations had reaped from the cultivation of their own languages; in vain did he show that lecturing in Latin was conducive to the reworking of old thoughts rather than to the development of new; that a flexible modern language is the best medium in which new thought can be developed: all in vain.

The opposition became more and more determined, but he stood none the less firmly. More and more he labored to clear away barbarisms and to bring in a better philosophy; and while he continued to deliver some of his lectures and write some of his books in Latin, he persisted in using German in those lectures and books which appealed to his audiences more directly and fully. This brought more and more intrigues, more and more pressure: every sort of authority, lay and ecclesiastic, was besought to remove him.

As we have seen, he had been one of the editors of a Latin literary journal; he now established a literary journal in German, — the first of any real value ever known. Up to that time newspapers in Germany were petty sheets giving mere summaries of news; Thomasius was the first to found a German literary journal in any true sense of the word.²

² For a brief but excellent statement of the relation of this new journalism to the advancement of German thought, see Kuno Francke, *Social Forces in German Literature*, p. 176 (note).

¹ For a striking example of Thomasius's errors in taste and method, see the very curious and comical statement of a speech before the professors and students of Leipsic in 1694, dedicated to the Elector Frederick III, in Tholuck: *Vorgeschichte des Rationalismus*, second part, — *Das kirchliche Leben des siebenzehnten Jahrhunderts*, first edition, Berlin, 1861, pp. 71 *et seq.*; and for other examples, see pages following. For an open confession of what he considered as too great severity in various cases, see especially p. 72. For complaints by others against his too great sharpness and severity, see pp. 74 *et seq.*

Not only did he give up the old language of literary criticism, but he relinquished its old paths. The time-honored methods in criticism were simple. They were largely those of a mutual admiration society: each professor sounding in sonorous Latin the glories of his sect or his clique, and showing in pungent Latin the futility of all others. With all such, Thomasius made havoc, discussed the works of his colleagues and of others impartially; asked no favors and showed none. He was the sworn foe of intolerance, of abuses rooted in prejudice, of all mere formulas and learned jargon.

Nor did he confine himself to that easiest and cheapest of all things, destructive criticism; he determined not merely to criticise, but to create, — not merely to destroy, but to build; he showed, distinctly, power to develop new good things in place of old bad things.

This work of his, then, while apparently revolutionary, was really evolutionary: he opened German literature to the influences of its best environment; he stripped off its thick, tough coatings and accretions of pedantry, sophistry, and conventionalism, and brought it into clean and stimulating contact with the best life of Germany and of Europe.

While opposing the unfit use of the ancient languages, he never ceased efforts to improve his own language. Luther had, indeed, given it a noble form by his translation of the Bible; but pedantry was still too powerful: the vernacular was despised. All care was given to Latin. At sundry schools of high repute children were not only trained to speak Latin, but whipped if they spoke anything else. Learned schoolmasters considered it disgraceful to speak their own language, or to allow their pupils to speak it. The result was that the German language had become a jargon. Even Thomasius himself never fully freed his style from the effect of his early teaching: much as he did to improve German literature by calling attention to the more lucid French models,

he never could entirely shake off the old shackles.¹

No less striking were his efforts in behalf of a better system of instruction. He insisted that so much useless matter was crammed into scholars' minds that there was little place for things of real value. He urged the authorities to give up the debased Aristotelianism still dominant, sought to quicken thought on subjects of living interest, and declared: "the logic of the schools is as useless in prying into truth as a straw in overturning a rock."²

The evil was deep-seated. Candidates for degrees in his time discussed such subjects as the weight of the grape clusters which the spies brought out of the Promised Land: one professor lectured twenty-four years on the first chapter of Isaiah; another lectured an equal time on the first ten chapters of Jeremiah; still another gave thirteen years to an explanation of the Psalms; Gessner, the philologist, gave forty lectures upon one word in Aristotle's *Rhetoric*.³

To all the objections of Thomasius against this sort of learning, his opponents had an easy answer: they declared his arguments shallow, and himself a charlatan. But he committed still another crime. Spener having continued his efforts to bring peace between the warring factions in the church and to arouse Christian effort, Thomasius defended him, made common cause with him, and, indeed, for a considerable time, became milder in character and utterance. Hence it was that, though for his views on the source of public law he had been called an "atheist," he was now called, for his tolerant views, a "pietist."

And soon came another charge, even worse. A Danish court preacher, Masius, had put forth a treatise to prove

¹ See curious examples in Rümer, *Geschichte der Pädagogik*, cited in Klemperer.

² As to Thomasius's plan to give something better than the usual subjects of study, see Dernburg, *Thomasius und die Stiftung der Universität Halle*, pp. 8 et seq.

³ See Klemperer's citations from various authorities.

Lutheranism the form of religion most favorable to princely power, — that no other religion taught so plainly the divine authority of princely government, the necessity of passive obedience on the part of the governed, the absolute authority conferred on government directly from God, and without any necessary consent of the people. No argument could appeal more strongly to the multitude of princelings, great and small, who then ruled every corner of Germany with rods of iron.

But these statements and arguments Thomasius, in the regular course of his work as professor and journalist, brought under criticism; stigmatized them as an attempt to curry favor with the ruling class; and finally declared that, although the powers that be are ordained of God, various rights on the part of the governed must be supposed. This threw the opposing theologians into new spasms. They had previously, without much regard for consistency, declared him an atheist and pietist; they now declared him guilty of treason, the Danish Government made a solemn complaint to the Government of Saxony, and Thomasius's book was burned by a Danish hangman, while the Elector of Saxony, the palace clique, and the authorities of the church at Dresden, were more loudly than ever besought to remove him.

Against all this he stood firm. But at last fortune seemed to desert him. His love of justice plunged him into apparent

ruin. The Duke of Sachsen-Seitz had wished to marry a daughter of the Elector of Brandenburg. The reasons for the marriage were many and weighty. The alliance was a happy one for the two states, and the prince and princess loved each other; but Saxony was Lutheran, and Brandenburg Calvinistic: the marriage was, therefore, denounced from the leading Lutheran pulpits. Against these Thomasius began another struggle. On grounds of simple justice and of public right, and of opposition to intolerance, he favored the marriage. Committees were now appointed to examine into his utterances and opinions. The Philosophic Faculty of Leipsic made formal charges against him before the Royal Court at Dresden, beseeching the authorities to stop his lectures and to allow him to print nothing which had not received the sanction of the censure. This led to a catastrophe: a warrant was issued for his arrest, and, as treason was one of the crimes charged, he took the wisest course left him, — he shook from his feet forever the dust of Saxony, fled by night from Leipsic, and sought refuge in Halle, under the sway of the Elector of Brandenburg.

Thus, in 1690, apparently ended all his opportunities to better his country. At the age of thirty-five years, he saw his enemies jubilant; every cause for which he had struggled lost; himself considered, among friends and enemies alike, as discredited and ridiculous.

LETTERS OF MARK

BY THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

Letters . . . are of several kinds. First, there are those which are not letters at all, as letters patent, letters dimissory, letters enclosing bills . . . letters of marque, and letters generally, which are in no wise letters of mark. [Lowell's *The Biglow Papers*, First Series, No. VII.]

"ODD people write odd letters," was the unanswerable assertion of that else forgotten essayist, Bishop Thorold, — forgotten, even though his *Presence of Christ* went through twenty editions in his lifetime. Be this as it may, it is true of all of us that the letter represents the man, odd or even. It is, indeed, more absolutely the man, in one sense, than he himself is, for the man himself is inevitably changing, beyond his own control, from moment to moment, from birth to death; but the letter, once written, is an instantaneous photograph and stays forever unchanged. *Litera scripta manet*. If sincere, it is irrevocable, if insincere it is equally so; and however artfully executed, it may be read between the lines, some time or other, and its hidden meaning unveiled. Let us by all means, therefore, devote a few pages to the odd letters.

The following letter is one of a class which every American journalist or magazinist, whose name becomes tolerably familiar to the public, may reasonably expect to receive every month or two. This arrived many years ago; and the daughter of this writer may well be addressing, by this time, some younger author in an equally confiding spirit. No other nationality, perhaps, would produce such a letter, and yet this obviously came from a thoroughly honest and simple soul whose frankness was its own defense.

— OHIO, 10, 27, '84.

DEAR SIR, — I am one of your girl admirers, I am! I know you're sedate and
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grandfatherly and such an announcement wont startle you a bit! . . . We have one of your books in the circulating library in town, we always have read your articles — when I wore a *bib* I'd read them in *Our Young Folks*. . . .

Oh, I did forget the object of my call — I want to be reading a good history of Ireland and Scotland this winter. Please suggest what is best. I want nothing dry nor *pokey*; whatever you approve will suit me 'cause you're so folksy! I would enjoy Irish legends and superstitions.

When my ship comes in I'm going to Europe, ah, thereby hangs a tale! my folks smile whenever the subject comes up. Once upon a time I nearly got a legacy! Why did n't I *get* it? A childless old widower in his dotage made a will giving to four girls his *gilders*. I was one of 'em, just as he was about to "shuffle off" — a little widow, bright and black eyed, inveigled the widdy man into a marriage and *she* got my "noble six hundred!"

And since he died this pesky widow, this scheming Vivian is *on the track* again a-trying to get into the good graces of *one of my admirers*!

The legacy business was a surprise to us girls and it did no harm, we all have homes and plenty, so I'll just go on being smiling and help rheumatic-y old men in wheel chairs across rough places in pavements and will get to Europe on my own cash. . . .

Please find enclosed a stamp for reply — and don't be shocked at my wild Western ways —

Your Girl friend.

Another letter, proceeding from a different temperament and from a much remoter source, indicates the graver and still more daring spirit which was ready, even

in what was then almost wilderness, to write Gibbon's *Roman Empire* or any other task demanding such a library as scarcely Washington or New York or Boston could then afford.

— DAKOTA, Nov. 13, 1886.

DEAR SIR, — In one of the Chicago papers (I have mislaid the article) I saw you quoted as saying that the field of literary work was *almost*, or quite, destitute of women who could write a really scholarly article on any given, or assigned subject. I may be unequal to the task, and I have not a Library of any size to consult on such subjects, but I would like to *try*. I am capable of study and have an easy pen. A little direction may be worth a good deal to me.

Very Resp'ly.

But from an Eastern metropolis itself came this more practical appeal with a view to business only.

NEW YORK CITY, Feb. 25, 1885.

DEAR SIR, — I am desirous of securing a humorous lecture for a lady to deliver through N. Y. State & possibly some in the West. I saw the notice of your lecture "New England Vagabond" in the Boston Papers & write to ask you if the same can be secured. If so upon what terms. I conclude from the title that it is humorous; is it not? Yours truly.

Then comes an appeal from the outer edge of literature, with the advantage of a foreign atmosphere and a picturesque name. Having afterwards met the author, I can testify to his fine personal appearance and to a power of gesture such as to suggest the necessity of those strictly pocketed hands demanded by his "pantomimeless friends." Alas! what budding orator fails to find himself liable to repression by such friendship?

— Jan. 15th, 1900.

MY DEAR SIR, — I beg of you as a stranger, that I may be the recipient of

your encouragement in my efforts to pronounce the words of Shakespeare.

I am beginning the study of some of the works of the Master and that from a dramatic standpoint, and "I see in them more than mortal knowledge."

I write you sir as a patron of learning and as a helper of young men that I may be given the opportunity to, if possible, give a reading of one hour's duration at your home for the sum of \$10.

Although being of a Syrian origin and have the Arabic for my mother tongue, yet "I have a mind that pressages me such thrift that I should questionless be fortunate," and I "Do now feel the future in the instant."

Permit me to state that I have the idea to excute after two years study six of the master-pieces of the Master word for word and to reproduce the same with the aid of illustrations upon the screen and if possible to use moving characters to be taken from casts set for the purpose. This would in itself be an attraction in making Shakespeare more popular even with the use of my voice to speak the parts of all characters as they appear on the canvas.

At present I have two plays almost assimilated and registred in my memory and from these I would use portions if privileged by you some evening in the future (near?).

I think I am possessed with the requisits, that of voice and the dramatic instinct, coupled with a pair of strong lungs to propell the necessary atmosphere to the character living in my mind, whether it be that of Hamlet, Shylock, Portia or that of a clown.

I am told that my physical make up is very responsive to my imagination by way of movement and action, and it is so much so that I have to pocket my hands in order to conform myself to the pantomimeless friends here.

I crave again your pardon for obtruding myself on your kindness, and with best wishes and Salaam

I am most respectfully yours.

It is more plaintive still, perhaps, when a man of genuine and simple purpose, having previously written to ask counsel as to books for his grandchildren, comes back four years later for a plan and "Spesefacations" to aid in building him a tanyard for those same grandchildren, in which the "difrent helps" may be put in "the most conviniant placeses." Where, but in America, one asks, are the different pursuits of literature and life brought so frankly and honestly together with compensation guaranteed in advance?

— PA. November 19, 1886.

I am sending thus at a ventur I was so suscesful in geting Books through you so sutabel for my grandchildren in 1882.

I am bilding a tanyerd in houp that it may bi run by my grandsons. 40 by 100. intended to have attachments.

I want a plan and Spesefacations in Book pamflat or leflet form that wil gide the man that is Bulding the house in putting down the vats, and placing the difrent helps at ther levels, and most conviniant placeses.

whatever information you can help mi to I will pay for in advance, if you wish.
your Servt.

When to these elements of utter frankness in thought and freshness of words is added the fearless mixture of two distinct languages in spelling, we come upon a new ground of interest, as seen in the following letter, addressed by a young German sculptress to a lady of my household. It is to be explained that she who wrote it had been making some preliminary attempts at modeling in plaster the head of one of the family.

DEAR MADAM, — You will kindly excuse dat I take the liberty to writh to you, but my clay was ready as far as I could do it last Fryday and it is so hard to keep it moist without spoiling it dat I dont know what to do. I fully understand dat Mr — is verry bussy whit his work and so

I dit not like to bodder him with my littel affairs.

So you would do me a great favor if you would find out when I could see him, if only 15 minutes. I faund it such a hard job to make the lykniss ennywhere near to south [suit] me, becous in my minds eye I had his picture . . . and the photograph dont souths [suit] me because it dont give him credit.

When I cam home from your house, I washet the littel catpiece whit soap and whater and it becum quit white and niece, so would yours, if you would just try.

I put one of my cards in for the adress in case you should be so kind to writh and oblige

Your respectfully.

For the literary man especially, the phrase "to writh" is clearly more vigorous and expressive than "to write" and often represents the same process; especially when the writer is painted at the very climax of toil, and is described as "verry bussy whit his work." What the "littel catpiece" was, is now lost to memory, but it is something to know that when "washet whit soap and whater" it "becum quit white and niece." Note throughout, also, the absence of all mere illiteracy in the spelling of this letter, a document which simply lies in some zone, halfway between some other language and our own, resulting in a consistent and uniform dialect, only half spoiled into English.

As a sample of a really vigorous, but somewhat untrained American mind, with its multitude of momentous things to be said and nothing longer than a possible sentence to say them in, — this letter from an unseen correspondent in a remote Western region will suffice. We may picture her as the kind and well-to-do adviser to her neighbors, who seek her in market wagons to enquire of her how to regain supposed bequests in far-off lands; even she being unable to find for them any refuge but in what she describes as "Carnage."

MY DEAR FRIEND, — This is all one letter, a part of the last, when I got to writing about that immaginary old gentleman, that would be to old to care anything about waiting if he was older than I am, I forgot what I wished to say and that is about English lawyers, do you know of one who could attend to some business for my neighbors, this place is out of the way we have no railroads and are not connected with the city only by market wagons, we do not know any thing here, I am the only one who has been abroad and they come to me for advice about their property who know nothing about lawyers. I have one a young man who manages my estate, and I told him to write for my neighbors to Mr B—— who is consul to Liverpool as I know his wife, and ask for a Lawyer for my neighbors who wish to get some money from the Bank of England, the Bank having written that it was left there by their grandfather for them. Mr. B—— wrote the name of a firm, and my lawyer wrote to them to see how much money there was in the bank for them as he did not think it could be as many millions as they thought, now the lawyer answered and said he had looked the chancery and there was no estate for the —— there, of course there was not, he was never told to look the chancery, what would you think of a lawyer like that, you who are noted for knowledge ought to know, and then the Bank of England wrote to know the *title* of the old man who lived so long ago in this neighborhood, and then my young lawyer did not know what to do, and I thought of asking you for an English lawyer of sense. Some money in this neighborhood might get us a library for the High School. I have given the land and the house is built, these farmers ought to have a library, how could we get in touch with Carnage, or some other of that generous kind of people.

No really illiterate letters will ever be so dear to my heart, or even afford such suggestive studies as to the way in which

written language first unfolds itself, as those received when I was in charge of a camp of nearly a thousand freed slaves, nine tenths of whom were making their early efforts toward the employment of written words. The simplicity and directness of the process, the seeming hopelessness of the result, the new suggestions conveyed as to phonetic methods of spelling, the absolute daring with which nouns and verbs were combined, made all mere common school instruction appear commonplace beside these. The writer of the following epistle, Baltimore Chaplin, was one of those picturesque vagabonds who are to be found in all regiments, white or black, and who are apt to make themselves more interesting to their senior officers than those leading lives of more monotonous virtue. He had been, it would seem, arrested for some offense, and probably with undue violence. The letter was addressed to the commander of the Department, and I believe it soon turned out that the writer had been, for once, unjustly suspected, and must be set at liberty. As I recur to the epistle after nearly forty years have passed, there is a certain fascination in tracing the successive efforts to make the untutored pen express the untrained ear, thus giving forth sounds new in their combination and sometimes more expressive than tones achieved under the full rigors of grammar and dictionary. The wildness of all peril appears thus concentrated into the word "Somharme" and the refuge for all safety into the word "Gorhome;" while the union of these two words in one sentence seems to reach the acme of all desolation. I have ventured to elucidate the letter by translating phrases within brackets, wherever the unaided comprehension would seem hopeless, which is, indeed, quite often.

March 22 [1864].

DEAR GENRAL GILMOR I tak my [pen to] Root [write] you this to you And Do if you Plas [please] to Grant this Parden For me For God Sak Did not Now [know] that it Twas enen Harm for my Go home

But I find that Twas Somharme For me
to Gorhome But Do Genral Do If you
Ples to Parden And forgev me

For All that Pat [is put] agant me for
God Sak Do if you Plas to Relefe Me
for God Sak for I Went home And the
Sen [they sent] After me And I Saw the
Copprol When he Com And he told me
that I is His Priner [Prisoner] And But
ten Sake [seconds] from after I Semet
[submit] to Him as Privner he Shot Me
Do if Ples [please] to Grant this for me

This is retted [written] By the hand of
Baltimore Chaplin

Do by the mercy of god Grat [Grant]
this for Me Do Genral for God Sak To
Parden And forgierv me.

The path back to the accustomed orthography and grammar may perhaps best be traced by this letter, written by a man in the same regiment, of much higher quality, whose intellectual progress showed itself at this stage, as often happens, by an undue range of sonorous words. I am sorry that the document does not contain his more accustomed signature, which was absolutely original and of the most dignified and even stately quality. Having been the very first colored soldier enlisted in the Civil War, he had created a title as genuine and substantial as that of any mediæval baron; and usually signed himself "William Brunson, 1st Sergeant, Co. A., 1st S. C. Vols. also A: 1, African Foundations." This is one of his letters:

AT CAMP SAXTON Feb. 20th 63

MY DEAR COLONEL I hav inform in
here About so doing: According to the
different in rule in wish how: I stand
now: for I dont know if it is Right for
me to hav one of the Armies Regulation
Books: so sir that is the reason I had
come to you to know: and if you think
that it is right for me to have one I Like
to have one: if it cost me one Month
wages: for I Am withness [witness] that
it will in Prove and give me A withness:
in so doing: it from sergt Wm Brunson
Co A.

If to his function of literary man, poor but patient, an author adds that of being constantly confounded with a relative who is always originating large enterprises and backing them up munificently, he is liable to receive such letters as the following, which came several years since through the post office from Poonah, India. This letter was addressed in a handwriting which had, so to say, an Arabic flavor, and the address ran thus: "— Hinginson, the great lord of Boston, Boston through Italy." Straying into the Cambridge post office, it was handed to me, and no stretch of humility could be expected to preclude me from the privilege of opening it. The letter itself was very long, and after describing business calamities, the death of a wife, etc., it thus goes on:—

"To my great misfortune this genarous uncle died Since a month and my aunt soon urges me to take away my family. This is a great difficulty I ever experienced. Money requires to settle my house again, which I have none. I asked the protection of many great men of my own cast as well as Europions, but to my evil star they all have closed their ears against me. I had heard much about the kind and generous feelings of your Americans & I have read one fresh example of your own generosity & I beg from you a protection of £50 fifty to enable me to bring my family here & commence busyness honestly. Will it please God to raise me up again and make me prosperous, I will return your amount honestly, otherwise only gratify myself by ever remembering your kind generocity and pray God to grant you a long life and prosperity. Wishing you all the worldly blessings

remain

Honored Sir,

Your most

Servant."

To my perhaps too hardened ears, the gem of this whole letter is unquestionably to be found in the word "otherwise," which occurs near the close. Never before, I think, was it my lot to read a letter

asking for a loan of money and intimating one instant's doubt as to the repayment. If there is a point at which hope springs eternal in the breast of the most lagging debtor, it is this. Had I vast sums in my

pocket, yearning to be loaned, I think that the recipient whom I should prefer to all others would be the man who had the stern integrity to hint at one atom of doubt as to my seeing my money again.

THE RECOMPENSE

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL

THERE were all kinds of words, — short ones and long ones. Some were very long. This one — we-ell, maybe it was n't so *long*, for when you're nine you don't of course mind three-story words, and this one looked like a three-story one. But this one puzzled you the worst ever!

Morry spelled it through again, searching for light. But it was a very dark word. *Rec-om-pense*, — if it meant anything *money-y*, then they'd made a mistake, for of course you don't spell "pence" with an "s."

The dictionary was across the room, and you had to stand up to look up things in it, — Morry wished it was not so far away and that you could do it sitting down. He sank back wearily on his cushions and wished other things, too: That Ellen would come in, but that was n't a very big wish, because Ellens are n't any good at looking up words. That dictionaries grew on your side o' the room, — that wish was a funny one! That Dadsy would come home — oh, oh, that Dadsy would come home!

With that wish, which was a very Big One, indeed, came trooping back all Morry's Troubles. They stood round his easy-chair and pressed up close against him. He hugged the most intimate ones to his little thin breast.

It was getting twilight in the great, beautiful room, and twilight was trouble-time. Morry had found that out long ago. It's when it's too dark to read and too light for Ellens to come and light the

lamps that you say "Come in!" to your troubles. They're always there waiting.

If Dadsy had n't gone away to do — that. If he'd just gone on reg'lar business, or on a hurry-trip across the ocean, or something like that. You could count the days and learn pieces to surprise him with when he got back, and keep saying, "Won't it be splendid!" But this time — well, this time it scared you to have Dadsy come home. And if you learned a hundred pieces you knew you'd never say 'em to him — now. And you kept saying, "Won't it be puffedly dreadful!"

"Won't you have the lamps lit, Master Morris?" It was Ellen's voice, but the Troubles were all talking at once, and much as ever he could hear it.

"I knew you were n't asleep because your chair cricked, so I says 'I guess we'll light up,' — it's enough sight cheerier in the light;" and Ellen's thuddy steps came through the gloom and frightened away the Troubles.

"Thank you," Morry said politely. It's easy enough to remember to be polite when you have so much time. "Now I'd like Jolly, — you guess he's got home now, don't you?"

Ellen's steps sounded a little thuddier as they tramped back down the hall. "It's a good thing there's going to be a Her here to send that common boy kiting!" she was thinking. Yet his patches were all Ellen — so far — had seen in Jolly to find fault with. Though, for that matter,

in a house beautiful like this patches were, goodness knew, out of place *enough*!

"Hully gee, ain't it nice an' light in here!" presently exclaimed a boy's voice from the doorway.

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come, Jolly! Come right in and take a chair, — take two chairs!" laughed Morry in his excess of welcome. It was always great when Jolly came! He and the Troubles were not acquainted; they were never in the room at the same time.

Morry's admiration of this small be-patched, befreckled, besmiled being had begun with his legs, which was not strange, they were such puffectly straight, limber, splendid legs and could *go* — my! Legs like that were great!

But it was noticeable that the legs were in some curious manner telescoped up out of sight, once Jolly was seated. The phenomenon was of common occurrence, — they were always telescoped then. And nothing had ever been said between the two boys about legs. About arms, yes, and eyes, ears, noses, — never legs. If Morry understood the kind little device to save his feelings, an instinctive knowledge that any expression of gratitude would embarrass Jolly must have kept back his ready little thank you.

"Can you hunt up things?" demanded the small host with rather startling energy. He was commonly a quiet, self-contained host. "Because there's a word" —

But Jolly had caught up his cap, untelescoped the kind little legs, and was already at the door. Nothing pleased him more than a commission from the Little White Feller in the soft chair, there.

"I'll go hunt, — where'd I be most likely to find him?"

The Little White Feller rarely laughed, but now — "You — you Jolly boy!" he choked, "you'll find him under a haystack fast asleep — No, no!" suddenly grave and solicitous of the other's feelings, "in the dictionary, I mean. *Words*, don't you know?"

"Oh, get out!" grinned the Jolly boy in glee at having made the Little White

Feller laugh out like that, reg'lar-built. "Hand him over, then, but you'll have to do the spellin'."

"Rec-om-pense, — p-e-n-s-e," Morry said slowly, "I found it in a magazine, — there's the greatest lot o' words in magazines! Look up 'rec,' Jolly, — I mean, please."

Dictionaries are terrible books. Jolly had never dreamed there were so many words in the world, — pages and pages and pages of 'em! The prospect of ever finding one particular word was disheartening, but he plunged in sturdily, determination written on every freckle.

"Don't begin at the first page!" cried Morry hastily. "Begin at R, — it's more than halfway through. R-e, — r-e-c, — that way."

Jolly turned over endless pages, trailed laboriously his little blunt finger up and down endless columns, wet his lips with the red tip of his tongue endless times, — wished 't was over. He had meant to begin at the beginning and keep on till he got to a w-r-e-c-k, — at Number Seven they spelled it that way. Had n't he lost a mark for spelling it without a "w"? But of course if folks preferred the r-kind —

"Hi!" the blunt finger leaped into space and waved triumphantly. "R-e-c-k, — I got him!"

"Not 'k,' — there is n't any 'k.' Go backwards till you drop it, Jolly, — you dropped it?"

Dictionaries are terrible, — still, leaving a letter off o' the end is n't as bad as off o' the front. Jolly retraced his steps patiently.

"I've dropped it," he announced in time.

Morry was breathing hard, too. Looking up words with other people's forefingers is pretty tough.

"Now, the second story, — 'rec' is the first," he explained. "You must find 'rec-om' now, you know."

No, Jolly did not know, but he went back to the work undaunted. "We'll tree him," he said cheerily, "but I think I could do it easier if I whistled" —

"Whistle," Morry said.

With more directions, more hard breathing, more wetting of lips and tireless trailing of small blunt finger, and then — eureka! there you were! But eureka was not what Jolly said.

"Bully for us!" he shouted. He felt *thrilly* with pride of conquest. It's easy enough finding things. What's the matter with dictionaries!

"Now read what it means, Jolly, — I mean, please. Don't skip."

"Rec-om-pense: An equi-va-lent received or re-turned for anything given, done, or suff-er-ed; comp-ens-a-tion."

"That all? — every speak?"

"Well, here's another one that says 'To make a-mends,' if you like that one any better. Sounds like praying."

"Oh," sighed Morry, "how I'd like to know what equi-valent means!" but he did not ask the other to look it up. He sank back on his pillows and reasoned things out for himself the best way he could. "To make amends" he felt sure meant to *make up*. To make up for something given or suffered, — perhaps that was what a Rec-om-pense was. For something given or suffered — like legs, maybe? Limp, no-good legs that would n't go? Could there be a Rec-om-pense for *those*? Could anything ever "make up"?

"Supposing you had n't any legs, Jolly, — that would go?" he said aloud with disquieting suddenness. Jolly started, but nodded comprehendingly. He had not had any legs for a good many minutes; the telescoping process is numbing in the extreme.

"Do you think anything could ever Rec-om-pense — make up, you know? Especially if you suffered? Please don't speak up quick, — think, Jolly."

"I'm a-thinkin'." Not to have 'em that would go, — not *go*! Never to kite after Dennis O'Toole's ice-wagon an' hang on behind, — nor see who'd get to the corner first, — nor stand on your head an' wave 'em —

"No, sirree!" ejaculated Jolly with unction, "nothin'."

"Would ever make up, you mean?"

Morry sighed. He had known all the time, of course, what the answer would be.

"Yep, — nothin' could."

"I thought so. That's all, — I mean, thank you. Oh yes, there's one other thing, — I've been saving it up. Did you ever hear of a — of a stepmother, Jolly? I just thought I'd ask."

The result was surprising. The telescoped legs came to view jerkily, but with haste. Jolly stumbled to his feet.

"I better be a-goin'," he muttered, thinking of empty chip baskets, empty water-pails, undone errands, — a switch on two nails behind the kitchen door.

"Oh, wait a minute, — did you ever hear of one, Jolly?"

"You bet," gloomily, "I got one."

"Oh! — oh, I did n't know. Then," rather timidly, "perhaps — I wish you'd tell me what they're like."

"Like nothin'! Nobody likes 'em," came with more gloom yet from the boy with legs.

"Oh!" It was almost a cry from the boy without. This was terrible. This was a great deal terrier than he had expected.

"Would one be very angry if — if your legs would n't go? Would it make her *very*, do you think?"

Still thinking of empty things that ought to have been filled, Jolly nodded emphatically.

"Oh!" The terror grew.

"Then one — then she — would n't be — be glad to see anybody, I suppose, whose legs had *never* been? — would n't want to shake hands or anything, I suppose? — nor be in the same room?"

"Nope." One's legs may be kind even to the verge of agony, but how unkind one's tongue may be! Jolly's mind was busy with his own anticipated woes; he did not know he was unkind.

"That's all, — thank you, I mean," came wearily, hopelessly, from the pillows. But Morry called the other back before he got over the threshold. There was another thing upon which he craved

enlightenment. It might possibly help out.

"Are they pretty, Jolly?" he asked wistfully.

"Are who what?" repeated the boy on the threshold, puzzled. Guilt and apprehension dull one's wits.

"Step-ones, — mothers."

Pretty? When they were lean and sharp and shabby! When they kept switches on two nails behind the door, — when they wore ugly clothes pinned together! But Jolly's eye caught the wistfulness on Morry's little peaked white face, and a lie was born within him at the sight. In a flash he understood things. Pity came to the front and braced itself stalwartly.

"You bet they're pretty!" Jolly exclaimed with splendid enthusiasm. "Prettier'n anythin'! You'd oughter see mine!" (Recording angel, make a note of it, when you jot this down, that the little face across the room was intense with wistfulness, and Jolly was looking straight that way. And remember legs.)

When Ellen came in to put Morry to bed she found wet spots on his cushions, but she did not mention them. Ellens can be wise. She only handled the limp little figure rather more gently than usual, and said rather more cheery things, perhaps. Perhaps that was why the small fellow under her hands decided to appeal in his desperation to her. It was possible — things were always possible — that Ellen might know something of — of step-ones. For Morry was battling with the pitifully unsatisfactory information Jolly had given him before understanding had conceived the kind little lie. It was, of course, — Morry put it that way because "of course" sometimes comforts you, — of course just possible that Jolly's step-one might be — different. Ellen might know of there being another kind.

So, under the skillful, gentle hands, the boy looked up and chanced it. "Ellen," he said, "Ellen, are they all that kind, — all of 'em? Jolly's kind, I mean? I thought poss'ibly you might know one" —

"Heart alive!" breathed Ellen, in fear of his sanity. She felt his temples and his wrists and his limp little body. Was he going to be sick now, just as his father and She were coming home? — now, of all times! Which would be better to give him, quinine, or aconite and belladonna?

"Never mind," sighed Morry hopelessly. Ellens — he might have known — were not made to tell you *close* things like that. They were made to undress you and give you doses and laugh and wheel your chair around. Jollys were better than Ellens, but they told you pretty hard things sometimes.

In bed he lay and thought out his little puzzles and steeled himself for what was to come. He pondered over the word Jolly had looked up in the dictionary for him. It was a puzzly word, — Recompense, — but he thought he understood it now. It meant something that made up to you for something you'd suffered, — "suffered," that was what it said. And Morry had suffered — oh, *how*! Could it be possible there was anything that would make up for little limp, sorrowful legs that had never been?

With the fickleness of night-thoughts his musings flitted back to step-ones again. He shut his eyes and tried to imagine just the right kind of one, — the kind a boy would be glad to have come home with his Dadsy. It looked an easy thing to do, but there were limitations.

"If I'd ever had a real one, it would be easier," Morry thought wistfully. Of course, any amount easier! The mothers you read about and the Holy Ones you saw in pictures were not quite real enough. What you needed was to have had one of your own. Then, — Morry's eyes closed in a dizzy little vision of one of his own. One that would have dressed and undressed you instead of an Ellen, — that would have moved your chair about and beaten up the cushions, — one that maybe would have *loved* you, legs and all!

Why! — why, that was the kind of a step-one a boy'd like to have come home with his father! That was the very kind!

While you'd been lying there thinking you could n't imagine one, you'd imagined! And it was *easy*!

The step-one a boy would like to have come home with his father seemed to materialize out of the dim, soft haze from the shaded night-lamp, — seemed to creep out of the farther shadows and come and stand beside the bed, under the ring of light on the ceiling that made a halo for its head. The room seemed suddenly full of its gracious presence. It came smiling, as a boy would like it to come. And in a reg'lar mother-voice it began to speak. Morry lay as if in a wondrous dream and listened.

"Are you the dear little boy whose legs won't go?" He gasped a little, for he had n't thought of there being a "dear." He had to swallow twice before he could answer. Then:—

"Oh yes'm, thank you," he managed to say. "They're under the bedclothes."

"Then I've come to the right place. Do you know — guess! — who I am?"

"Are — are you a step-one?" breathing hard.

"Why, you've guessed the first time!" the Gracious One laughed.

"Not — not *the* one, I s'pose?" It frightened him to say it. But the Gracious One laughed again.

"*The* one, yes, you Dear Little Boy Whose Legs Won't Go! I thought I heard you calling me, so I came. And I've brought you something."

To think of that!

"Guess, you Dear Little Boy! What would you like it to be?"

Oh, if he only dared! He swallowed to get up courage. Then he ventured timidly.

"A Rec-om-pense." It was out.

"Oh, you Guesser, you little Guesser! You've guessed the second time!"

Was that what it was like? Something you could n't see at all, just feel, — that folded you in like a warm shawl, — that brushed your forehead, your cheek, your mouth, — that made you dizzy with happiness? You lay folded up in it and knew that it *made up*. Never mind about the

sorrowful, limp legs under the bedclothes. They seemed so far away that you almost forgot about them. They might have been somebody else's, while you lay in the warm, sweet Rec-om-pense.

"Will — will it last?" he breathed.

"Always, Morry."

The Gracious Step-one knew his name!

"Then Jolly did n't know this kind, — we never s'posed there was a kind like this! Real Ones must be like this."

And while he lay in the warm shawl, in the soft haze of the night-lamp, he seemed to fall asleep, and, before he knew, it was morning. Ellen had come.

"Up with you, Master Morris! There's great doings to-day. Have you forgot who's coming?"

Ellens are stupid.

"She's come." But Ellen did not hear, and went on getting the bath ready. If she had heard, it would only have meant quinine or aconite and belladonna to drive away feverishness. For Ellens are very watchful.

"They'll be here most as soon as I can get you up 'n' dressed. I'm going to wheel you to the front winder" —

"No!" Morry cried sharply; "I mean, thank you, no. I'd rather be by the back window where — where I can watch for Jolly." Homely, freckled, familiar Jolly, — he needed something freckled and homely and familiar. The old dread had come back in the wake of the beautiful dream, — for it had been a dream. Ellen had waked him up.

A boy would like to have his father come home in the sunshine, and the sun was shining. They would come walking up the path to the front door through it, — with it warm and welcoming on their faces. But it would only be Dadsy and a step-one, — Jolly's kind, most likely. Jolly's kind was pretty, — *she* might be pretty. But she would not come smiling and creeping out of the dark with a halo over her head. That kind came in dreams.

Jolly's whistle was comforting to hear. Morry leaned out of his cushions to wave his hand. Jolly was going to school;

when he came whistling back, she would be here. It would all be over.

Morry leaned back again and closed his eyes. He had a way of closing them when he did the hardest thinking, — and this was the very hardest. Sometimes he forgot to open them, and dropped asleep. Even in the morning one can be pretty tired.

"Is this the Dear Little Boy?"

He heard distinctly, but he did not open his eyes. He had learned that opening your eyes drives beautiful things away.

The dream had come back. If he kept puffectly still and did n't breathe, it might all begin again. He might feel —

He felt it. It folded him in like a warm shawl, — it brushed his forehead, his cheek, his lips, — it made him dizzy with happiness. He lay among his cushions, folded up in it. Oh, it made up, — it made up, just as it had in the other dream!

"You Dear Little Boy Whose Legs Won't Go!" — he did not catch anything but the first four words; he must have breathed and lost the rest. But the

tone was all there. He wanted to ask her if she had brought the Rec-om-pense, but it was such a risk to speak. He thought if he kept on lying quite still he should find out. Perhaps in a minute —

"You think he will let me love him, Morris? Say you think he will!"

Morris was Dadsy's other name. Things were getting very strange.

"Because I must! Perhaps it will make up a very little if I fold him all up in my love."

"Fold him up" — that was what the warm shawl had done, and the name of the warm shawl had been Rec-om-pense. Was there another name to it?

Morry opened his eyes and gazed up wonderingly into the face of the step-one. — It was a Real One's face, and the other name was written on it.

"Why, it's Love!" breathed Morry. He felt a little dizzy, but he wanted to laugh, he was so happy. He wanted to tell her — he must.

"It makes up — oh yes, it makes up!" he cried softly.

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8 P. M. *July 12.*

Now at least the moon is full, and I walk alone, which is best by night, if not by day always. Your companion must sympathize with the present mood. The conversation must be located where the walkers are and vary exactly with the scenes and events and the contour of the ground. Farewell to those who will talk of nature unnaturally, whose presence is an interruption! I know but one with whom I can walk. I might as well be sitting in a bar-room with them as walk and talk with most. We are never side by side in our thoughts, and we cannot hear each other's silence. Indeed, we cannot be si-

lent. We are forever breaking silence, that is all, and mending nothing. How can they keep together who are going different ways!

I start a sparrow from her three eggs in the grass, where she has settled for the night. The earliest corn is beginning to show its tassels now, and I scent it as I walk, its peculiar dry scent.¹ (This afternoon I gathered ripe blackberries, and felt as if the autumn had commenced.) Now, perchance, many sounds and sights only remind me that they once said something to me, and are so by association interesting. I go forth to be reminded of a previous state of existence, if perchance

¹ See *Excursions*, p. 403 ("Night and Moonlight").

any memento of it is to be met with hereabouts. I have no doubt that Nature preserves her integrity. Nature is in as rude health as when Homer sang. We may at least by our sympathies be well. I see a skunk on Bear Garden Hill stealing noiselessly away from me, while the moon shines over the pitch pines, which send long shadows down the hill. Now, looking back, I see it shining on the south side of farmhouses and barns with a weird light, for I pass here half an hour later than last night. I smell the huckleberry bushes. I hear a human voice, — some laborer singing after his day's toil, — which I do not often hear. Loud it must be, for it is far away. Methinks I should know it for a white man's voice. Some strains have the melody of an instrument. Now I hear the sound of a bugle in the "Corner," reminding me of poetic wars; a few flourishes, and the bugler has gone to rest. At the foot of the Cliff Hill I hear the sound of the clock striking nine, as distinctly as within a quarter of a mile usually, though there is no wind. The moonlight is more perfect than last night; hardly a cloud in the sky, — only a few fleecy ones. There is more serenity and more light. I hear that sort of throttled or chuckling note as of a bird flying high, now from this side, then from that.¹ Methinks when I turn my head I see Wachusett from the side of the hill. I smell the butter-and-eggs as I walk. I am startled by the rapid transit of some wild animal across my path, a rabbit or a fox, — or you hardly know if it be not a bird. Looking down from the Cliffs, the leaves of the tree-tops shine more than ever by day. Here and there a lightning-bug throws his greenish light over the tops of the trees.

As I return through the orchard, a foolish robin bursts away from his perch unnaturally, with the habits of man. The air is remarkably still and unobjectionable on the hilltop, and the whole world below is covered as with a gossamer blanket of moonlight. It is just about as yel-

¹ See *Excursions*, p. 401 ("Night and Moonlight").

low as a blanket. It is a great dimly burnished shield with darker blotches on its surface. You have lost some light, it is true, but you have got this simple and magnificent stillness, brooding like genius.

Wednesday, July 16.

Methinks my present experience is nothing; my past experience is all in all. I think that no experience which I have to-day comes up to, or is comparable with, the experiences of my boyhood. And not only this is true, but as far back as I can remember I have unconsciously referred to the experiences of a previous state of existence. "For life is a forgetting," etc. Formerly, methought, nature developed as I developed, and grew up with me. My life was ecstasy. In youth, before I lost any of my senses, I can remember that I was all alive, and inhabited my body with inexpressible satisfaction; both its weariness and its refreshment were sweet to me. This earth was the most glorious musical instrument, and I was audience to its strains. To have such sweet impressions made on us, such ecstasies begotten of the breezes! I can remember how I was astonished. I said to myself, — I said to others, — "There comes into my mind such an indescribable, infinite, all-absorbing, divine, heavenly pleasure, a sense of elevation and expansion, and [I] have had nought to do with it. I perceive that I am dealt with by superior powers. This is a pleasure, a joy, an existence which I have not procured myself. I speak as a witness on the stand and tell what I have perceived." The morning and the evening were sweet to me, and I led a life aloof from the society of men. I wondered if a mortal had ever known what I knew. I looked in books for some recognition of a kindred experience, but, strange to say, I found none. Indeed, I was slow to discover that other men had had this experience, for it had been possible to read books and to associate with men on other grounds. The maker of me was improving me. When I detected this

interference I was profoundly moved. For years I marched as to a music in comparison with which the military music of the streets is noise and discord. I was daily intoxicated, and yet no man could call me intemperate. With all your science can you tell how it is and whence it is that light comes into the soul?

What more glorious condition of being can we imagine than from impure to be becoming pure? It is almost desirable to be impure that we may be the subject of this improvement. That I am innocent to myself! That I love and reverence my life! That I am better fitted for a lofty society to-day than I was yesterday! To make my life a sacrament! What is nature without this lofty tumbling? May I treat myself with more and more respect and tenderness. May I not forget that I am impure and vicious. May I not cease to love purity. May I go to my slumbers as expecting to arise to a new and more perfect day. May I so live and refine my life as fitting myself for a society ever higher than I actually enjoy. May I treat myself tenderly as I would treat the most innocent child whom I love; may I treat children and my friends as my newly discovered self. Let me forever go in search of myself; never for a moment think I have found myself; be as a stranger to myself, never a familiar, seeking acquaintance still. May I be to myself as one is to me whom I love, a dear and cherished object. What temple, what fane, what sacred place can there be but the innermost part of my own being? The possibility of my own improvement, that is to be cherished. As I regard myself, so I am. O my dear friends, I have not forgotten you. I will know you to-morrow. I associate you with my ideal self. I had ceased to have faith in myself. I thought I was grown up and become what I was intended to be, but it is earliest spring with me. In relation to virtue and innocence the oldest man is in the beginning spring and vernal season of life. It is the love of virtue makes us young ever. That is the

fountain of youth, the very aspiration after the perfect. I love and worship myself with a love which absorbs my love for the world. The lecturer suggested to me that I might become better than I am. Was it not a good lecture, then? May I dream not that I shunned vice; may I dream that I loved and practiced virtue.

July 18.

It is a test question affecting the youth of a person, — Have you knowledge of the morning? Do you sympathize with that season of nature? Are you abroad early, brushing the dews aside? If the sun rises on you slumbering, if you do not hear the morning cock-crow, if you do not witness the blushes of Aurora, if you are not acquainted with Venus as the morning star, what relation have you to wisdom and purity? You have then forgotten your Creator in the days of your youth! Your shutters were darkened till noon! You rose with a sick headache! In the morning sing, as do the birds. What of those birds which should slumber on their perches till the sun was an hour high! What kind of fowl would they be and new kind of bats and owls, — hedge sparrows or larks! then took a dish of tea or hot coffee before they began to sing!

July 21.

Men are very generally spoiled by being so civil and well-disposed. You can have no profitable conversation with them, they are so conciliatory, determined to agree with you. They exhibit such long-suffering and kindness in a short interview. I would meet with some provoking strangeness, so that we may be guest and host, and refresh one another. It is possible for a man wholly to disappear, and be merged in his manners. The thousand and one gentlemen whom I meet, I meet despairingly, and but to part from them, for I am not cheered by the hope of any rudeness from them. A cross man, a coarse man, an eccentric man, a silent, a

man who does not drill well, — of him there is some hope. Your gentlemen, they are all alike. They utter their opinions as if it was not a man that uttered them. It is "just as you please;" they are indifferent to everything. They will talk with you for nothing. The interesting man will rather avoid [you], and it is a rare chance if you get so far as talk with him. The laborers whom I know, the loafers, fishers, and hunters, I can spin yarns with profitably, for it is hands off, they are they and I am I still; they do not come to me and quarter themselves on me for a day or an hour to be treated politely, they do not cast themselves on me for entertainment, they do not approach me with a flag of truce. They do not go out of themselves to meet me. I am never electrified by my gentleman; he is not an electric eel, but one of the common kind that slip through your hands, however hard you clutch them, and leave them covered with slime.

July 22.

I bathe me in the river. I lie down where it is shallow, amid the weeds over its sandy bottom; but it seems shrunken and parched; I find it difficult to get *wet* through. I would fain be the channel of a mountain brook. I bathe, and in a few hours I bathe again, not remembering that I was wetted before. When I come to the river, I take off my clothes and carry them over, then bathe and wash off the mud, and continue my walk.

July 23.

A comfortable breeze blowing. Me-thinks I can write better in the afternoon, for the novelty of it, if I should go abroad this morning. My genius makes distinctions which my understanding cannot and which my senses do not report. If I should reverse the usual, — go forth and saunter in the fields all the forenoon, then sit down in my chamber in the afternoon, which it is so unusual for me to do, — it would be like a new season to me, and the novelty of it [would] inspire me. The

wind has fairly blown me out-doors; the elements were so lively and active, and I so sympathized with them, that I could not sit while the wind went by. And I am reminded that we should especially improve the summer to live out of doors. When we may so easily, it behooves us to break up this custom of sitting in the house, for it is but a custom, and I am not sure that it has the sanction of common sense. A man no sooner gets up than he sits down again. Fowls leave their perch in the morning, and beasts their lairs, unless they are such as go abroad only by night. The cockerel does not take up a new perch *in the barn*, and he is the embodiment of health and common sense. Is the literary man to live always or chiefly sitting in a chamber through which nature enters by a window only? What is the use of the summer?

You must walk so gently as to hear the finest sounds, the faculties being in repose. Your mind must not perspire. True, out of doors my thought is commonly drowned, as it were, and shrunken, pressed down by stupendous piles of light ethereal influences, for the pressure of the atmosphere is still fifteen pounds to a square inch. I can do little more than preserve the equilibrium and resist the pressure of the atmosphere. I can only nod like the rye-heads in the breeze. I expand more surely in my chamber, as far as expression goes, as if that pressure were taken off; but here out-doors is the place to store up influences.

But this habit of close observation, — in Humboldt, Darwin, and others. Is it to be kept up long, this science? Do not tread on the heels of your experience. Be impressed without making a minute of it. Poetry puts an interval between the impression and the expression, — waits till the seed germinates naturally.

Tuesday, August 12.

1.30 A. M. Full moon. Arose and went to the river and bathed, stepping very

carefully not to disturb the household, and still carefully in the street not to disturb the neighbors. I did not walk naturally and freely till I had got over the wall. Then to Hubbard's Bridge at 2 A. M.

August 17.

For a day or two it has been quite cool, a coolness that was felt even when sitting by an open window in a thin coat on the west side of the house in the morning, and you naturally sought the sun at that hour. The coolness concentrated your thought, however. As I could not command a sunny window, I went abroad on the morning of the 15th and lay in the sun in the fields in my thin coat, though it was rather cool even there. I feel as if this coolness would do me good. If it only makes my life more pensive! Why should pensiveness be akin to sadness? There is a certain fertile sadness which I would not avoid, but rather earnestly seek. It is positively joyful to me. It saves my life from being trivial. My life flows with a deeper current, no longer as a shallow and brawling stream, parched and shrunken by the summer heats. This coolness comes to condense the dews and clear the atmosphere. The stillness seems more deep and significant. Each sound seems to come from out a greater thoughtfulness in nature, as if nature had acquired some character and mind. The cricket, the gurgling stream, the rushing wind amid the trees, all speak to me soberly, yet encouragingly, of the steady onward progress of the universe. My heart leaps into my mouth at the sound of the wind in the woods. I, whose life was yesterday so desultory and shallow, suddenly recover my spirits, my spirituality, through my hearing. I see a goldfinch go twittering through the still, luring day, and am reminded of the peeping flocks which will soon herald the thoughtful season. Ah! if I could so live that there should be no desultory moment in all my life! that in the trivial season when small fruits are ripe, my fruits might be ripe

also! that I could match nature always with my moods! that in each season when some part of nature especially flourishes, then a corresponding part of me may not fail to flourish! Ah, I would walk, I would sit and sleep, with natural piety! What if I could pray aloud or to myself, as I went along by the brooksides, a cheerful prayer like the birds! For joy I could embrace the earth; I shall delight to be buried in it. And then to think of those I love among men, who will know that I love them, though I tell them not! I sometimes feel as if I were rewarded merely for expecting better hours. I did not despair of worthier moods, and now I have occasion to be grateful for the flood of life that is flowing over me. I am not so poor: I can smell the ripening apples; the very rills are deep; the autumnal flowers, the *Trichostema dichotomum*, — not only its bright blue flower above the sand, but its strong wormwood scent which belongs to the season feeds my spirit, endears the earth to me, makes me value myself and rejoice; the quivering of pigeons' wings reminds me of the tough fibre of the air which they rend. I thank you, God. I do not deserve anything, I am unworthy of the least regard; and yet I am made to rejoice. I am impure and worthless, and yet the world is gilded for my delight, and holidays are prepared for me, and my path is strewn with flowers. But I cannot thank the Giver; I cannot even whisper my thanks to those human friends I have. It seems to me that I am more rewarded for my expectations than for anything I do or can do. Ah, I would not tread on a cricket in whose song is such a revelation, so soothing and cheering to my ear! Oh, keep my senses pure! And why should I speak to my friends? for how rarely is it that I am I; and are they, then, they? We will meet, then, far away. The seeds of the summer are getting dry and falling from a thousand nodding heads. If I did not know you through thick and thin, how should I know you at all? Ah, the very brooks seem fuller of reflections than they were! Ah, such pro-

voking sibylline sentences they are! The shallowest is all at once unfathomable. How can that depth be fathomed where a man may see himself reflected. The rill I stopped to drink at I drink in more than I expected. I satisfy and still provoke the thirst of thirsts. Nut Meadow Brook where it crosses the road beyond Jenny Dugan's that was. I do not drink in vain. I mark that brook as if I had swallowed a water snake that would live in my stomach. I have swallowed something worth the while. The day is not what it was before I stooped to drink. Ah, I shall hear from that draught! It is not in vain that I have drunk. I have drunk an arrowhead. It flows from where all fountains rise.

August 19.

The poet must be continually watching the moods of his mind, as the astronomer watches the aspects of the heavens. What might we not expect from a long life faithfully spent in this wise! The humblest observer would see some stars shoot. A faithful description as by a disinterested person of the thoughts which visited a certain mind in three score years and ten, as when one reports the number and character of the vehicles which pass a particular point. As travelers go round the world and report natural objects and phenomena, so faithfully let another stay at home and report the phenomena of his own life, — catalogue stars, those thoughts whose orbits are as rarely calculated as comets. It matters not whether they visit my mind or yours, — whether the meteor falls in my field or in yours, — only that it comes from heaven. (I am not concerned to express that kind of truth which Nature has expressed. Who knows but I may suggest some things to her? Time was when she was indebted to such suggestions from another quarter, as her present advancement shows. I deal with the truths that recommend themselves to me, — please me, — not those merely which any system has voted to accept.) A meteorological journal of the mind. You shall

observe what occurs in your latitude, I in mine.

Some institutions — most institutions, indeed — have had a divine origin. But of most that we see prevailing in society nothing but the form, the shell, is left, the life is extinct, and there is nothing divine in them. Then the reformer arises inspired to reinstitute life, and whatever he does or causes to be done is a reëstablishment of that same or a similar divineness. But some, who never knew the significance of these instincts, are, by a sort of false instinct, found clinging to the shells. Those who have no knowledge of the divine appoint themselves defenders of the divine, as champions of the Church, etc. I have been astonished to observe how long some audiences can endure to hear a man speak on a subject which he knows nothing about, as religion, for instance, when one who has no ear for music might with the same propriety take up the time of a musical assembly with putting through his opinions on music. This young man who is the main pillar of some divine institution, — does he know what he has undertaken? If the saints were to come again on earth, would they be likely to stay at his house? would they meet with his approbation even? *Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*

They who merely have a talent for affairs are forward to express their opinions. A Roman soldier sits there to decide upon the righteousness of Christ. The world does not long endure such blunders, though they are made every day. The weak-brained and pusillanimous farmers would fain abide by the institutions of their fathers. Their argument is, they have not long to live, and for that little space let them not be disturbed in their slumbers; blessed are the peacemakers; let this cup pass from me, etc.

How vain it is to sit down to write when you have not stood up to live! Methinks that the moment my legs begin to move, my thoughts begin to flow, as if I had given vent to the stream at the lower end and consequently new fountains flowed

into it at the upper. A thousand rills which have their rise in the sources of thought burst forth and fertilize my brain. You need to increase the draft below, as the owners of meadow on Concord river say of the Billerica Dam. Only while we are in action is the circulation perfect. The writing which consists with habitual sitting is mechanical, wooden, dull to read.

I fear that the character of my knowledge is from year to year becoming more distinct and scientific; that, in exchange for views as wide as heaven's cope, I am being narrowed down to the field of the microscope. I see details, not wholes nor the shadow of the whole. I count some parts, and say, "I know." The cricket's chirp now fills the air in dry fields near pine woods.

August 21.

There is some advantage intellectually and spiritually, in taking wide views with the bodily eye and not pursuing an occupation which holds the body prone. There is some advantage, perhaps, in attending to the general features of the landscape, over studying the particular plants and animals which inhabit it. A man may walk abroad and no more see the sky than if he walked under a shed. The poet is more in the air than the naturalist, though they may walk side by side. Granted that you are out of doors; but what if the outer door is open, if the inner door is shut! You must walk sometimes perfectly free, not prying nor inquisitive, not bent upon seeing things. Throw away a whole day for a single expansion, a single inspiration of air.

August 23.

I sometimes reproach myself because I do not find anything attractive in certain mere trivial employments of men, — that I skip men so commonly and their affairs, — the professions and the trades, — do not elevate them at least in my thought and get some material for poetry out of them directly. I will not avoid, then, to

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go by where these men are repairing the Stone Bridge, — see if I cannot see poetry in that, if that will not yield me a reflection. It is narrow to be confined to woods and fields and grand aspects of nature only. The greatest and wisest will still be related to men. Why not see men standing in the sun and casting a shadow, even as trees? May not some light be reflected from them as from the stems of trees? I will try to enjoy them as animals, at least. They are perhaps better animals than men. Do not neglect to speak of men's low life and affairs with sympathy, though you ever so speak as to suggest a contrast between them and the ideal and divine. You may be excused if you are always pathetic, but do not refuse to recognize.

August 26.

A cool and even piercing wind blows to-day, making all shrubs to bow and trees to wave; such as we could not have had in July. I speak not of its coolness, but its strength and steadiness. The wind and the coldness increased as the day advanced, and finally the wind went down with the sun. I was compelled to put on an extra coat for my walk. The ground is strewn with windfalls, and much fruit will consequently be lost.

The wind roars amid the pines like the surf. You can hardly hear the crickets for the din, or the cars; I think the last must be considerably delayed when their course is against it. Indeed it is difficult to enjoy a quiet Thought. You sympathize too much with the commotion and restlessness of the elements. Such a blowing, stirring, bustling day, — what does it mean? All light things decamp; straws and loose leaves change their places. Such a blowing day is no doubt indispensable in the economy of nature. The whole country is a seashore, and the wind is the surf that breaks on it. It shows the white and silvery under sides of the leaves. Do plants and trees need to be thus tried and twisted? Is it a first intimation to the sap to cease to ascend, to thicken their stems?

August 28.

The poet is a man who lives at last by watching his moods. An old poet comes at last to watch his moods as narrowly as a cat does a mouse.

September 7.

We sometimes experience a mere fullness of life, which does not find any channels to flow into. We are stimulated, but to no obvious purpose. I feel myself uncommonly prepared for *some* literary work, but I can select no work. I am prepared not so much for contemplation, as for forceful expression. I am braced both physically and intellectually. It is not so much the music as the marching to the music that I feel. I feel that the juices of the fruits which I have eaten, the melons and apples, have ascended to my brain, and are stimulating it. They give me a heady force. Now I can write nervously. Carlyle's writing is for the most part of this character.

The mind may perchance be persuaded to act, to energize, by the action and energy of the body. Any kind of liquid will fetch the pump.

September 8.

De Quincey and Dickens have not moderation enough. They never stutter; they flow too readily.

September 20.

3 P. M. to Cliffs *via* Bear Hill.

As I go through the fields, endeavoring to recover my tone and sanity, and to perceive things truly and simply again, after having been perambulating the bounds of the town all the week, and dealing with the most commonplace and worldly-minded men, and emphatically *trivial* things, I feel as if I had committed suicide in a sense. I am again forcibly struck with the truth of the fable of Apollo serving King Admetus, its universal applicability. A fatal coarseness is the result of mixing in the trivial affairs of men. Though I have been associating even

with the *select* men of this and the surrounding towns, I feel inexpressibly begrimed. My Pegasus has lost his wings; he has turned a reptile and gone on his belly. Such things are compatible only with a cheap and superficial life.

September 27.¹

We of Massachusetts boast a good deal of what we do for the education of our people, of our district school system; and yet our district schools are, as it were, but infant schools, and we have no system for the education of the great mass who are grown up. I have yet to learn that one cent is spent by this town, this political community called Concord, directly to educate the great mass of its inhabitants who have long since left the district school; for the Lyceum, important as it is comparatively, though absolutely trifling, is supported by individuals. There are certain refining and civilizing influences, as works of art, journals, and books and scientific instruments, which this community is amply rich enough to purchase, which would educate this village, elevate its tone of thought, and, if it alone improved these opportunities, easily make it the centre of civilization in the known world, put us on a level as to opportunities at once with London and Arcadia, and secure us a culture at once superior to both. Yet we spend sixteen thousand dollars on a Town House, a hall for our political meetings mainly, and nothing to educate ourselves who are grown up. Pray is there nothing in the market, no advantages, no intellectual food worth buying? Have Paris and London and New York and Boston nothing to dispose of which this village might try and appropriate to its own use? Might not this great villager adorn his villa with a few

¹ Not only were T.'s lectures and addresses largely made out of material taken from his Journal, but not infrequently the Journal entries themselves take the lecture form, showing that they were written even at that time with a view to an audience. — THE EDITORS.

pictures and statues, enrich himself with a choice library, as available without being cumbrous as any in the world, with scientific instruments for such as have a taste to use them? Yet we are contented to be countrified, to be provincial. I am astonished to find that in this Nineteenth Century, in this land of free schools, we spend absolutely nothing as a town on our own education, cultivation, civilization. Each town, like each individual, has its own character — some more, some less, cultivated. I know many towns so mean-spirited and benighted that it would be a disgrace to belong to them. I believe that some of our New England villages within thirty miles of Boston are as boorish and barbarous communities as there are on the face of the earth. And how much superior are the best of them? If London has any refinement, any information to sell, why should we not buy it? Would not the town of Carlisle do well to spend sixteen thousand dollars on its own education at once, if it could only find a schoolmaster for itself? It has one man, as I hear, who takes the *North American Review*. That will never civilize them, I fear. Why should not the town itself take the London and Edinburgh Reviews and put itself in communication with whatever sources of light and intelligence there are in the world? Yet Carlisle is very little behind Concord in these respects. I do not know but it spends its proportional part on education. How happens it that the only libraries which the towns possess are the district school libraries, —

books for children only, or for readers who must needs be written down to? Why should they not have a library, if not so extensive, yet of the same stamp and more select than the British Museum? It is not that the town cannot well afford to buy these things, but it is unaspiring and ignorant of its own wants. It sells milk, but it only builds larger barns with the money which it gets for its milk. Undoubtedly every New England village is as able to surround itself with as many civilizing influences of this kind [as] the members of the English nobility; and here there need be no peasantry. If the London *Times* is the best newspaper in the world, why does not the village of Concord take it, that its inhabitants may read it, and not the second best? If the South Sea explorers have at length got their story ready, and Congress has neglected to make it accessible to the people, why does not Concord purchase one for its grown-up children?

September 29.

Found Hosmer carting out manure from under his barn to make room for the winter. He said he was tired of farming, he was too old. Quoted Webster as saying that he had never eaten the bread of idleness for a single day, and thought that Lord Brougham might have said as much with truth while he was in the opposition, but he did not know that he could say as much of himself. However, he did not wish to be idle, he merely wished to rest.

(To be continued.)

IN THE WET WOODS

BY MADISON CAWEIN

HERE where the woods are wet,
The blossoms of the dog's-tooth violet
Seem meteors in a miniature firmament
Of wildflowers, where, with rainy sound and scent
Of breeze and blossom, soft the April went:
Their tongue-like leaves of umber-mottled green,
So thickly seen,
Seem dropping words of gold,
The visible syllables of a magic old.
Beside them, near the wahoo-bush and haw,
Blooms the hepatica;
Its slender flowers upon swaying stems
Lifting pale, solitary blooms,
Starry, and twilight-colored, — like frail gems,
That star the diadems
Of sylvan spirits, piercing pale the glooms; —
Or like the wands, the torches of the fays,
That light lone, woodland ways
With slim, uncertain rays: —
(The faery people, whom no eye may see,
Busy, so legend says,
With budding bough and leafing tree,
The blossom's heart o' honey and honey-sack o' the bee,
And all dim thoughts and dreams,
That take the form of flowers, as it seems,
And haunt the banks of greenwood streams,
Showing in every line and curve,
Commensurate with our love, and intimacy,
A smiling confidence or sweet reserve.)

There at that leafy turn
Of trailedd rocks, rise fronds of hart's-tongue fern:
Fronds that my fancy names
Uncoiling flames
Of feathering emerald and gold,
That, kindled in the musky mould,
Now, stealthy as the morn, unfold
Their cool green fires that burn
Uneagerly, and spread around
An elfin light above the ground,
Like that green glow,
A spirit, lamped with crystal, makes below
In dripping caves of labyrinthine moss.
And in the underwoods, around them, toss

The white-hearts with their penciled leaves,
That, 'mid the shifting gleams and glooms,
The interchanging shine and shade,
Seem some frail garment made
By unseen hands that weave, that none perceives;
Pale hands that work invisible looms,
Now dropping shreds of light,
Now shadow-shreds, that interbraid,
And form faint colors mixed with wild perfumes.
Or, are they fragments left in flight,
These flowers that scatter every glade
With windy, beckoning white,
And breezy, fluttering blue,
Of her wild gown that shone upon my sight,
A moment, in the woods I wandered through?
April's, whom still I follow,
Whom still my dreams pursue;
Who leads me on by many a tangled clue
Of loveliness, until, in some green hollow,
Born of her fragrance and her melody,
But lovelier than herself and happier, too,
Cradled in blossoms of the dogwood-tree,
My soul shall see —
White as a sunbeam in the heart of day —
The infant, May.

SIGNIFICANT BOOKS ON POLITICS AND ECONOMICS

BY WINTHROP MORE DANIELS

A REVIEW of what purports to be the year's output of significant books in English on politics and economics may well begin with some definition of the degree of significance which entitles a book to stand in this category. For our purposes a book may take rank in this class for either of two reasons. It may be significant in itself, by reason of its theme, or because it stands as a type of widespread social sentiment. Books of the latter class may be essentially unsound and in the long run ephemeral. But what may prove ephemeral in the course of a generation is often of sufficient moment in its day to warrant careful scrutiny and criticism.

This double warrant for including in our survey books that will live and books that will perish may at the same time exclude some works of sterling merit, if they traverse only a narrow defile of scientific territory. For the specialist, books of this latter class may well prove most interesting, and even most momentous. The purpose of this review, however, is to mediate to the general reader the leading ideas that motive works which cover the broader and more obvious tracts of social life. In the general domain of political philosophy and history we detect the note of significance first in a little volume which, while technically a study of a great charter of

liberty, sounds faintly the possible revival of a type of political philosophy over which the evolutionary political science of to-day has too frequently been read as a burial service. Thence we shall glance at a group of four representative studies of political problems from the respective standpoints of national psychology, descriptive analysis, practical administration, and international law. These, with a brace of volumes on city government, its needs, and its reform, will comprise our significant works on politics. In the field of economics and sociology four general groups of studies seem to cover the field fairly. The first group deals with social pathology, — the never-failing problem of the social debtor; how he is to be treated, and how the swamp of poverty, crime, pauperism, and social failure is to be drained or its noxious influence abated. No books dealing with present industrial conditions can be more truly significant than those which deal, not with the wealth of nations, but with the poverty of individuals. The second group has to do with industrial organization, the trust, and its menaces, real or imaginary. Third comes a vaticinal group of social prophets, minor and major, hopeful and despondent, some with pseudo-evangels, and others in the rôle of cynical Cassandras, though curiously enough our figure of speech just transposes the sexes of these latter-day prophets. Fourth and last, come two systematic works on political economy, one a classic dating from the eighteenth century, but in a new dress, the other brand-new from the anvil of current economic speculation.

At the risk of being voted a hopeless Bourbon at the outset, I venture to call attention first of all to a most unpretentious little book on the Declaration of Independence.¹ A very good way to effect a revival of true patriotism in this day and age, is to study the history and the philosophy

of what Dr. Friedenwald calls "the least comprehended of all the great documents produced as a result of our political development." It is certainly a singular thing that while innumerable tomes have been devoted by hundreds of learned pundits to the Constitution, its great predecessor is still

... "hedged with alien speech
And lacking all interpreter."

The first is invoked daily, the second is read only on its birthday. The Constitution follows the flag; the Declaration follows the fire-cracker.

The parliamentary history of this great pronunciamiento is a most interesting story. The necessity for substantial unanimity was foreseen long before its adoption. Most curious of all, this substantial unanimity was attained only by a political revolution in each of the colonies where the aristocratic or oligarchic element had control of the legislature. Owing to legislative instructions against coming out with a declaration of independence, many of the delegates to Congress could not originally vote for the adoption of such a measure. "The contest for independence in the later stages, that is, just before July 4, 1776, in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, North and South Carolina, and to almost an equal extent in New York, Delaware, and Maryland, became virtually not less one between the people and the aristocrats for control, than one between the United Colonies and Great Britain." Some may perhaps learn with surprised regret that "the mythical legend of the blue-eyed boy waiting outside the door" of the hall of Congress to carry to his aged grandsire, the sexton bell-ringer, the news of independence, originated in the "fertile imagination of . . . George Lippard," and first appeared in that gentleman's *Legends of the Revolution*. Baseless also is the tradition that connects the ringing of the so-called Liberty Bell with the events of the first glorious Fourth.

But while Dr. Friedenwald will not countenance any of the fungoid sentiment-

¹ *The Declaration of Independence; An Interpretation and an Analysis.* By HERBERT FRIEDENWALD, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

tality that has grown like a parasite about the story of the Declaration, he strikes out manfully in defense of the immortal document itself, both as a literary production and as a deposit of political wisdom and experience. He is as hard on the "uncritical awe" of its early worshipers as on the "cultivated distrust" which leads Mr. Barrett Wendell, in his *Literary History of America*, to echo Rufus Choate's verdict that the Declaration is composed "of glittering and sounding generalities of natural right." Professor Tyler's more favorable verdict on the purely literary merit of the Declaration as evinced by its surviving endless iteration in public is found much truer to the facts. "Nothing which has not supreme literary merit has ever triumphantly endured such an ordeal." Choate and Mr. Wendell, it is pointed out, apparently overlooked the concrete character of the detailed historical "Facts Submitted to a Candid World," to whose discussion two chapters in this volume are devoted.

A review is a poor place to break a lance for a discarded theory of politics, but my own conviction that the philosophy of natural rights has been unduly discredited, and that it is still bound to have its innings, and in some measure its substantial justification, leads me to cite the following paragraph of this very suggestive study: "Nor can the evolutionary theory of the origin of government and society, now generally accepted in some form by teachers of political science, be made the basis for any such popular uprisings as have been the outcome of the older philosophy. The latter is instinct with life, and can therefore readily be made to appeal to the emotions of men, through which alone great movements are achieved. The organic philosophy appeals only to man's reason, and as yet only to that of the higher thinkers. Upon such a foundation no great social or political movement ever was nor ever yet can be builded. Future generations will have recourse, in their uprisings, to the old guide, or else will seek a new, as yet not in evidence."

At the farthest possible remove from the philosophy of natural rights which is mirrored in the foregoing study of the Declaration is Émile Boutmy's analysis of the motive force of British politics.¹ M. Boutmy belongs to the Bagehot rather than the Bryce type of political writers. Averse to a detailed analysis of all the parts of a political organism, he is intent on flashing upon a whole system a new light in which its salient features will stand out in sharp relief. He finds, or thinks that he finds, the dominant trait of English character in its passion for activity, in the persistent disquiet in the nerves and muscles of that aggressive race. This accounts, in his judgment, for the characteristic features of the varied activities of the English. To this he ascribes the low flight of their philosophy, which has no real liking for the thin, cold air of metaphysics; to this is due their defiance of the classical unities in their literature, and to this is credited their indifference to a unifying conception of science, so long as they have a half-dozen working hypotheses which organize respectively the phenomena of as many particular fields. To this may also be traced, so M. Boutmy contends, their self-government, which renders a bureaucracy in many spheres unnecessary because the surplus of race energy creates a volunteer magistracy. The life of action, if it has not atrophied their capacity for abstraction and logical generalization, has stunted its exercise. Their political psychology in its lowest terms is thus reduced to an aversion to abstractions. This in turn is attributed mainly to the climatic environment which makes mental reaction slow and its imaginative products scanty and mean. The book is what one would expect of a writer of M. Boutmy's race and temperament. It is piquant, varied, plausible in spots, interesting all over, — and fatally uncon-

¹ *The English People. A Study of their Political Psychology.* Translated from the French by E. ENGLISH. With an Introduction by JOHN EDWARD COURTENAY BODLEY. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1904.

vincing. The solution is too neat to be true. "I disbelieve because it is simple." If climate and natural environment are mainly accountable for the political traits of the English, why did not the early Britons develop something of those traits; or why do not the English in the tropics unto the third and fourth generation show some marked variation from the type? The English dress which the work bears is fair on the whole, but the translator's unsure foothold in the region of idiom occasionally reminds one of its Gallic origin.

A rather novel method of portraying political phenomena — differing alike from the impressionist school of Boutmy and the detailed descriptive analysis of Bryce or Ostrogorski — is represented by Professor Macy in his study of party organization in this country.¹ It might be called the Method of Representative Types and consists in the recognition of persistent varieties of political machinery in our different states. It thus supplies a needful corrective to the notion that one is so likely to read into current delineations of our political machines, that they are all exactly alike in structure and working. That a close family resemblance is commonly to be detected is true, but it is equally true that the Machine in Pennsylvania is quite a different mechanism from the Machine even of the same party in Massachusetts. In the South, on the other hand, since the downfall of the régime of government by bayonets, the political organization of the dominant party has, in Professor Macy's words, "resembled rather the Irish Home Rule League than a political party."

So much evil is commonly laid at the doors of our political parties that they are certainly entitled in equity to the defense offered by Professor Macy in their behalf. In some degree it is probably true, as he asserts, that they have served as a vehicle for voicing national aspirations and for promoting national political education. Thus by making the choice of the Presi-

dent practically a popular election, they have knocked out many political bulkheads which the framers of the Constitution imagined would serve as permanent water-tight political compartments. When at the door of the Machine so many evils are laid, it is well to remember that it has at least allowed us to navigate the Ship of State *en famille*.

Quite distinct from the study of national political psychology and from the analysis of party organization is Mr. Cleveland's volume² upon the four most prominent public questions connected with his two administrations. These were the Chicago strike of 1894, the bond issues, the Venezuelan boundary controversy, and the struggle with the Senate in his first term over the President's right to suspend officials from office without interference by the Senate or accountability to that body. Delivered originally, with a single exception, as university addresses, these four papers form a legacy of political wisdom with which the student of our latter-day political history must reckon. The position assumed by Mr. Cleveland in three of these problems has been substantially vindicated by the subsequent trend of events. Thus, after the sharp conflict with the Senate, the repeal of the Tenure of Office Act was confession and judgment in one, that the President had succeeded in maintaining his constitutional prerogatives. So, too, the outcome of the administration's policy in the Chicago strike and in the sale of bonds for the maintenance of the Gold Reserve is by this time manifest to all men — except the incorrigibles. But the explosive approval that followed the Venezuelan Message liberated not only a wide-sweeping breath of patriotic fervor, but also the bloody vaporings of the *miles gloriosus*, and thus induced a condition charged with danger which continued a menace until it was fired into a blaze in 1898.

In varying measure these papers manifest a well-grounded irritation at the

¹ *Party Organization and Machinery*. By JESSE MACY. N. Y.: The Century Co. 1904.

² *Presidential Problems*. By GROVER CLEVELAND. N. Y.: The Century Co. 1904.

Senate's constant tendency to legislative aggrandizement on executive authority. Lapse of time has made for leniency in many of Mr. Cleveland's judgments, more particularly in his verdict upon Governor Altgeld's aberrations in 1894; but age apparently cannot stale nor time wither the ex-President's animosity toward the Senate. In this he is certainly in line with many of his countrymen. It would be hard to find in this country a community so phlegmatic as not readily to respond with emphatic and noisy appreciation to the laudation of the great office of our Chief Executive and of most of its incumbents. But nobody, I suppose, ever heard a cheer given for the Senate as a body. There may be good senators, but there has not been within our recollection a good senate. With most of us it has a bad name. State legislatures gird at its indirect method of election. The press fumes about its secret sessions; public opinion chafes at its overweening presumption that masks under the exasperating title of the Courtesy of the Senate; and if an individual hitherto unknown is brought into prominence in connection with a senatorial vacancy, we are disposed at once, as was Charles Lamb in the case of the old lady's favorite preacher, to "damn him at a venture." Its exclusiveness, its arbitrariness, annoy, irritate, and exasperate us. We feel, with the distinguished author, that its corporate hostility is something to be "contemplated with all possible fortitude." We chuckle when that august body is officially informed that offices created by Act of Congress are "unembarrassed by any obligation to the Senate as the price of their creation." When the Chairman of the Senate Committee on the Judiciary reminds his brethren of the toga that a presidential refusal to transmit private papers for their scrutiny vividly reminds him of the communications of King Charles I to Parliament, it is delicious to learn of the President's feeling of assurance that the Senate of the United States was not "a bloodthirsty body, and that the chairman of its Com-

mittee on the Judiciary was one of the most courteous and amiable of men — at least when outside of the Senate." Even when our attention is directed to the fact that the final outcome of the Venezuelan matter was a treaty made directly between Great Britain and Venezuela — "a fortunate circumstance, inasmuch as the work accomplished was thus saved from the risk of customary disfigurement at the hands of the United States Senate," we feel that the thrust is well deserved, so accurately does it describe the recent holding-up of the reciprocity and arbitration treaties by that arrogant legislative corporation.

The Venezuelan controversy and the related question of our entire foreign policy afford a ready transition to the discussion of Mr. Edgington's volume¹ on the Monroe Doctrine. It would be a great gain to clear thinking if somebody — perhaps the *Century Dictionary* — would give us a clear-cut definition of the Monroe Doctrine, which thereafter must be observed *ubique, semper, ab omnibus*. Mr. Cleveland apparently considers the Monroe Doctrine synonymous with "the American doctrine which denies to European powers the colonization of any part of the American Continent." He implies also that it would be forfeited by "taking our lot with nations that expand by following un-American ways." The learned author of this work on the Doctrine, after an exposition of over a hundred pages, contends that "the colonization feature of the Monroe message is not in harmony with the Acts of Congress, the decisions of the Supreme Court, and the practice of the Government in its foreign relations." Mr. Edgington tells us that "there can be no doubt but that the American people of all parties are in favor of the Monroe Doctrine or a general foreign policy which has taken that name"! Apparently "the general foreign policy which has taken that name," in Mr. Edgington's apprehension, connects itself with our essaying the

¹ *The Monroe Doctrine*. By T. B. EDGINGTON. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1904.

rôle of receiver general for the defaulting states of South and Central America, and devising "means for preventing revolutions, internecine strifes and wars" amongst them by "federating" the *soi-disant* republics of that continent into a few great states, where the suffrage shall be placed in the hands of the property owners. At all events, he is sure that we cannot tolerate the laws of those countries which require foreigners there resident to waive their right of appeal to their own governments in case of injustice done them by the aforesaid Latin republics. Whatever one may think of these conclusions, it is certain, if we may judge by the unconstitutional rôle which the Administration recently attempted in San Domingo, that Mr. Edgington's opinion has obtained official approval in high quarters.

In rounding out this survey of significant works on politics it would be improper to omit all mention of the year's contributions in aid of what Bryce calls "our one conspicuous failure," namely, the government of cities. Two volumes¹ upon this theme present themselves for comparison, and claim careful notice, not so much on account of the intrinsic novelty of their contents, as because they typify two representative but radically opposed diagnoses of civic remedies. Professor Goodnow in his previous studies had contrasted the two distinct functions of the city. In this volume he again pits the city as the local agent of the state government over against the city as the minister to the peculiar needs of the urban community. The actual control which the state has commonly exerted over the city has largely been a legislative control engineered by the political Machine of the dominant party for partisan ends. Municipalities have thus largely lost their autonomy,

and their efficiency as servants of urban needs has been fatally impaired. Failure to recognize this fundamental difficulty has led to a long but fruitless search for some kind of machinery for cities which will make for decent government. The various devices that have been tried Professor Goodnow recounts. First the city council was despoiled of its administrative powers, and irremovable administrative boards were created in its stead. The boards, in turn, have been largely replaced by single-headed departments with a commissioner at their head. The commissioners, again, have been made the viceroys of the mayor, and in more than one instance the tendency has manifested itself to find the solution of the vexed problem in a mayor-dictator. The chase thus far has disappointed the reforming pursuers: and Professor Goodnow's tone is that of the baffled but intelligent hunter who refuses, somewhat mechanically, to despair of the brush, but who has a very keen appreciation of the windings of the long run, and of the futility of using the various brands of patent anise-seed, such as the Referendum, which hopeful rustics are sure will run Reynard to his hole. City life is "on the whole, not favorable to the development of good government," and Professor Goodnow has "grave doubts as to the efficacy of any mere change in the legal relation and position of our cities." He concludes, in a somewhat resigned tone, that "there is something the matter with city government in the United States which strikes deeper than mere governmental machinery."

Doctor Wilcox's civic forecast, in contrast to Professor Goodnow's, is very hopeful, and his programme very extensive. Doctor Wilcox thinks that "for people generally salvation depends upon an improved environment." Consequently he espouses a wide-open system of municipal socialism, and welcomes types innumerable of civic machines for perpetual motion.

Of all drawbacks to political reform there is none to compare with the half-

¹ *City Government in the United States.* By FRANK J. GOODNOW, LL. D. New York: The Century Co. 1904.

The American City: a Problem in Democracy. By DELOS F. WILCOX, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

baked reformer. To the intelligent worker for progress he is a scourge, and to the godless spoilsman he is a blessing, a very present help in time of trouble. This type of crude enthusiast always has some cheap-John device to "transmute leaden instincts into golden conduct," some quack remedy that cures all the ills that mortal flesh is heir to, some claptrap notion that is to precipitate the millennium to-morrow. His crotchets repel the hard-headed voter, and confirm the cynic in the belief that evil is a surd in the sum of things that defies elimination. To-day it is the Referendum, or the Initiative. To-morrow it is what is termed the "Recall,"—an ingenious device whereby, on the petition of a certain number of electors, any public officer, on penalty of forfeiting his office, must immediately stand for reëlection. I have no doubt that Ostracism in Athens was lauded to the skies by this class of nostrum fakirs, and that they sincerely believed that the perpetual oyster shell was the price of liberty. To this class, in my judgment, Doctor Wilcox unmistakably belongs. The significance of his book lies not in its applicability to municipal problems, but in its indication of one of the greatest practical obstacles to a realization of a better day.

At the forefront of significant works on our industrial life come four volumes on social pathology. Dr. Roberts's book ¹ affords the best introduction to the group, although, as its sub-title indicates, it is really a study of all phases of the social life of an important industrial group, and not of its pathological side only. At the same time, inasmuch as the workers in the anthracite fields are largely Slavs, and typify the dominant modern immigrant class, as well as illustrate many, perhaps most, of the acute phases of social distress found everywhere in this country, it is not unfair to make this work the vestibule to

the study of social pathology. It is a volume intensely vital, charged to the brim with reality. It bespeaks the knowledge of the eye-witness. The ever bubbling spring of eternal joyousness even in the hovel and in the midst of need is not overlooked. Unlike many who make a knowledge of the seamy side of life their foible, the author's direct, first-hand, many-sided knowledge of manifold facts is aerated, liberalized, and organized by a sound knowledge of the fundamental facts of social existence. Dr. Roberts does not minimize the necessity of a rising standard of life, but he remembers, what the charity expert too often forgets, that "to attempt to fix the laborer's income by a standard of living, regardless of his productive power, is to attempt the impossible." To the indiscriminating gabble about "race suicide" his bracing conclusion is most refreshing, that—"If the social status of the working classes is to be permanently improved, restriction of natality must have a larger part in their creed." The cheap philosophy now current about immigration also receives some knock-out blows at his hand. He demonstrates that "the English-speaking section of our (that is, the anthracite) population is being forced up by the Slavs." He stoutly combats the notion that in the absence of immigration the labor necessary for the development of our industries would have been supplied by the natural increase of the original stock. "The consensus of opinion among superintendents and foremen in the anthracite coal industry is that the mines could never be operated if they depended upon the native born for the labor supply." Dr. Roberts's volume is generously illustrated, and the judicious selection of scenes reinforces the text. In everything, save only the proof-reading, particularly where citations from other languages than English are made, the book deserves unstinted praise.

With Mr. Hunter's book on *Poverty* ² we come to the more delimited study of so-

¹ *Anthracite Coal Communities: A Study of the Demography, the Social, Educational and Moral Life of the Anthracite Regions.* By PETER ROBERTS, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

² *Poverty.* By ROBERT HUNTER. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

social mal-adjustments. To Mr. Hunter poverty means the anxious state of those who may get a bare sustenance, but "are not able to obtain those necessities which will permit them to maintain a state of physical efficiency." Poverty as thus defined is distinct from pauperism. Pauperism implies no mental agony, for there the struggle has been given up and resignation has produced a relatively comfortable state of despair which accepts any chance mitigation of its lot as so much to the good. There is a certain literary quality to Mr. Hunter's book which will insure it a wide vogue. Those who feel vaguely that industrial society is in a bad way will find that this volume strengthens their impressions. Those who like to do their "slumming" by proxy will find in Mr. Hunter an admirable guide. The inferno of the tenements, the misery of the poor and sick, the perplexity of the alien, and the sorrows of the children harnessed to the wheel of toil, are all set forth vividly, and with a certain kind of pathos.

But with all this granted, Mr. Hunter's book is not one that commands our confidence. His eloquent misgivings as to the extent of poverty in this country — he is sure that there are ten millions, and thinks there may be as many as fifteen or twenty millions in poverty as defined above — are based on unsubstantial statistical sallies. When he essays to formulate and apply the well-known laws of population, or to elaborate the economic effects of immigration, he flounders so egregiously that our distrust of the solidity of his judgment is more than confirmed. Worse than all else, for those who value crystal-clear sincerity of thought and utterance, is the recurrence of the more than occasional note of pseudo-pathos and literary falsetto. Self-revelation by carefully motivated indirection, and melodramatically repressed heart-break, suggest something dangerously near the *poseur*.

Dr. Devine's volume ¹ is the most prac-

¹ *The Principles of Relief*. By EDWARD T. DEVINE, Ph. D., LL. D. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

tical one of the trio specifically devoted to remedying the ills of society. Its object is to inform those desirous of practicing helpful charity, and to equip them for their concrete task. The position which the author holds — he is the General Secretary of the Charity Organization Society of New York city — has furnished him with a large fund of experience, which is clearly and systematically put at the reader's disposal. Part I comprises the general principles on which scientific charity is based, and is most admirably done. There is a finality and rigor about it which betray the practical administrator. And while one may dissent from some of the *obiter dicta*, such as the approval of public school instruction as to the physical effects of alcohol, or the rather slighting tone in which relief systems under church control are characterized, the general programme laid down and the detailed circumstances in which it is worked out command instant respect and ungrudging approval. In Part II almost one hundred pages are devoted to actual cases of typical relief problems. The "case method" is evidently applicable to other sciences than law. The last two parts are given, one to a historical survey of the practice of charity, public and private; and the other to the affording of relief in disasters such as the Chicago and Baltimore fires, or the Slocum disaster. No one who is interested either historically or practically in the subject of charity can afford to neglect this volume.

It is but passing from the individual to the universal to turn from Dr. Devine's treatise to Professor Henderson's encyclopædic compend ² on the same subject. This substantial volume of over seven hundred pages is a comprehensive account, arranged primarily on a geographical basis, of the organization of charity in

² *Modern Methods of Charity*. An Account of the Systems of Relief, Public and Private, in the Principal Countries having Modern Methods. By CHARLES RICHMOND HENDERSON, assisted by others. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

the most important nations of the modern world. In this work Professor Henderson has had the aid of a competent corps of collaborators.

I question whether any one will ever rise up from the task of reading this volume from cover to cover, without entertaining serious doubts of the psalmist's dictum, — "Blessed is he that considereth the poor." Nor would the doubt arise merely from the length of these combined articles, nor from any lack of excellence on the part of their learned authors. The really mournful things that oppress the spirit are the subject-matter itself, the social conditions out of which the ever clamant necessity for charitable assistance arises, the bungling diagnosis of the real needs of the poor, the abortive efforts at helping them, the frequent unwisdom of private benevolence, and the callous roughness of public relief. When one thinks of what charity might ideally be, the gladsome and willing extension of a helping hand to a necessitous fellow mortal, without constraint on the part of the giver or loss of self-respect on the part of the recipient, a mutual service where kindness and gratitude exactly counterbalance one another; and when one thinks of the hideous thing that actual charity so frequently is, it is impossible not to be overwhelmed by the "eternal note of sadness" which suggests

... "the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery."

The widest generalization of a practical character to be drawn from this bulky volume is the well-proved necessity in our public charities for the legally recognized right of visitation on the part of the unofficial benevolent public. The legal power of direction and control over such institutions vests properly in an official board or commissioner. But without the intelligent and sympathetic inspection of unpaid but benevolently inclined private persons, abuses in management are all but certain to arise. There will never be found an automatic administrative substitute for enlightened personal interest and activity

in the work of public benevolence. Without such unofficial coöperation, institutional charity becomes what the cynic has termed "the sterilized milk of human kindness."

The four volumes just passed in review jointly suggest certain wider reflections upon the whole subject of the ills of society. The perennial crop of social tares, such as pauperism, vice, and miscellaneous disability, indicates that such diseases can no longer be regarded as sporadic, but proves them to be universal. There is something rotten, not only in the state of Denmark; but there is everywhere a perennial growth of diseased tissue in the body politic. The old order, it is true, has all but ceased when

... "pity gave 'ere charity began."

The mediæval doctrine that "the poor are with you always and whensoever ye will ye may do them *harm*" — by indiscriminate doles of money or goods — has no longer any standing with the scientific charity worker. It is now recognized that charity of that description "never faileth" — to fail. On the other hand, our public and scientific measures of relief and reformation seem powerless to reach the root of the evil.

The truth of the matter is this, that the attitude of modern governments and peoples toward this whole matter of social distress is in the highest degree anomalous. To reduce the area of such distress to a permanent minimum requires, first, the refraining from the relief that only pauperizes, and second, the aggressive sterilization of the classes which breed the evil. There is no doubt that the matrix of social distress is the almost unlimited freedom of the socially defective classes to multiply their numbers. A stringent policy of extensive institutional detention with the segregation of the sexes would alone extirpate the germs of the evil. The trouble is that society has not, and I much doubt if it ever will have, the nerve to enforce any such policy. In this matter of perpetual social misery we are too intelligent and too sympathetic to be easy in

mind, and not courageous enough to be free. So we potter along with a sop here and a dole there; and the millions that are expended, while they doubtless relieve a vast amount of present misery, are almost like water poured into a rat-hole, so far as permanent betterment is concerned.

The social prophet, like the poor, is with us always, and possibly the most striking Jeremiad of the year comes in the guise of an estimate of our industrial system. The *Theory of Business Enterprise*,¹ by Professor Veblen, is a singular instance of how economic philosophy is sometimes infected by tendencies rife in widely separated fields of thought. Through the transparent veil of this sociological essay one gets many a glimpse of the cosmic irony of Ibsen and the nihilistic doctrine of Nietzsche. A very readable quality is thus imparted to the speculation by the author, but at the cost of a most unenviable frame of mind. Professor Veblen has a preternaturally vivid insight into the pathological side of business and society; and he follows remorselessly the poisoned tract which his critical scalpel has discovered. But his exploratory incision suggests nothing for "the healing of the nations," and from his lips there falls only the thinly disguised irony which mocks the misery of them that perish. The morbid element in economic life has for him so great a fascination that it blinds him to the normal and healthful aspects of industry, and the business world in his apprehension becomes but a congeries of "embossed sores and headed evils."

And yet, despite the fact that the author's attitude renders the highest approval from either the scientific or the ethical standpoint impossible, the book is an uncommonly suggestive one. The penetrating glance into certain broad and seamy aspects of our industrial life prompts to a reflective testing of one's social beliefs and ideals.

The heart of the book centres in the

¹ *The Theory of Business Enterprise*. By THORSTEIN VEBLEN. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

analysis of modern business enterprise. The author contends that it is no longer the making of a livelihood, but the accumulation of profits, which motives the direction of modern enterprise. Industry is carried on for "business," not "business" for industry. Pecuniary gain is, on the whole, frequently associated with industrial disturbance, not with industrial welfare. The old-fashioned Captain of Industry has therefore become a wrecker of trade. The business man of to-day directs his attention, not to the surveillance of processes, but to the "alert redistribution of investments." Only rarely does the entrepreneur cumber himself with "the coördinating of industrial processes with a view to economics (*sic*) of production and heightened serviceability." The loan market is a sphere of pecuniary legerdemain, for "funds of whatever character are a pecuniary fact, not an industrial one;" nor do they "increase the aggregate industrial equipment." The remuneration of business services bears "no determinable relation to the services which the work in question may render the community," but represents only "parasitic income." Hence the "traffic in vendible capital (that is, securities) is the pivotal and dominant factor in the modern situation of business and industry." Business depression is to-day primarily "a malady of the affections" of the business man, not a dearth in the output of consumable goods "except as measured in price." "The persistent defection" in hoped-for profits must become a "chronic depression . . . under the fully developed régime of machine industry." For this "persistent defection" of profits there are but two remedies: "an increase in unproductive consumption," or a curtailed output. "Wasteful expenditure" on war and armaments by governments in their "policy of emulative exhaustion" may help; but, "barring providential intervention (*sic*) the only refuge from chronic depression is thorough-going coalition" of industry (that is, trusts). But even this in the

course of the Great Year is unavailing, for the "cultural incidence of the machine process" has eradicated from the wage-earning class all reverence for "natural rights" and all belief in the philosophy of private property, in both of which modern capitalism is rooted. This cultural growth of the machine-tender is necessarily "of a skeptical, matter-of-fact complexion, materialistic, immoral, unpatriotic, undevout." While "business discipline" therefore tends to conserve "the bourgeois virtues of solvency, thrift, and dissimulation," and tends to maintain among wage-earners the useful sense of "status or fealty involved in the concept of sin," it stands to lose at the last, although for a time, by playing on "the happy knack of clannish fancy," called patriotism, it may prolong its dominion by using the military power of governments to open wider markets in lands now "pecuniarily unregenerate."

The sting of this indictment of the industrial world lies not in its novelty nor in its finality, but in its partial truth. The doctrine that the pursuit of business affords the frequent opportunity of undeserved gain, and that, among a society where mutual service is the rule, a clever scamp may live by his wits, is as old as Aristotle. Retail trade, it may be remembered, was condemned by that philosopher, as an unnatural art of money-making. Professor Veblen would exonerate the retailer, but fears for the social welfare when entrusted to the corporate directorate.

Professor Veblen's wholesale cheapening of the operations of the workaday world, veiled though it be by frequent protestation of conformity to the conventional industrial creed, is bound after all to prove a boomerang. Its paradoxes may awake the reader from dogmatic slumbers, its epigrams may tickle his ears with their mordant cynicism, but neither his heart nor head will respond to its skepticism or its pessimism. "A conscientious person," says Burke, "would rather doubt his own judgment, than con-

demn his species. . . . He will grow wise, not malignant, by his acquaintance with the world. But he that accuses all mankind of corruption, ought to remember that he is sure to convict only one."

If Professor Veblen has erred by making "all the horizon dark," Mrs. Gilman in her prophetic essay has erred by refusing wholly to confine herself to *terra firma*. In Mrs. Gilman's *Human Work*¹ every page is festooned with a meretricious brilliance which is apt to conceal the philosophical shallowness within. Whatever else we shall discover about human work, hard-won experience has settled some things about it for good and all. The first is, that if we totally disregard all remuneration of labor, and look at labor *per se*, whatever zest and pleasure may attach to certain occupations, there is connected with labor, as a whole, an enormous net balance of pain, irksomeness, weariness, suffering, and misery. Ruskin, whose economic philosophy is frequently as eccentric as Mrs. Gilman's, has at least not stumbled over the true nature of labor. "Labor," says he, "is the contest of the life of man with an opposite. Literally, it is the quantity of 'Lapse,' loss, or failure of human life, caused by any effort . . . labor is the *suffering* in effort." In brief, it is "that quantity of our toil which we die in." The second fact that economic experience has made plain is that to induce men to undertake even ordinary labor, the most effective stimulus is the prospect of bettering their individual condition from the standpoint of material welfare. It was one whose plummet had sounded depths more profound than the social shoals which Mrs. Gilman so coquettishly dredges who sagely remarked that "it is not from the benevolence of the butcher, the brewer, or the baker, that we expect our dinner, but from their regard to their own interest. We address ourselves, not to their humanity, but to their self-love, and never talk to them of

¹ *Human Work*. By CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1904.

our own necessities, but of their advantages." In the face of these basal facts, to talk glibly as Mrs. Gilman does in this volume about human work becoming intrinsically so enticing that human beings will eventually rush into it with enthusiastic *élan* is downright folly. And to propound the further doctrine that the altruistic desire to better society is likely to prove a more powerful incentive to industry than self-interest has ever been is to write one's self down a faddist and a dreamer.

With the discussion of trusts we enter upon the more narrowly bounded region of economics proper, and from out of the prodigious output of opinion on this problem two representative volumes deserve especial notice. The first is Mr. Montague's *Trusts of To-Day*,¹ and the other is Mr. Moody's *Truth about the Trusts*.²

Mr. Montague's volume arrays itself in the same class of works as those of Jenks, Meade, and Ely. Like them he has drawn his material largely from the evidence taken before the Industrial Commission. The arrangement of topics is his own, and the argument is rather less suggestive of abrupt transition than Jenks's excellent disquisition on the same theme. The conclusions which Mr. Montague arrives at are not very dissimilar to those of Jenks. In his general attitude toward the trust Mr. Montague has, in our opinion, chosen "the better part." What this attitude is may be inferred from the following citations. "Briefly stated, the trust problem resolves itself into this: If the trust deserves to live, the savings of combination must be found real and legitimate; the first class of evils, flowing from the mere fact of monopoly, must be proved either self-corrective or able to be corrected by statute; the second class of evils, result-

ing from the particular form assumed in the organization of existing combinations, must be shown to be self-corrective or capable of correction by statute." "Politically, the interests of the consumer, of the competitor, of the investor, and of the State overshadow mere perfection in industrial efficiency; unless the present trusts can show that practical monopoly is shorn of its mediæval terrors, they must be destroyed like so many economic Frankensteins."

In the matter of capitalization Mr. Montague is less satisfactory. It is a superficial view of the matter to say that "the proper capitalization is that which so adjusts the amount of securities to the earnings as to make the stock sell for its par value." When a corporation is first organized, the amount of its earnings is more or less problematical, not to say conjectural. After a corporation is organized, its earnings will vary from year to year. To make the amount of securities at the outset sell for par is no guarantee that future earnings on that capitalization, or in fact on any capitalization, will ever be realized. How to keep adjusting the amount of securities after organization so as to make them bring par when earnings fluctuate, is a problem to whose solution Mr. Montague contributes nothing.

Mr. Moody's *Truth about the Trusts* has at least the merit of making public some convictions more often held than avowed. The author is the editor of the very useful *Manual of Corporation Securities*,—a repository of information as indispensable to the investor as Poor's annual volume on Railroads to those interested in transportation. But a very extensive knowledge of corporation finance is no guarantee of enlightened views on public policy. Burke and Debrett are doubtless accurate sources of information as to the genealogy of the peerage, but I see no reason for thinking that their opinion would be decisive, or even very valuable, upon the question of reforming or abolishing the House of Lords. Even the gifted compiler

¹ *Trusts of To-Day*: Facts relating to their Promotion, Financial Management, and the Attempts at State Control. By GILBERT HOLLAND MONTAGUE, A. M. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1904.

² *The Truth about the Trusts*. By JOHN MOODY. New York: Moody Publishing Company. 1904.

of *Who's Who* I should not accept as final authority upon the issue, "Who is the greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven?"

Mr. Moody frankly admits that his view of trusts is what may be called the Wall Street view, and he is certainly right in thinking that he offers the reader something in startling contrast to what he terms "the labored treatises of college professors." There is no beating about the bush in such expressions as the following: "The saying that 'monopoly is the mother of trusts' is therefore logically admitted to be true. But so also is it claimed than (*sic*) monopoly is the mother of our entire industrial civilization." While "in the abstract," it is conceded that monopoly "may work injustice and inequality in some ways between man and man, yet it is pointed out that the general benefits to the larger organism of society are generally so great that they must inevitably counterbalance the lesser temporary evils." Mr. Moody's philosophy is the same as that set forth in the *Ballad of the Ichthyosaurus* : —

"We generally dined on each other;
What matter? The fittest survived."

The naïveté of Mr. Moody's *apologia* may be inferred from his citing with approval the confidential dictum of the manager of one of our larger trusts. "This talk of the elimination of competition is all nonsense. Competition is keener than ever to-day, but it is of course carried on on a larger plane. Where formerly the small producer competed to reduce his costs and undersell his competitors by the ordinary means of great economy and superior efficiency, he has now gone beyond that point; he has passed the mean level where he can recklessly compete and survive, having found that he must look to other and better methods to obtain advantages over competitors. The advantages he now seeks are not so crude. They consist in going to the root of things, in acquiring and dominating the sources of supply and the raw material; in controlling shipping rights of way; in securing exclusive benefits, rebates on large

shipments, beneficial legislation, etc."

This is delicious. It sounds as though Dick Turpin were explaining that he had got beyond the vulgar delving that attended "the constant service of the antique world," and had found it much more profitable to enforce "a thievish living on the common road." It will not surprise the reader after perusing these "elegant extracts" to learn that Mr. Moody, in his haste to narrate the history of concrete trusts, can devote but three pages to reviewing "So-called Remedies," or to find him predicting that the recently created Department of Commerce and Labor in its scope "will not go beyond that of a mere statistical bureau." Mr. Moody's crass provincialism, — for Wall Street can be as provincial as Botany Bay, — his colossal ignorance of past industrial history and current public opinion, have combined with his courageous utterance of his convictions to create one of the most powerful socialistic documents of our day.

While not exclusively a discussion of the trust problem, Mr. Edward Atkinson's latest volume of statistical essays¹ may best be docketed with the foregoing group. One of Mr. Atkinson's four disquisitions is specifically entitled "The Tendency to Individualism rather than to Collectivism in the Manufacturing and all other Arts." One accustomed to the usual terminology of social economics sits up and rubs his eyes when he finds Mr. Atkinson speaking of "the collective or factory (*sic*) system." Such usage recalls Mr. Edwin Cannan's remark on Ricardo's definition of rent: "Like most people who have not had the advantage of a literary education, Ricardo was apt to think that a word ought to have whatever sense he found convenient to put upon it." Be that as it may, the boundless — one is almost inclined to say, the hopeless — optimism of Mr. Atkinson reveals itself in such a typical conclusion as that,

¹ *Facts and Figures. The Basis of Economic Science.* By EDWARD ATKINSON. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

"In the end, the individual enterprises must be more effectively managed than the high (*sic*) combinations, and will, within a reasonable period, bring them to a cash basis or displace them wholly;" or in this final *bouleversement* of all economic probability that "the power of consumption is limited, the power of production is unlimited."

Considered in his literary manifestations, I do not know of a more troublesome personality to classify than Mr. Atkinson. He suggests an incredible blend of Pythagoras, who found in abstract number the essence of truth, and of the energetic Sir John Sinclair, who danced one evening in a suit of broadcloth which the same morning had been growing in the shape of wool upon the back of the sheep. His ingenuity in the tabulation of statistics, and his still more ingenious deductions from his figures, suggest Artemus Ward's definition of a crank, — one who can prove four times as much as any other man believes, and who believes four times as much as he can prove. In spite of it all, Mr. Atkinson so frequently figures as a public-spirited protagonist of worthy but unpopular causes, and displays at times such Yankee shrewdness in cornering a fact that the phlegmatic logician and economist had never suspected, that it is impossible not to feel for him a certain high regard. If Mr. Atkinson often makes the judicious grieve, and compels them to quote sadly to themselves *non tali auxilio*, his vivacious pen has certainly added much to the gaiety of nations, and as often increased the stock of harmless pleasures.

By right of age and dignity Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, in what promises to be its definitive form for many years to come, should be set at the head of recent significant publications on economics. The editor, Mr. Edwin Cannan, had an indefeasible title to give the Father of Political Economy an authoritative reintroduction to this generation. More than any other of the hundreds of critics and commentators of Adam Smith,

Mr. Cannan has established beyond peradventure of a doubt the genesis and the filiation of the cardinal doctrines of the *Wealth of Nations*. Indeed, the shrewd surmise which Mr. Cannan originally ventured as to the origin of the various parts of that work, and the way this surmise obtained astoundingly close verification by the fortunate recovery of a student's notes taken upon Smith's earlier lectures, constitute one of the most remarkable episodes in recent literary history. Along with his demonstrated insight into the heart of this classic, Mr. Cannan brought other gifts of a rare order to his task, — tireless scholarship in ferreting out the *ipsissima verba* of the text, and withal an invigorating freshness of vision into the realities of industrial life, a doughty logic, and a dash of cynical humor. I know of no better way of describing Mr. Cannan to those unfortunates who know him not than by saying that he might easily have been the historic individual who, to the hackneyed argument, "a man must live," replied, "I do not see the necessity."

Mr. Cannan in his preface explains that he has printed the text of the last (fifth) edition issued in Smith's lifetime, and has traced in the footnotes the textual variants from the earlier editions. He adds characteristically that he has retained the spelling of the fifth edition and has "steadily refused to attempt to make it consistent with itself." How indefatigable has been his attempt to run down Smith's sources may be gauged from his remark: "That many more references might be given by an editor gifted with omniscience, I know better than any one. To discover a reference has often taken hours of labor, to fail to discover one has often taken days." Mr. Cannan's experience as a college lecturer gave him one invaluable clue to the sources of Smith's writings. This clue is what he has elsewhere called "academic atavism," — the tendency of a young professor to fall back in time of need upon the notes he has taken at the feet of some elder Gamaliel.

The deadly parallel between the order of topics in Smith's early lectures and in the lectures of Smith's former teacher, Dr. Hutcheson, prompts the surmise that "when Smith had hurriedly to prepare his lectures . . . he looked through his notes of his old master's lectures (as hundreds of men in his position have done before and after him)." This, one may protest, is ingenuity pushed too far, — or, as Smith said of a butcher's work, is "a brutal and an odious business." Pray, Mr. Cannan,

"No further seek his merits to disclose
Or draw his frailties from their dread
abode."

It is hard to say just what is the proper tone in which to speak of a modern treatise on economics, however excellent, when it is thrust by circumstances into juxtaposition with such a classic as the *Wealth of Nations*. Adam Smith's great work has attained to what Dr. Johnson pronounced literary fame, — namely, outliving a century, — and this it is which makes one cautious and circumspect in heralding prematurely the excellence of a volume damp from the press. Without making any pretension, however, to the supreme literary art of the older work, Professor Fetter's book¹ may challenge comparison, on the ground of its intrinsic excellence, with any systematic treatise on economics that has appeared since the days of John Stuart Mill. It is significant of the degree of specialization that has been attained in economics, that when one takes up the task of elucidating the peculiar merits of this volume, there is an overwhelming temptation to begin by referring to the modern theory of value. To be caught in this snare, however, would mean, in a non-technical review like this, to forfeit all further claim on the general reader's intelligent interest. It seems best, therefore, to begin with a more general contrast between Adam Smith and our

author, to illustrate the changed attitude toward society of the early and the modern economist.

Adam Smith lived in the pre-dismal age of the science. His outlook was by no means cheerless, although he schooled himself to entertain only meagre hopes of industrial improvement. It may be remembered how Smith, despite his convictions on the rights of the matter, said that to look for the eventual realization of free trade in England was Utopian. Thick clouds did not gather over the science of economics until his mantle had descended upon Ricardo. But since Carlyle's damnatory characterization, the economic horizon has grown decidedly more bright. This volume of Professor Fetter's, for example, is typical of the modern economist, who commonly entertains a sane hopefulness untouched by optimistic vagaries. The contrast between the early and the later economist in his attitude toward the laborer is instructive. The classical economists assumed toward the wage-earner a somewhat patronizing tone. This was the price that the worker had to pay for the economist's tolerance of aught which — temporarily or permanently — was supposed to make for the laborer's higher standard of living, whose leveling effects were viewed with apprehension by Squire and Parson. The modern economist, like Professor Fetter, is avowedly democratic in outlook and sympathy. Finally, the classical or orthodox economist was a stickler for *laissez faire*, the simple "system of natural liberty," and a minimum of state interference in trade or industry. The modern economist regards *laissez faire* much as the old-school physician regards the dictum *contraria contrariis*, — a bit of unfounded metaphysics which happens to be identified with the use of many sane medicaments. Here again Professor Fetter is typical of the modern breed.

But while representative of the modern economist in all these respects, Professor Fetter's claim to preëminence among modern systematizers is based on other

¹ *The Principles of Economics, with Application to Practical Problems*. By FRANK A. FETTER, Ph. D. New York: The Century Co. 1904.

considerations. He is the first who, having broken with the old foursquare schematization of economics under the well-known rubrics, — Production, Exchange, Distribution, Consumption, — has built a new and logically compact structure. The intensive study of economics in the last quarter of a century had led many writers to put extensive patches upon the garments of their predecessors, with the frequent result that thereby the rent was made worse. This volume is new woven throughout. The permanent claim to the highest scientific recognition to which Professor Fetter will doubtless be entitled is founded upon his masterly resolving the problem of value into three phases, — the value of goods ready for the consumer, the value of the momentarily accruing income derived from durable agents, and the all-pervading influence of time as a determinant of value, especially — though by no means exclusively — in the

problem of capitalization or estimating at their present worth a series of future incomes seen down the perspective of the future. As a by-product of this inestimable service to the systematization of economic thinking is the gratifying result that intellectual commerce is thereby in large measure restored between the economist and the practical man of affairs. Ever since Ricardo's day economists have had an esoteric doctrine. They have delighted in the most unreal of definitions; they have gloried in propositions needlessly paradoxical. It has thus come about that men of business have often either wholly mistaken their meaning or have been unable to catch the mystic grips and passwords in vogue amongst them. Not the least service of this work is that it breaks away from this mystifying usage,

"And what we mean we say, and what we could, we know."

LETTERS TO LITERARY STATESMEN

BY "ALCIPHRON"

II

TO ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR

It was of philosophers who were merely kings that Plato had his golden dream; but if he could have foreseen the day when a king would only reign, *et ne gouverne pas*, he surely would have hailed a philosopher as prime minister. He would also, it may be surmised, have felt a certain intellectual affinity in you. In one respect, at least, you resemble him, — a fondness for verbal dialectic, and an extraordinary adroitness and resource in its use. Such a style of reasoning as you are often pleased to adopt seems to derive straight from *Gorgias*. Something like it must have been in Jowett's mind when he said in

answer to the question whether logic was a science or an art, "It is neither; it is a dodge."

A philosopher in the hurly-burly of politics is not a thing unknown in English annals. It may be doubted, however, if honest John Bull ever before gave power to one precisely of your type. You could not say of yourself, as Walpole did in writing to Conway: "I am certainly the greatest philosopher in the world without ever having thought of being so." If the Cecils are a great governing family, so they are a great thinking family. You early fleshed your philosophic sword; and if we may

believe that other prime minister, Count von Bülow, you are to-day a statesman who "employs his leisure hours in seeking to fathom the profoundest problems of science." This, of course, would cover the problem of a golf ball's flight, to which, it is known, you devote your ripest powers. But the point is that the hard-headed squires of the Tory party knew what you were when they took you for their leader, — knew that you were no burly Johnson, disproving idealism by one mighty stamp of the foot, but rather of the meticulous order of Berkeley himself. You had published your *Defence of Philosophic Doubt*. And the real doubt, unluckily, seemed to be, from the first, exactly what you meant to say.

You have yourself jested rather pallidly of late about your fate as the Great Misunderstood of English politics. You have said, with a melancholy smile, "My utterances on a certain great question have been received with as many commentaries as if I were a classic, and have been invested with as many different meanings as if they were inspired." But the charge that you are obscure was made before the fiscal controversy was ever heard of, and your retort that you were blindly or willfully misinterpreted was hurled by you at theological or philosophical opponents, before it was at political antagonists. Your persistent complaint of the critics of your book on the *Foundations of Belief* was that they completely failed to catch your drift. It must have been hard for you to forgive Leslie Stephen for saying of that attempt to buttress religion by proving that its postulates were only a trifle more unthinkable than those of science, "the foundations of his [your] edifice are ingeniously supported by the superstructure." But in the preface to your second edition you had to admit that even a well-known professor of theology, versed in all your subtleties, had missed your meaning by worlds away.

It is not strange, then, that when you chose to apply the method of a douche, vaporized words to a burning question

of the day, your blunt and somewhat obtuse countrymen began to wonder if you were not a philosopher moving about in a world not realized. Certainly, you have had, in the last few months, to run the gauntlet of ridicule, which is, in its way as terrible, if not so speedily fatal, on the banks of the Thames as on the Seine. The rough Squire Westerns have been asked what they thought of a prime minister who could not put down malicious wresting of his language by a plain tale; while the wits of the press and of the clubs have had their fling at political leaders who "pronounce themselves vegetarians, but with a strong partiality for mutton chops." Mr. Frederic Harrison's rather cruel characterization of your position on the tariff question was that you are "a Semi-Protectionist-Retaliator-Quasi-Free-Trader, — what the Latin grammar would call a *Paulo-post-futurum* Protectionist." With greater amenity, Mr. Morley has depicted your fiscal ambiguities under the guise of an ecclesiastical apologue. There was a great controversy in the Church, and you had mounted the pulpit to expound and enforce your views. The congregation went out in agitated uncertainty, and began to ask one another, "Whom is he for?" The Presbyterian said, "He is for me." "No," said the Independent, "he is for me." The Trinitarian said, "Mr. Balfour is on my side." "I beg pardon," said the Unitarian, "he is on mine." Anglican and Catholic both claimed him. "But whilst this anxious and angry hubbub was going on in the churchyard, Mr. Balfour emerged from the vestry murmuring to himself with sincere complacency, 'I have given them the essence and the outline of my views, so transparent, so simple, so unmistakable, so beautifully clear that no honest man can pretend not to understand them.'" Such darts get under the skin, in the end, in the political world; and it is an ominous sign when even *Punch* assumes the disguise of our own Doctor Subtilis, Henry James, in order to shadow forth your mastery of recondite

and non-committal statement. For there is still truth in Lord Rosebery's remark: "The English love a statesman whom they understand, or at least think that they understand."

But it would be absurd to suppose, in your case, Mr. Balfour, that the jokes of your political opponents argue conclusively that the position which they delight to depict as one of facing both ways, is in reality not shrewdly chosen and maintained with great address. It would be a good rule: Always beware a philosopher in politics when he bewails his inability to express himself more trenchantly than he has done. It proves that he will not be drawn into uttering the unwary word which will thrust his party from office. This astuteness, this immensely clever handling of an immensely difficult situation, your bitterest enemy cannot deny you. If you have carried water on both shoulders, you have at least carried it, not spilled it on the ground. Your assailants should have taken warning from your profuse confessions of ignorance, and your smiling good nature. They had heard you profess so often in the House of Commons, "I am but a child in these matters;" and should have had in mind, as possibly you had, the prophecy, "A little child shall lead them."

You offer to-day, Mr. Balfour, the great paradox of being the public man of England most laughed at, and at the same time most loved. Possibly one explana-

tion lies in the answer which Samuel Johnson's old schoolfellow made, when asked what he had done with his life. "I have tried," he quaintly said, "to be a philosopher, but somehow cheerfulness was always breaking in." So there has been broken through your philosophy a great kindness, with a high distinction, a wide humanity, a lettered sanity and ease, which have endeared you to the men of your day in both parties. If fall you must, you will leave office behind, but will always bear your friends with you. And as to-day the political tide seems to be running irresistibly against you, you may at least have the satisfaction of knowing that you yourself marked out with precision ten years ago the process of your own decay.

You then said: "I have never observed in the history of this country that any party or any Government have gained credit from hanging on to office, from hanging on to their places, when they were deprived of all real influence on the course of events and when the general trend of public opinion was against them. Under such circumstances the Government may possibly do good administrative work, it may possibly continue to hold office for one month, two months, six months, or even a year more, but you will never find in the history of this country that this had the result of increasing the credit of a Government with those on whose favor their fortunes ultimately rest."

THE RIGHT AND WRONG OF THE MONROE DOCTRINE

BY CHARLES F. DOLE

AMONG the magical words that hypnotize men's minds and keep them from asking intelligent questions, the Monroe Doctrine has a sovereign charm in American politics. Secretary Hay has coupled the mention of this Doctrine with the Golden Rule. Let us venture to ask a few straight questions, and not be afraid to go wherever the honest answer to our questions may carry us.

First, what was the substance of the original Monroe Doctrine in 1823, when it was promulgated? The Spanish American colonies had then revolted, and we had recognized their independence. There was a boundary question between the United States and Russia. We were a young republic, trying a great experiment in the eyes of a critical and unfriendly world. A "Holy Alliance," organized at the instance of Russia, with a really beautiful programme for the good order of Europe, threatened to be turned into an instrument of mischief and oppression, and even to help Spain recover her possessions in America. It is likely that, as in many other instances of human alarm, nothing dangerous would have happened. But our government naturally felt nervous, and raised its cry of warning in the form of the Monroe Doctrine. This was merely a declaration, made by the President in his message to Congress, to the effect that the United States would hold it unfriendly in the European powers to take any aggressive action in this continent. Important as the subject now seems, it involved no vote in Congress, nor the careful discussion that an actual vote generally involves. It is doubtful whether many Americans who read Monroe's Message gave serious thought to the passages which were destined to give his name

prominence. But Americans would have generally agreed in their disinclination to see monarchies set up in the New World, or to suffer any kind of undemocratic system to be brought over here from Europe.

It is noteworthy that the bare statement of the attitude of the United States, without any show of force or preparation for war, was sufficient to secure respectful treatment from the European powers. President Monroe did not feel called upon to ask appropriations for an increase in the navy in order to "back up" his doctrine. The United States did not possess a formidable navy till it had to build one in the period of the Civil War.

It should also be remarked that England, doubtless for commercial reasons, forwarded our government in its attitude in behalf of the independence of the South American republics. Few would have dreamed at that time that the Monroe Doctrine would ever be used as a menace against England.

See now what enormous political changes have come about within eighty years. Except Russia, there is not an autocratic government left of all the nations who composed the short-lived Holy Alliance. All the others, even Austria and Spain, have adopted constitutional methods. Their people have everywhere been given more or less democratic representation. Spain does not contemplate winning back her colonies. We possess by amicable purchase the very territory over which there was once risk of a boundary dispute with Russia. So far from fearing the extension of autocratic and oppressive governments from Europe to America, the European governments are daily brought to face new demands on the part of their people in the direction of demo-

cratic experiments. Autocratic militarism all over the world stands on the defensive. It is becoming recognized as economically and politically intolerable. A great international court has been established on purpose to put an end to war between the nations. It has begun to be used and respected.

Meanwhile the world has become one in geography and international relations. We are practically nearer to the shores of Europe than we are to South America. We have larger and closer interests with China and Japan than we have with Chili and Guatemala.

Let us try now to find what European power, if any, threatens to bring the methods of oppression and tyranny to our continent, or in any way to menace the welfare of the United States. Russia, as we have observed, is out of the question, having voluntarily withdrawn from this continent. She allowed her proud flag to be hauled down in Alaska without the slightest loss of honor.

England is our best friend in all the world. Let us never admit jealousy or suspicion between us. For three thousand miles our territory and the Dominion of Canada march together. By mutual consent neither of us has a ship of war upon the Great Lakes. Let us see to it that we never put warships there. We are obviously safer without them. Like two strong men, dwelling on adjacent farms, we are mutually safeguarded, not by building suspicious fences against each other and purchasing weapons in view of the possibility of our wishing to fight, but rather by assuming that we shall never be so foolish as to injure each other. If we ever disagree, we do not purpose to degrade ourselves by fighting. So far as England is concerned, we may venture boldly to declare that the United States does not need a fort nor a battleship. We contemplate her time-honored naval station at Halifax as complacently as travelers view the collection of ancient armor in the Tower of London. Moreover, as regards the Monroe Doctrine, the last thing

which England could possibly attempt, with her own popular constitution, would be to abridge the liberties of Americans, either North or South.

Summon now the Republic of France, and interrogate her as to her designs and ambitions touching the affairs of America. Probably few Americans could name her *cis-Atlantic* possessions, so inconspicuous are they. They are costing the French treasury a steady outgo. No intelligent nation would take the gift of them, especially of Martinique, with its tempestuous volcanoes. France has had little experience with American colonies cheerful enough to stir her to desire the risk of a disagreement with the United States for the sake of gaining more territory. Nevertheless, we must admit that we had rather live under the rule of France than in most of the states of South or Central America. From no point of view does France threaten to establish a tyranny over any of the populations in the New World.

We hear of Italians in South America. They have emigrated to the Argentine Republic. Does this fact make the slightest demand upon the United States to build iron ships to guard against the friendly government of Victor Emmanuel? On the contrary, the more Italians in the Argentine Republic the better we like it. They are more enterprising and industrious than either the Spaniards or the natives, and there is plenty of room for all who wish to go there. Is it conceivable that Italy, saddled with ruinous debt and with a fearful burden of European militarism, should undertake a war of conquest in South America? If this were conceivable, does any one suppose that Italian rule down there, supposing it to prevail, would be less enlightened, or less righteous, than Spanish-American rule has been under the delusive name of "republic"? The people of the United States cannot know Italy, or her political conditions, and feel the slightest apprehension that she is capable of extending to our continent methods of government inimical to our peace.

No other nation in Europe remains, about whose designs in our continent the American people have the need to lose a wink of sleep, except Germany. If the plain truth were told by the alarmists, Germany is very nearly the one power in Christendom on whose account we are called upon to pay a naval "insurance fund" of a hundred millions of dollars a year. The talk about a "German peril" would be laughable, if millions of poor people did not need the money which such incendiary talk costs us; or worse yet, if this ceaseless talk about possible war with a great nation were not irritating to every one concerned, and naturally provocative of ill feeling.

Why indeed should we imagine mischief from Germany? To hear certain speakers and writers, one would suppose that Germany — instead of being a land of arts and laws, of universities and free institutions, with a vast network of world-wide trade — was overrun, as of old, by barbarous hordes breathing violence and robbery. Germany, in fact, has no quarrel or enmity against the kindred people of the United States. Germany is richer every day by reason of the prosperity of our country. The export and import trade between the United States and Germany amounted in 1903 to over three hundred and ten millions of dollars, more than double our whole trade with South America in the same year, — a half more than our trade with all Asia. The boasted "open door" into the Chinese Empire only allowed the passage both ways of about forty-five millions of dollars' worth of products, — less than one sixth of our trade with Germany.¹ Does any one think that Germany would lightly quarrel with the source of so much bread and butter? For what possible use? She could not conquer and enslave us, nor does she wish to. We have no boundary lines on the planet to make friction between us. We may say

again stoutly, as in the case of England, we are safer from any possible attack from Germany without a ship or a fort than we are with the largest navy that Captain Mahan could desire. For in the one case we should be sure to avoid needless disputes, and should be more than willing on both sides to put any question that might ever arise between us to arbitration; whereas in the other case, standing with loaded guns as it were, some trifling explosion of an angry man's temper might involve the two nations in strife.

It may be asked whether there is not grave risk that Germany may endeavor to plant colonies in South America, or to interfere in some way with the affairs of the South American people. We hardly need more than to repeat the paragraph touching this kind of contingency on the part of Italy. Germans are doubtless coming in considerable numbers into the temperate countries of South America. They are a most desirable kind of immigrant. Wherever they go a higher civilization goes with them. Life and property are safer. A more efficient type of government is demanded. All this is surely for the interest of the United States. We can only be glad for any influences which will tone up the character of the South and Central American states. If they were all Germanized, the whole world, including the United States, would be permanently richer. In fact, the ties of trade and friendship between us and a possible Germanized state in South America would normally tend to be closer than they seem likely to be with the Spanish-American peoples.

Neither is there the slightest evidence that Germany would ever threaten to introduce tyrannical forms of government into South America, or to oppress the native peoples. Indeed, so far as it is good for the United States to govern the Philippine Islands for the betterment of their people, the same argument holds in favor of any reasonable method, for example, through purchase or by the final consent

¹ The value of the total trade to and from the Philippine Islands in the same year would have been more than used up in building three battleships.

of the people, for the extension of German law and political institutions into ill-governed South American states. I do not care to press this argument, which is only valid for those Americans who believe in our colonial experiment. But the argument is far stronger for possible German colonies than it is for the United States, inasmuch as South America is a natural and legitimate field for German immigration, being largely a wilderness, while no large number of Americans will ever care to settle in the Philippine Islands. The time may naturally come when Germany would have the same kind of interest in the welfare of her people beyond the seas that England has in that of the Englishmen in South Africa. There can be no good reason why the United States should look upon such an interest with jealousy or suspicion. For we are unlikely to have any legitimate colonial interest in the southern half of our continent.

Meanwhile, the whole history of colonial settlements goes to show the futility of holding colonies with which the home government is not bound by the ties of good will. Thus Canada and Australia uphold the British Empire, because they possess practical freedom; while England has to spend hundreds of millions of dollars a year, badly needed by her own poor people, merely in order to keep her hold over India. All precedents go to show that the Empire of Germany would only weaken herself, in case she should endeavor to meddle in South America against the interests and the good will of the people there.

Let us ask another question, hitherto too little considered. On what ground of right is the United States justified in continuing to assert the Monroe Doctrine? We may warn trespassers off our own land. Have we the right to bar our neighbors from lands to which we have no shadow of a title? Suppose that we may do this as the stronger people, for the sake of humanity, to protect weaker people from oppression. It is surely a dangerous concession to permit a single state, however

civilized it deems itself, to assume the right to become a knight-errant, to adjust wrongs in the world, and incidentally to be sheriff, judge, and jury on its own motion. But grant this concession for a moment in favor of the United States. While it may have been true eighty years ago that the American people were filled with sympathy for the republics which revolted from Spain, it would be hypocrisy to claim to-day that our people are seriously concerned over the troubles of their South American neighbors. We are rather apt to say that they are unfit to govern themselves. The United States to-day holds eight millions of people on the other side of the globe, very like the South Americans, on the distinct ground that they are not yet fit for independence. Our own course, therefore, bars us from sensitiveness over the perils which South America suffers from the bare possibility of the interference of European states.

Moreover, we have shown that there is no state in Europe which has a mind to do any wrong to South America. So far as the promise of higher civilization goes, the planting of bona fide colonies in the vast areas of our southern continent signifies good to humanity.

We must fall back upon a totally different line of reasoning in order to find the only legitimate defense of our Monroe Doctrine. The argument is this: that a nation has the right to safeguard herself against the menace of aggression. Concede that this might have been a sound argument when the Monroe Doctrine was first proclaimed. Our government saw a peril in the setting up of a European system of despotism on this continent. We have made it clear, however, that this peril which disturbed our fathers appears to have vanished forever. No one can show what actual danger to our liberties is threatened by any governmental system that European powers can set up in South America. Let us not even imagine that we are in fear of such a chimerical peril. We have no fear that Germany wishes to harm us while she stays at

home in Europe. We have no more ground for fear if Germany were by some magic to fill South America as full of sturdy German people as Canada is now full of friendly English, Scotch, and Frenchmen. The better civilized our neighbors are, the less peril do they threaten to our liberties.

Let us then disabuse our minds of any fear of European aggression, to injure American liberties.

But it may be urged that the European governments, as was shown in the late Venezuelan episode, may prove disagreeable in their efforts to collect debts due to their subjects, or, on occasion, in safeguarding the rights of their colonists in the disorderly South American states. The condition of these states, it is urged, offers points of serious friction between us and our European neighbors. The class of issues here raised stands quite aside from the original intent of the Monroe Doctrine. Here is the need of new international law, of the services of the Hague Tribunal, very likely of the establishment of a permanent Congress of Nations. How far ought any nation to undertake by warships and armies to collect debts for venturesome subjects who have speculated in the tumultuous politics of semi-civilized peoples? How far is the real welfare of the world served by punitive expeditions dispatched in the name of missionaries, travelers, and traders, who have chosen to take their own lives in their hands in the wild regions of the world? There is no call for a Monroe Doctrine on these points. The issue is international, not American. The question is not so much whether France and England may send a fleet to take the customs duties of a dilapidated South American port, as it is, what course ought any government to take when wily promoters ask its assistance in carrying out their schemes in Bogota or Caracas, or Peking; or again (an equally pertinent question), what remedy, if any, international law ought to give when one of our own cities or states defaults its bonds held in Paris or Berlin.

Grant that it is uncomfortable to our

traders in South America to see European sheriffs holding ports where we wish to do business. We evidently have no right to protest against other nations doing whatever we might do in like circumstances. If we can send armored ships to South America, all the others can do so. If we like to keep the perilous right to collect debts, we must concede it to the others. We may not like to see strangers, or even our own neighbors, taking liberties and quarreling in the next field to our own. But who gives us the right forcibly to drive them out of a field which we do not own? The rule here seems to be the same for the nation as for the individual.

In other words, whatever the Monroe Doctrine historically means, it no longer requires us to stand guard with a show of force to maintain it. In its most critical form, when it meant a warning against despotism, it only needed to be proclaimed, and never to be defended by fighting ships. In the face of governments practically like our own, the time has come to inquire whether there remains any reasonable issue under the name of the Monroe Doctrine, over which the American people could have the least justification for a conflict of arms with a European government. The interests of the United States in South America are not different from those of other powers, like England and Germany. They are substantially identical interests; they are all obviously involved together with the improvement of material, political, and moral conditions in the South American states.

We have sought so far such an interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine as may honorably go in company of the Golden Rule, or, in other words, of international justice. There remains, however, a possible new definition of the Doctrine, which should be fairly faced. There is an idea in the air that the United States holds a certain protectorate or suzerainty over the whole continent of America. A manifest destiny is thought to be working in favor of the dominion or suzerainty of

a single power from the Arctic Ocean to Patagonia. Porto Rico is ours. Cuba is almost ours. Many believe that Canada will some time desire to be with us. No people to the south of us shows stable promise of what we call good government. The new canal at Panama affords additional reasons for our control of the continent. Boundless resources are yet to be developed in the virgin continent. We are the people who can provide the brains, the capital, and the political security requisite for the exploitation of practically a seventh of the surface of the earth.

The new Monroe Doctrine comes thus to mean, frankly, that we want, or at least may some time want, all America for ourselves. We give due notice in advance of our claim of preëmption. What else does the Monroe Doctrine mean, that there should be the pretense of a necessity to fight for it? What else does our President mean by his note of repeated warning to the republics of South and Central America that they must "behave themselves"?

Few persons seriously expect that South Americans are ready to "behave themselves" to order, to pay their foreign debts, and keep their promises punctually, and to make no disturbances to the inconvenience of their neighbors. If Europe must not be suffered to discipline them, must we not give them their lessons? The recent movement to assume a receivership at San Domingo, to collect and pay Dominican taxes for the benefit of bond-holders both at home and abroad, brings the new doctrine into practical effect. Here and nowhere else looms up the need of new battleships and a hundred millions of dollars a year for the navy. It is in regard to South America, and for the extension of the Monroe Doctrine to a control over the continent, that we discover in the political horizon all manner of colossal foreign responsibilities and the possibilities of friction and war.

The new Monroe Doctrine may kindle one's imagination; it may stir the ambition of our people; it may tempt some of

them with a glamour of power and wealth. We may fancy that we would like to be the suzerain power on the continent, with United States officials in authority in every Spanish and Portuguese American capital. The stern ancient question presses: What right has the United States to assume a protectorate, and much less any form of sovereignty, over South America? The South American governments are as independent as our own. There are no traditions common between us to constitute us an acknowledged Lord Protector over them. On the contrary, our conduct toward Colombia and the Philippines, and the extraordinary utterances of some of our public men, seem to have already produced a certain nervousness among our Spanish-American neighbors.

Neither does international law, which has never in the past given the Monroe Doctrine any clearly acknowledged footing, admit the right of the United States to mark off the American continent as its own preserve, and to stand, like a dog in the manger, to warn other friendly peoples from entering it.

Moreover, the millions of the plain American people, who toil and pay the taxes to the tune of about forty dollars a year for every average family, have no valid interests whatever in spending the money or the administrative ability of the country in dubious enterprises beyond the seas, at the behest of ambitious capitalists or politicians, who aim to open markets and run satrapies by the use of national battleships. The people, who need indefinite services for the expansion of their welfare and happiness at home, have never even been asked to consider, much less to approve, a policy which threatens to dissipate the activities of their government over the length of the continent. The new Monroe Doctrine is a menace to the interests of every American workingman. It is the old story. The few usurp the power of the many to work their own ends.

In short, so far as we are good friends of the South American peoples, so far as

we are friends of our kinsmen over the seas on the continent of Europe, so far as our intentions in South America are honestly humane and philanthropic, we have no need whatever of the Monroe Doctrine any longer. On the side of our common humanity all our interests are substantially identical. On the other hand, so far as we purpose to exploit the continent for our own selfish interests, so far as we aim

at the extension of our power, so far as we purpose to force our forms of civilization and our government upon peoples whom we deem our "inferiors," our new Monroe Doctrine rests upon no grounds of justice or right, it has no place with the Golden Rule, it is not synonymous with human freedom, it depends upon might, and it doubtless tends to provoke jealousy, if not hostility and war.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

WOMAN VERSUS WOMEN

WOMAN is undoubtedly one of those good things of which we cannot have too much, but women are anomalous creatures of whom we may certainly have too many.

For it is one of the mysteries of life that whereas an individual woman may combine the fascinations of Cleopatra with the wisdom of Minerva, nevertheless, when she has been sufficiently multiplied, her counterparts form an arid assembly of unrelated units from which all charm and dignity have fled, — a heterogeneous mass of individuals without form and void. Any one who has attended meetings composed exclusively of either sex must have felt the different impressions produced by a body of men, whose personalities all blend into a harmonious whole, and a collection of women, — isolated spots of yellow, green, and blue, which, like the little, many-colored dabs in an impressionistic painting, are supposed to become coherent when viewed in the right perspective.

Undoubtedly the superficial and external attributes of dress and personality are responsible for a share of the half-contemptuous amusement with which assemblies of women are regarded by their unorganized sisters. When we find gowns of varied hue, bonnets of diverse shapes,

garments of every cut, coats of many colors, to say nothing of heads swollen with acute attacks of pompadour, or meek with the lowliness of English buns that never rise, we cannot hope for much dignity, while the voices alone, in all degrees of guttural and nasal, would preclude any impression of harmony.

A hall-full of black-coated brethren, all bareheaded and short-haired, suggests an outward likeness which may have no internal equivalent, yet which affects the onlooker with a sense of oneness. Men look more or less like birds of a feather when flocking together. The individual is lost in the type, it is not Each, but All, that impresses us. Not so with women. The attention of the outsider is perhaps distracted by a strong-minded reformer with spectacles on nose and pouch on side, who, like Jenny Wren, always wears a plain brown gown and never dresses too fine, while by her side sits the studiously frivolous spinster, decorated with crimps and furbelows, and redolent of patchouli and peppermint. Another specimen intrudes itself upon the wandering attention, and invites admiration of its alert intelligence, illustrated by palpably uncomfortable false teeth, the outward and visible sign of innate superiority. When one's eye and mind are constantly distracted by the individual, how can one be impressed by the whole?

There are women who are as eloquent, as logical, as convincing in argument and speech, as their husbands and brothers across the way; but surround them by their parti-colored female followers, and their words become as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. The terrible truth is that women — *en masse* — become ludicrous in proportion to their numbers and the earnestness of their purpose, whereas the defects of man are forgotten in the merits of mere men.

For the rights of Woman I am a firm advocate, and loyally I claim that a fine woman is a nobler work of God than an honest man, but for the rights of *Women* I have no sympathy since hearing their wrongs voiced by women themselves. Till women are willing to sacrifice the individuality wherein lies their true power, and are ready to don a uniform undictated by fickle Fashion; till they are ready to yield themselves to the perfect whole, let them not expect their public meetings to have any greater results than the laughter and applause of the unseen audiences from whom they demand respectful and silent attention. But far be it from me to wish to hasten the day when woman will be shorn of her strength by the cutting of her hair and the suppression of her individual taste. It is the unexpectedness, the variety of the type that gives woman her personal power. It is only when she becomes one of an organized body of women that she suggests a futile hen in a roosterless barnyard where female fowls cackle and complain, instead of realizing her ideal self, of the good, the true, the beautiful, which places her a little lower than the angels, and — let my own sex be revealed by the conviction — a little higher than man!

HORTICULTURAL SNOBBISH- NESS

The amateur gardener, of active imagination and a limited garden plot, as he pores over the alluring and misleading seed catalogues in the winter evenings,

annually faces a most perplexing question. How can he make this summer's garden both "look" well and "pick" well? It is a question which few of us have been able to settle satisfactorily, partly because of the total depravity of inanimate seeds which won't come up, partly because of a fondness which some of us have for constantly giving away our flowers to less fortunate neighbors and city friends; but chiefly, perhaps, because we have refused to admit to ourselves the real source of our difficulty. It is true that the dining-room table must be decorated, even at the cost of a barren patch on the sweet pea vine. It is true that if Aunt Rhoda breaks her leg again this year, she shall have jacqueminots daily, even though the rose bed is left stripped. But these incidents cause only occasional moments of dreariness in the garden's summer, moments which we do not grudge if the garden has brought pleasure to the family or Aunt Rhoda; and I doubt whether even these moments would exist if there were other attractions in the flower beds to hide these temporary bald spots. Is not the real cause of the trouble the horticultural snobbishness in the heart of the gardener?

For, after all, is the little garden world in which we live so happily, shut in by box and privet hedges, very different from the larger world outside? We are entirely ready to admit that life is made more full of color by dashing cowboys in broad sombreros and gay-colored handkerchiefs, by down-east skippers with their nasal drawls and disregarded *g*'s. Traveling drummers with their endless talk of shop, humorous politicians, and picturesque bandanna-ed darkies, all give different touches to our life, with which we would not willingly dispense, though of course it is not from among these that we are apt to choose dinner guests to meet the famous foreign diplomat, or sympathetic critics of our latest monograph on radium. Life, however, is not one long dinner party, either in the garden or in the real world. Dignified hollyhocks and

larkspurs, dainty poppies and harebells, charm us with their refined intellectual bearing while they last, and each in turn gives true pleasure to us and to the diplomat, as they do their share in making our dinner or our garden beautiful for him. But alas, the day of these aristocrats and their kindred spirits is all too short. By the time the larkspurs arrive to make a background, poppies in the foreground have gone to seed. Hollyhocks hasten along to support the bluebells, only to find them faded and the leaves turning yellow. The delicately veined salpiglossis and the feathery love-in-a-mist bloom alone and unprotected, because their lily neighbors blossomed only for a week, leaving behind them nothing but dried stalks.

So in this dilemma, I, true democratic American, have turned to the masses for support. Flaunting salvias, blatant zinnias, plebeian marigolds, well-meaning but hopelessly overdressed fuchsias, even stolid dahlias, though lacking in the graces and refinements, have at least one undeniable merit, — they can always be depended on for both "looking" and "picking." Though, to be sure, they are never asked to grace the dining-room table, they have few equals for lighting up a corner of the dark hall, or smiling a welcome from a big bowl on the piazza. Pick them as you may, there are always more to-day than there were yesterday, nodding merrily in the garden from July to October, over the graves of their more aristocratic but less sturdy sisters. Truly the garden would have many forlorn and dark stretches without the help of these dependable cowboys and darkies.

Yet after this burst of democratic spirit, I must confess to one hidebound, immovable prejudice. While I have strength to pull them up, petunias shall never live in my garden. I have tried to think I was biased because they invariably live in tubs. Sometimes I have thought it might be because they have so little moral and physical backbone. But no. I have decided it is nothing but a hearty Dr. Fell-

ian dislike which cannot be explained or uprooted from my heart. They have only one excuse for being. Can any one who in his youth has entered such a competition, ever forget the apoplectic excitement of holding one of them to his nose with a long breath, while the little girl by his side, her face looking like a Fourth of July mask, vainly endeavored to hold hers on for a longer time? But when fascinating morning glories in charming summer gowns of pink, white, and lavender, lend themselves equally well to such pastimes and cover the garden wall so invitingly, why should my children even be tempted by the vulgar petunia? Away with it, say I, while there are other democrats to depend upon!

But I would not be charged with being an actual socialist in my feeling about the democrats. Among the dahlias, for instance, I must still protest against the bullet-headed variety, originally intended, I am sure (except for its contradictory colors) as a mourning rosette, and put in a plea for its single cousins, and its *nouveaux-riches* but rather more æsthetic relatives, the cactus dahlias. Zinnias must present a cheery scarlet and yellow mass before I can love them unreservedly, and the solferino kinds somehow or other disappear over the fence. Certainly if Nature would let me arrange it as I thought best, and not as she saw fit, I should prefer to have more sweet-scented roses and sweet peas through the season, and fewer gaudy sunflowers and pungent marigolds. But after all, these are merely reasons of congeniality and sympathy. Surely we are allowed to choose our friends on these lines, and our hearts should be big enough to include also acquaintances of humble origin and less refined exteriors. So why need we be snobs in our gardens, either? Why should we leave them without these reliable though commonplace acquaintances? Let us repudiate the charge next summer by allowing zinnias and salvias to dance their dashing cake-walk beside the more stately minuet of the hollyhocks and lilies.

“THANKING YOU IN ADVANCE”

Within the last ten years impudence has invented a new means of expression: “Thanking you in advance.” These words are attached to every kind of request. At first they appeared only in circulars of second-rate business houses that were seeking your custom; but now even bishops and college presidents use them. Where they came from I can’t imagine. The French gave us the tiresome “It goes without saying,” and the English, I suppose, are to blame for “It is a far cry;” can it be that “Thanking you in advance” is of native origin? Then, blush, America, — if you can.

The phrase, as it is used, is objectionable for two reasons. First, it assumes that you will certainly do the thing asked for. Second, it declares that the petitioner does not want to bother with writing you a letter of thanks in return for your service. Is not that discourteous and outrageous?

What are we coming to? Pretty soon we shall all be using it, and the mails will be filled with such letters as these: —

To his Excellency Governor Higgins.

DEAR SIR, — I have been in prison

three years, and have seven more to stay; but I am tired of this life and desire a change of scene. Please send me a pardon by return mail. Thanking you in advance for this act of merited clemency, I am

Sincerely yours,

WILLIAM KIDD.

Dr. Charles W. Eliot, President of Harvard University.

DEAR SIR, — I am a clergyman of twenty-seven years’ standing. I am devout, scholarly, eloquent, and of untiring zeal. It would help me very much in my business if your university would grant me the degree of D. D. Please get this done for me as soon as you can. Thanking you in advance for this favor, I remain

Truly yours,

THOMAS PEST.

ADORABLE MATILDA, — I, who have long loved you, but could never voice my passion, now take my pen in hand to throw myself at your feet and beg you to be mine. Thanking you in advance for your favorable reply, I am

Your deeply smitten

AUGUSTUS.